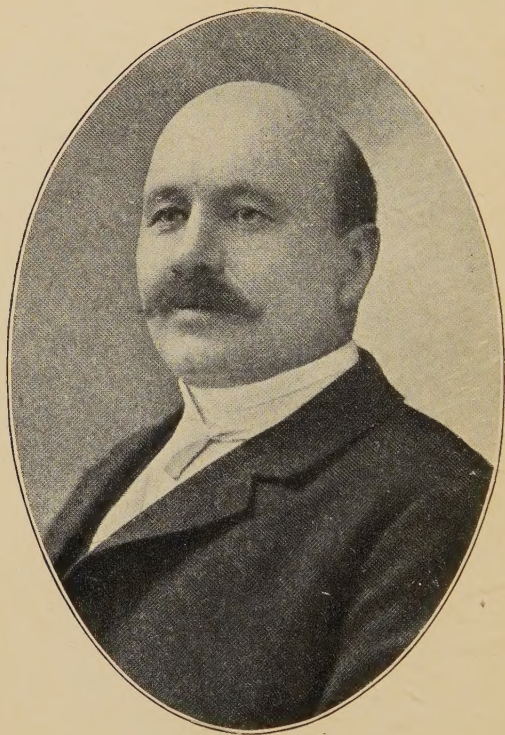


PURSUING THE WHALE



By
John A. Cook

PURSUING THE WHALE



CAPTAIN JOHN A. COOK*
At the age of thirty-seven

PURSUING THE WHALE

A Quarter-Century of Whaling in the Arctic

BY

JOHN A. COOK

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ALLAN FORBES



48718

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1926

SH 381 .C77p

ST. JOSEPH'S UNIVERSITY

STX

Pursuing the whale;



3 9353 00010 2580

COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY JOHN A. COOK

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

SH 381

C 77 P

The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION, by Allan Forbes	ix
I. THE BARK OHIO	i
II. THE BARK JOHN AND WINTHROP	8
III. THE BARK JESSE H. FREEMAN	21
IV. THE STEAM BARK BELVEDERE	28
V. THE STEAM BARK NAVARCH	43
VI. IN WINTER QUARTERS AT HERSCHEL ISLAND	55
VII. A SUMMER IN THE ARCTIC	64
VIII. SECOND WINTER AT HERSCHEL ISLAND	73
IX. THE END OF THE VOYAGE	108
X. FROM NORWAY TO BEHRING SEA IN THE BOW- HEAD	123
XI. THE BOWHEAD'S FIRST WHALING VOYAGE	145
XII. TROUBLE AT YOKOHAMA	167
XIII. THE BOWHEAD'S SECOND VOYAGE	177
XIV. AMERICAN REGISTRY BY ACT OF CONGRESS	192
XV. THE BOWHEAD'S THIRD VOYAGE	206
XVI. THE BOWHEAD'S FIRST ARCTIC WINTER	216
XVII. FROM BAILLIE ISLAND TO SAN FRANCISCO	231
XVIII. NORTH WITH AN UNRULY CREW	239
XIX. ANOTHER WINTER AT HERSCHEL ISLAND	257
XX. THE WHALING SEASON OF 1904	267
XXI. ANOTHER YEAR IN THE ARCTIC	277
XXII. A HARD WINTER WITH A MUTINOUS CREW	296
XXIII. GOOD-BYE TO THE BOWHEAD	324
XXIV. HOME AGAIN: SPERM WHALING: THE VIOLA	334

10507

ILLUSTRATIONS

CAPTAIN JOHN A. COOK	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE CHARLES W. MORGAN, BUILT IN 1841 AT NEW BEDFORD	x
THE SHIP CALIFORNIA, IN WHICH AS THIRD OFFICER THE AUTHOR MADE HIS FIRST LONG VOYAGE	4
DARTING HARPOON INTO SPERM WHALE From an old painting	8
KILLING SPERM WHALE WITH HAND LANCE From an old painting	8
SPERM WHALE BITING A BOAT From an old painting	12
SMASHING BOAT WITH FLUKES From an old painting	12
HEAD OF BOWHEAD WHALE, SHOWING SCALP, OR UPPER JAW, AND WHALEBONE HANGING FROM IT	38
SIBERIAN ESKIMOS ABOARD THE STEAMER BOWHEAD SHOWING THEIR FURS TO TRADE	58
MUNGI AND HIS WIFE, WHO LIVED AT POINT BARROW, ALASKA	58
THE AUTHOR JUST FROM CROW'S NEST	74
THE AUTHOR AT HERSCHEL ISLAND, 1895	74
COILING WHALE-LINE IN TUBS TO BE USED IN THE BOATS	112
DROPPING WHALEBONE FROM SCALP OF BOWHEAD WHALE	112
NATIVES IN THEIR SKIN CANOE COMING OFF TO TRADE	146
STEAMER BOWHEAD AT UNALASKA	184

STEAMER BOWHEAD FAST TO GROUND ICE AT POINT BARROW	184
NATIVE WITH DOG-TEAM GOING OVER THE ICE OFF EAST CAPE, SIBERIA, TO SHIP	216
CUTTING IN: SHOWING BLUBBER BEING HOISTED ABOARD SHIP	270
SPERM WHALE BLUBBER ON DECK	334
THE BRIGANTINE VIOLA OUTFITTING AT NEW BEDFORD FOR HER FIRST VOYAGE, 1910	338
THE BRIGANTINE VIOLA OUTWARD BOUND, 1910	342

INTRODUCTION

THE little knowledge I have acquired in connection with the subject of whaling has been achieved while sitting safely on the piazza of my country home engrossed in *The Gam*, *Moby Dick*, *Miriam Coffin*, *Cruise of the Cachelot*, *Nimrod of the Sea*, *The Catalpa Expedition*, or *The Whaleman*, the weekly magazine 'published by the good people of the Whaling District' of New Bedford. With such meager qualifications I should fear to attempt this foreword were it not for my friendship with the author, who, for some years, has inspired me with the tales of his whaling days. I am sure those who have any love for the sea (and there are few of us who have not) will want to read these pages of a long and exciting career, most of which was spent chasing the 'king of the boundless sea.'

After finishing this book, if I am not mistaken, the reader will want to visit, if he has not already done so, the Old Dartmouth Historical Society of New Bedford, with its replica of Jonathan Bourne's Lagoda, will want to seek admission to the Whaleman's Chapel on Johnny Cake Hill near by, and will be eager to see the Free Public Library of that city and the Charles W. Morgan in her new dry-dock at Round Hills in South Dartmouth, the estate of Colonel E. H. R. Green, a relative of her one-time owner. Nor should the Fearing prints in the Marine Museum in the Old State House of Boston, the Captain Clark collection at Technology, and the Peabody Museum of Salem be overlooked. If one can spend the time to go farther afield — or rather afloat — any one interested in the subject should visit Nantucket and inspect the Historical Society, the quaint Pacific Club, the 'House of Commons,' as it was once jocosely called, in the Rotch

whaling office, at the foot of cobblestoned Main Street, also the 'Sconset fishing settlement, and the Whaling Museum now in the making.

These pages cover Captain Cook's life from the year 1868, when at the age of eleven he went to sea on a mackerel fishing schooner, until forty-eight years later, in 1916, when he made his last voyage on the whale-ship *Viola* of New Bedford.

Captain Cook was at one time agent and managing owner of the *Charles W. Morgan*, already referred to, one of the last of the old square-rigged whalers. This vessel returned from her last voyage in 1921, and two years later was chartered by her owners for the film 'Down to the Sea in Ships,' and during the following year was chartered to the Famous Players for the production of 'Java Head.' Now, with sails again bent and under command of an old whale captain, George F. Tilton, of Martha's Vineyard, this fine old vessel rests in peace and will provide for future generations an opportunity to inspect one of New Bedford's most famous whalers that actually saw service for so many years. Captain Cook was also one of the owners of the bark *Wanderer*, the last square-rigger sent out on a whaling voyage in 1924. Her fate off Cuttyhunk is well known.

The whaling days are gone, to be sure, but the romance is left and *Pursuing the Whale* will do much to keep that romance alive.

ALLAN FORBES



THE CHARLES W. MORGAN, BUILT IN 1841 AT NEW BEDFORD
Outward bound, 1918

PURSUING THE WHALE

PURSUING THE WHALE



CHAPTER I

THE BARK OHIO

I WAS born at Provincetown, Massachusetts, March 26, 1857, the son of James and Emily Cook. My ancestors, as far back as I can trace them, were all seafaring people. It was natural, then, that I should have chosen that profession for my work in life. Accustomed to boat fishing as soon as I was old enough to be of any help or earning power, at the age of eleven years I made my first sea voyage in a schooner, mackerel-fishing. I followed the business of mackerel- and cod-fishing until the age of twenty-two, when, owing to decline in the business, I sailed my first voyage whaling as harpooner, or boat-steerer, in the schooner William Martin of Boston. We sailed out of Provincetown, May 15, 1879, and returned to New Bedford, September 18, 1879, with one hundred and sixty-three barrels of sperm oil, the product of seven whales.

This voyage was without any special incident save for a hurricane which we encountered August 17th in Lat. $29^{\circ} 20'$ N. and Long. $78^{\circ} 40'$ W., which came near being the end of us all. It blew so hard that the schooner just lay on her side, and when the order to cut away the masts was given no man could execute it, so buried under water was the whole vessel. The weather moderating on the morning of the 18th, we cleared up, and found only one boat left out of four, the rudder-post sprung, the schooner's stem badly strained, the bulwarks all gone — in fact, almost a total wreck, and in this condition we made for New Bedford.

I have been constantly employed at whaling ever since; the pursuit of it carrying me into every ocean upon the globe. What has made the sailors of Cape Cod and the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard world-renowned as the best men that ever trod the deck of a vessel? One of the great reasons is that from boyhood they are accustomed to being in boats and to seeing deeds of valor and heroism performed that have gone with them through life. Among the many such scenes that I witnessed when a young man, one stands out that made the greatest impression upon me: the rescue by Captain Isaac F. Mayo and a volunteer crew of the crew of the Sarah J. Fort, ashore at Peaked Hill Bars off Cape Cod.

It was during a raging northeast gale accompanied by a blinding snowstorm early in April that the schooner was stranded on those dreaded bars, which have been the occasion of more wrecks, more lives and cargoes lost, than any other portion of the United States coastline of equal extent. Hundreds of men walked out from town, about two miles over the sand-dunes, to see if they could be of any service. The spars of the schooner were gone; the crew was huddled near the bow imploring aid. The life-savers launched their boat, but it was quickly upset and broken by the heavy surf. A boat was then sent for from town, and when it arrived, it was manned by Captain Mayo and his crew of volunteers. The first sea caught the boat and upset it upon the beach with the crew underneath, but willing hands hauled them out and righted the boat. The same crew, notwithstanding, made the wreck and took off the crew.

The best type of vessels for Arctic whaling were about five hundred tons register, bark-rigged, with steam engine and boiler to propel them at the rate of about eight knots an hour. The propeller was of two blades, and when under sail it would be put up and down the sternpost, or in a vertical position, so that

the bark might proceed under sail when circumstances were favorable. Those vessels were built unusually strong and sheathed with greenheart, a wood imported from Australia and the only sheathing known that would wear so well in contact with ice. Such vessels it was my lot to command, destined for voyages up through the Behring Straits in search of whales far north of Point Barrow.

These voyages in the Arctic seas present to the master some of the most intricate problems of navigation that the world has ever known. As the Arctic navigator, leaving San Francisco in February, looks to the eastern horizon and sees the last blink of the Farallone Light (off the Golden Gate), he realizes that in his lonely watch at night or when steaming along among the loose ice off the coast of Alaska, and in search of whales in the Far North among the ice-fields, that light is the last guide he will have, and that no beacon by night or buoys by day are to be seen by him to warn of treacherous shoals or other dangers. No; he must sail without them and depend upon his past experience to bring him out safely. Twenty-two hundred miles from the Golden Gate he passes through one of the straits of the Aleutian Islands into Behring Sea. Steering northerly courses, passing the Pribilof Islands of St. George and St. Paul where the large seal herds are found, the first ice is usually met about Lat. 60° N. Along the southern edge of this ice-pack, extending from Siberia on the west to Alaska on the east, may be seen, in the months of March and April, the fleet of whalers scanning every feature of the immense pack to judge the best place to put their vessels into it, in order with the least resistance, to get through to the Behring Straits; for the first one through stands the best chance of getting what is called the 'spring catch,' or a catch before the whales have passed to their summer feeding-grounds—the whales being able to get there before the ships. When the captain

has decided the time and point at which to put his vessel into the pack, then every one is put to it to do all in his power to force the vessel through to the straits — engineer, stoker, and master doing everything possible; and many a good ship, fitted and equipped for a long voyage in the Arctics, has been abandoned and sunk in the contest with this first ice.

Each and every man, from Jack the sailor to the master, with the exception of the engineers, is dependent on the catch for his pay. Not a dollar of wages or salary is guaranteed to any save the engineers. Each man shares a percentage of catch determined by the position he fills in the ship. Thus, the master of a steam whaler would receive one fifteenth 'lay' or share of the net proceeds, while Jack would receive one two-hundredths lay or share. The meaning of this is one dollar out of fifteen dollars stock or one dollar out of two hundred dollars stock, the proportion of which is about forty per cent to Captain and crew, and sixty per cent to the owners, who have to find everything — vessel, provisions, and all utensils for whaling, and carrying on the voyage.

My only shipwreck at sea (having been steadily engaged in whaling for forty-seven years) was when first officer of the bark *Ohio*. She went down off the west point of Numivak Island. The crew succeeded in landing on Numivak with two sacks of hardtack for forty men, six hundred miles from the nearest civilized village, over a sea covered with ice. This, to say the least, was an outlook not to be envied. We erected tents out of sails, and patched the holes in our boats preparatory to making a dash as soon as possible for food and shelter. It was cold and dreary, with no fuel for a fire, and added to that, inclement weather — a thick fog — prevailed. All retired worn out and hungry.

Early in the morning I awoke. The mist had lifted, and I could discern as far away as the eye could see the



THE SHIP CALIFORNIA, IN WHICH AS THIRD OFFICER THE AUTHOR MADE HIS FIRST LONG VOYAGE, SPENDING FOUR YEARS AND THREE MONTHS WHALING ON NEW ZEALAND GROUNDS

dim outline of a vessel. I at once aroused the sleepers and, summoning my boat's crew, told the captain that I was going out through the ice to communicate with the vessel. Captain Gifford's reply was, 'Mr. Cook, it is sure disastrous for any boat to attempt to go through that ice while it is moving so rapidly with the current.' I replied that I realized the danger, but I thought it was equally dangerous to stop here with food so scarce that in forty-eight hours, even with the most rigid economy, all would be consumed. After talking it over for some time, I finally said, 'Well, Captain, I and my boat's crew are going.' The captain then forbade me and told my crew not to go. I then said: 'If it has got to the point where I must refuse to obey orders, I tell you now, sir, regardless of what may happen, John Cook and his crew are going to get out to that ship or die in the attempt.'

Without wasting any more time in argument, I summoned my crew and told them to man the larboard boat. They all obeyed, notwithstanding the captain ordered them not to do so, and told them it would be almost certain death to attempt what I was about. But those men had been with me before and knew the ability of a Cape Cod man to handle a boat. They also had learned to obey his commands when aboard ship, and they obeyed with the same alacrity then. As I was about to shove my boat afloat, amid the protestations of the captain and other officers (for you must recollect there were five boats in all, four besides mine), no others seemed willing to make the attempt, but the third officer said to me, 'Mr. Cook, I will accompany you in my boat if you can prevail upon my crew to go.' I at once ordered the port bow boat's crew to man that boat, as I knew it would be safer to have another boat with me in case of accident. The crew of the port bow boat came along reluctantly, but they did not feel disposed to refuse to obey my orders, for just then I had occasion to say to the captain that when the ship sank,

I had the privilege and the right to command my own boat and crew and should exercise that right.

Both boats being ready, we started off amid the good-byes and groans of our companions who thought we were going to certain death. A blanket of fog soon enveloped us, but we pushed steadily onward. Three times we were obliged to haul the larboard boat onto the ice and put a canvas patch over the holes made by the ice. The port bow boat followed behind in the wake of the larboard boat, so she did not get broken at all. About three hours after we started out, the fog lifted and we saw the ship about five miles away. The ice, too, had become more scattering as we got away from the shore, so that we redoubled our efforts, making rapid headway toward the ship, where we arrived at 2 P.M. and found it to be the bark Ocean, Captain Marvin, to whom we reported the fate of the Ohio and the whereabouts of the remainder of the crew. He at once changed his course and headed for the island. When within about three miles, the ice got to be so close-packed that it was almost impossible to go nearer with the ship. Signals were set, but no boats responded. Captain Marvin said to me, 'Mr. Cook, I want to get all those men, but I am the last ship. All the others are to the north and time is precious. I hope they won't keep me waiting longer than necessary.'

I at once called my crew, who were tired and quite worn out with their toil since early morning, to man the larboard boat again. 'They responded at once, but the third officer said: 'Mr. Cook, I cannot accompany you this time. We have done our duty and the others should come off without our having to go back after them.' I knew he was right. I also knew the ice looked much worse from shore than it really was. So I replied, 'We don't need you. I will go with my boat alone.' Without another word we left the bark and proceeded through the ice to our comrades on the rocks. You should have seen them embrace me when they saw it

was I, for I was told that the captain and officers wept like children when the fog shut us out of sight, since they thought it was the last they would ever see of those two crews. So when they saw it was I with my same crew, there was sincere rejoicing. They at once launched the other boats and followed me off to the bark Ocean, where at 7 P.M. we were all snug aboard, and everything was done for our comfort.

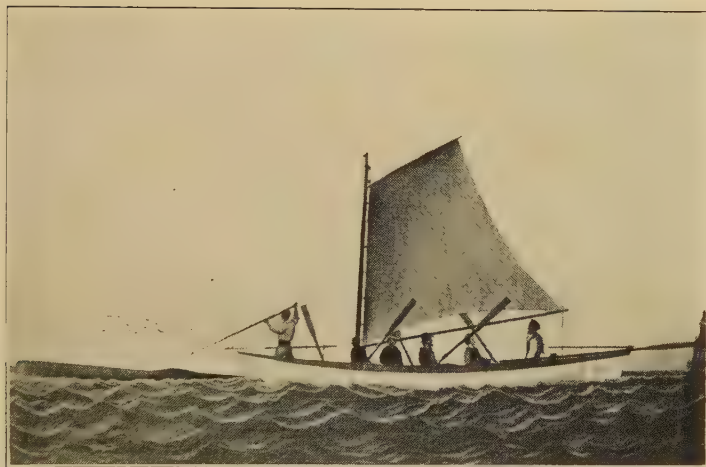
Two days after that, we saw several barks and ships which kindly each took a portion of our men, thus dividing forty of us among about six vessels. I shipped aboard the bark Josephine as boat-header, getting the same 'lay' that I was paid as first officer on the Ohio. That season was a very poor one in the Arctic. We in the Josephine got but one whale.

CHAPTER II

THE BARK JOHN AND WINTHROP

WE arrived back in San Francisco in November, 1889. And I sailed from there in December, 1889, as master of the bark John and Winthrop. Thus, in just ten years from the time I started whaling as boat-steerer in the schooner William Martin, of Boston, I was successively second officer of the schooner Amelia, of New Bedford; third officer of the ship California from May, 1881 to August, 1885, making a voyage around the world; first officer of the bark John and Winthrop from August, 1885, to June, 1887.

In October, 1887, I arrived at San Francisco as sailor aboard the British ship Thessalus of Greenock, having obtained my discharge from the bark John and Winthrop at Sydney, Australia, preferring to work my passage as a sailor before the mast for one shilling a month to paying one hundred dollars for passage rate from Australia to San Francisco. We were fifty-six days on the passage. When I was discharged before the British Consul, he kindly informed me that I was sure to get a chance at any time in the British service with such a good recommendation as that discharge contained. I thanked him, but, I said, 'Are there not two shillings due me for the two months' work aboard ship?' He replied, 'I am sorry, my man, but it costs just two shillings for your discharge.' In November, 1887, I sailed as first officer of the bark Coral for the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Okhotsk, right whaling; arrived in San Francisco in November, 1888, with a catch of six whales, nine thousand pounds of bone; joined the bark Ohio at Honolulu in March, 1889; lost her in May, 1889; returned as boat-header to San Francisco in the bark Josephine in November, 1889;



DARTING HARPOON INTO SPERM WHALE



KILLING SPERM WHALE WITH HAND LANCE

and in December, 1889, sailed from San Francisco as captain of the bark John and Winthrop, right whaling in the Yellow Sea and in the seas along the coast of Alaska off Mounts Fairweather and Saint Elias.

While first officer of the John and Winthrop I had an experience with a sperm whale that I never wanted to repeat. Off the southern coast of Australia in the winter of 1886, a gale of wind was blowing when a shoal of large sperm whales made their appearance close to the vessel. The weather was totally unfit to lower a boat for whales, but the captain ordered the larboard and waist boats to be lowered. I commanded the larboard boat, while the second officer Sparks commanded the waist boat. We got away from the ship without mishap and proceeded for the whales. We succeeded in harpooning a big fellow. As soon as he felt the harpoon, I knew by his actions that we had got hold of a tartar, for he did not run, but lashed the sea with his tail, and then threw his jaw into the air looking to see where the boat was that had dared harpoon him. The waist boat came to assist me to kill him. As the harpoon from that boat penetrated his flesh, he caught the boat in his eighteen feet of jaw and bit it all to pieces. We in the larboard boat took the crew into our boat, and slacked the line to get a safe distance away.

The bark, seeing the accident, lowered the starboard boat in charge of the fourth mate to come to our assistance, and when he arrived we put the waist boat's crew, all wet and cold, into his boat to be taken on board the bark, with orders to come back to assist us in killing the whale. To my surprise, instead of a boat coming to assist me, they hoisted the boat up leaving me to cope with the whale unassisted. The weather was getting worse very fast. The whale was a very ugly one, and the bark was soon out of sight in the mists. Realizing that there was no time to lose if we were going to kill that whale, we at once put forth our

best efforts to get near enough to shoot an explosive bomb or give him a thrust with the long hand lance. As we hauled the line bringing the boat nearer, the whale turned on our boat. We dodged him as he made his mad rush, and I shot a bomb, following it up with a thrust of the hand lance that I knew gave him his mortal wound. But he was not done with us, for, failing to catch us that time, he settled under water only for an instant, when, coming to the surface directly under the boat, he caught it in his jaws and bit it in two halves with no more trouble than we take to crack an egg.

Here we were. The aft end of the boat with four men hanging to it, with all the oars, etc., drifting away, while one man and myself were on the forward end, which was bottom up, hanging on for dear life. Hardly had we time to get to our positions when the man with me sang out, 'Look, Mr. Cook, here he comes!' I at once turned my head in the direction he pointed, and lo and behold, lashing the water into foam, the whale, spouting great masses of clotted blood, was coming directly for us, with jaws wide open. Sam — that being the name of the man with me — said he was going to jump, but I persuaded him not to do it, for in that cold water in such a sea I knew that once away from the boat there would be no hope. So clinging to our piece of boat we watched the monster come, hoping he would die before he was able to do more harm. As he came up to the stem of the boat, he rolled on his side just as he closed his jaws upon the stem with just life enough left to set his teeth into the wood, and died not two feet away from where I was holding onto the boat. If ever I was thankful, it was when that whale breathed his last.

But where was the ship, and how long could we hold out? Soon, however, through the mist we could see the dim outline of our ship, but we saw also that she would pass a mile or so away. We made every possi-

ble signal to attract attention, being washed away from our pieces of boat while attempting it. At last we saw the ship being hauled aback and we knew that she had sighted us. One boat was lowered in charge of the third mate, who after hard work succeeded in reaching us, saving every man, and taking us all safely aboard.

The weather, meantime, had got so bad that a boat could hardly live. Thirty minutes after all were aboard, all sail was taken off the ship, and for forty-eight hours the gale raged, so that the ship lay drifting away and not able to show any canvas at all. Two boats and gear were lost, and our boat's crew were rescued all but unconscious; all this, owing to the incompetency of the captain who ordered boats lowered in such weather. We never saw the dead whale again, but we did pick up the two parts of the larboard boat some four days after the accident.

Another dangerous experience was in the month of June, 1887. We were cruising off the island of Santa Cruz in the South Pacific. Whales were very scarce. Occasionally we went near enough to the island for a few canoes to come off and trade figs and fruit with us. The natives being cannibals, we never allowed any on board. They were the most hideous-looking human beings it was ever my lot to see, black with light curling hair. Their teeth were black as coal, made so by the constant chewing of betel nut mixed with lime; the lobes of their ears were stretched all out of shape by the weight of enormous turtle-shell rings and shells hanging in them; their noses were also ornamented with great turtle-shell rings. Massive of stature, almost naked, they were people that it behooved one to keep far away from.

For some unknown reason, the captain had got his vessel nearer to the reefs which surround the island just as night was coming on, with the weather threatening. The watch was set at eight, with orders to work the ship offshore, the third mate having charge

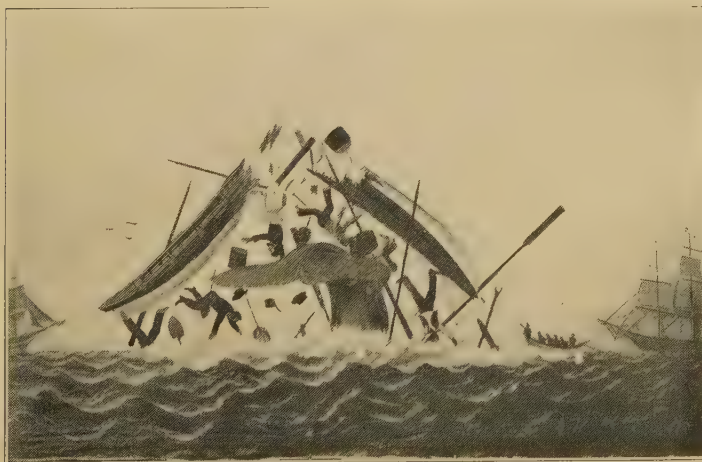
of the watch from eight to twelve. Just before twelve, I was called by the third officer, saying, 'Mr. Cook, come on deck, quickly! Sails are blown away and the ship is drifting on the reefs! Natives have got their fires burning ready to cook us for their eating!'

I sprang from my berth, calling the second mate and ordering him to take what men he needed, smash in the head to the sail cask, and bend the new sails as quick as possible, and to be sure and bend the new jib first. One look upon reaching the deck was enough to assure me that there was work aplenty to be done if the ship was to be saved: the sails hanging, some blown away, others clewed up, and the crew completely demoralized, while the ship drifted rapidly toward the reef and the fires could be distinctly seen upon the beach, with hundreds of natives standing around them. It seems that the weather came suddenly bad with a squall blowing toward the land, accompanied by a tempest which caught the vessel in a bight of land, and when the sails were blown away, others were taken in to save them, with the certain knowledge that our fate would soon be sealed when the keel of the ship touched the bottom, for no white man ever landed on that island who ever came off alive. Such is the record of all that were known to have ever attempted to land there.

An English naval officer had landed from his ship some time previous to this, as told to us by some of our Norfolk Island crew, taking with him a guard while three warships lay close by the shore. While the naval officer was trying to parley with the natives, a poisoned arrow shot from behind a bush struck him in the cheek. Knowing how quickly that poison gets into the system, they took the officer aboard his vessel at once and did everything possible to save his life, but in three days' time he was dead. Those arrows are pointed with human bones sharp as a needle's point. The poison is put into them by hanging a corpse over a canoe,



SPERM WHALE BITING A BOAT



SMASHING BOAT WITH FLUKES

catching in the canoe all the drippings of the corpse, and then boiling bones and drippings together. When finished, those bones are so poisonous that, if blood is drawn by the point of one of them, the result is fatal to the person so inoculated. After the death of the naval officer, the vessels went back to the island, hauled as close to shore as possible, and delivered such a broadside of shells into the village that every house was destroyed; but the natives took to the woods and mountains and it is doubtful if there were any casualties among them.

Since we knew these stories in regard to their viciousness, it is not to be wondered at that our crew were demoralized at the prospect before them. My orders were issued sharp and loud: 'Every man to his station! Down fore and main tack! Sheet home main topgallant sail! Keep full there!' (to the man at the wheel) — while the second officer was bending the new jib and replacing sails blown away. These orders were executed with rapidity, for those sailors had been two years under the eye and training of the man who had taken charge of the deck. They knew that the chief officer could and would save the ship if it was possible to do so. That was the reason he was called in preference to any one else, even to the captain, because they realized it wanted the very best man in charge that their lives and the ship might be saved.

With sail set, the squalls striking down with such force as to strain everything to its utmost, we began to work the ship away from the shore. Soon the second officer reported the new jib ready to set, and later the other new sails, and we worked amid the rain and darkness all that long night, being guided when to tack about, by the fires on the beach, until when daylight came we were about a third of a mile from the beach. It was with the approach of daylight that the natives began launching their canoes to board and take charge. Seventy-five canoes loaded with men, all armed with

poisoned arrows, started from shore toward us. We had firearms, but not enough to keep such a swarm away. We had heard much about several whaleships being taken by natives years before, but we prepared ourselves as well as possible for the attack. Then, by act of Providence, the wind suddenly changed with gentle zephyrs coming from the land; and the ship, with every canvas spread, began to move away from the land. The natives with friendly signs tried to induce us to stop, but, knowing their treacherous nature, we continued going faster and faster as the breeze increased. When they, seeing their prize slipping away, made a dash for us, we discharged our whale guns among them and discouraged their efforts to approach, although one canoe, getting near enough, threw a grappling rope aboard, but it was cut immediately, and the wind freshening we soon put a safe distance between us and that band of natives.

It was on one of the adjacent islands (the Swallow Islands) that Bishop Patterson was killed. It was his custom yearly to visit the natives of the islands. On this occasion he left the boat with the crew outside the breakers, jumped overboard, and swam ashore. In a short time a canoe was seen drifting from shore toward the boat. On looking into it to see what it contained, the boat crew discovered, wrapped in a straw matting, the body of their beloved Bishop, who had left them in the best of health so short a time before. Bishop Patterson was one of the leading men in the mission established on Norfolk Island, the home of the descendants of the mutineers of the ship *Bounty*. One part of this beautiful island is used by the mission in educating and Christianizing the natives of the South Pacific Ocean. They teach the natives civilized ways of farming as well as book learning. In fact, I saw in many of the islands we visited evidence of the good work this mission had done and was doing. The story is told that the reason for killing Bishop Patterson was

that some of the natives had been killed by some white people; their law and custom being that, if any of their number suffered death, they retaliated by killing the first one of that race who came among them. Bishop Patterson, being the first white person seen since that event, suffered the penalty for what others had done.

The crew aboard the *John and Winthrop* on that fearful night will never forget that experience, and were loud in their praises of the one who took charge, thus avoiding shipwreck and death. The natives did not have that crew to roast on the fires that were burning ready to receive them.

Sailing from San Francisco in December, 1889, as master of the bark *John and Winthrop*, the first land that we touched was the Ladrone Islands, Tinian, Sypan, and Rota, from which we obtained all the fruit we desired, also a good supply of pigs. Then we shaped our course for the Yellow Sea. We were there but about three weeks, securing three right whales that yielded over three hundred barrels of oil, worth twelve dollars per barrel, and three thousand pounds of bone which was worth about four dollars and fifty cents per pound. So we had obtained a good start for a season's work. The season being finished in the Yellow Sea, I came out of that bound across the North Pacific to the Kodiak grounds for right whales. Everything, as far as I knew or was able to judge, was pleasant with all aboard. To my surprise at midnight April 7, 1890, I was called with the startling cry, 'Ship's on fire!'

Rushing on deck, I saw a cloud of smoke forward. I went that way as fast as my legs could carry me. Arriving abreast the fore hatch, I saw the fire was in the fore hold. Orders had been issued to rig the portable pump, while others were drawing water in buckets from over the side. Calling for buckets of water, and for the hose as soon as the pump was got ready, I jumped below to between-decks. Nothing could be seen there but smoke. Taking off the between-decks

hatch and jumping down into the lower hold, away forward I saw the blaze. About that time the hose was passed me, and calling for others to come down and pass water in buckets, we soon with a deluge of water succeeded in putting it out. I tell you, it was hot and suffocating work down in that hold! Fortunately, we were favored with weather conditions, as the sea was extremely smooth and a dead calm prevailed, so the fire did not have the draft that it would have had under normal conditions. As soon as the fire was under control, I investigated to determine the origin of the fire, and to see what damage had been done. To my surprise I found an empty can which had contained kerosene, bits of charred paper, and a lot of old tarred rigging, which had been placed there by some one before the fire was set. It was set, too, on top of large casks containing oil, as about one hundred and fifty barrels out of three hundred barrels of whale oil were stowed in the fore hold. It had fortunately done no damage. Owing to the fact that the fore-castle was located directly over where the fire had been built, the smoke had driven the crew out, thus giving the alarm before it would otherwise have been discovered. One of the oil casks was very nearly burned through and the head of another was badly charred.

Satisfied that it was the work of some members of the crew, I went on deck and summoned every man before me. All that I had been through in the ten years I had been trying to get to command; thoughts of that home I had seen but five weeks in eight years, in order that they who were dependent upon me, a widowed mother, a wife and daughter, might have the comforts which my work would bring; and then the thought that, having got command, with a good catch aboard and prospects for a voyage that were very bright, a set of men could be found aboard my ship who would endanger their own lives to spoil my voyage, aroused all the passion and desire for revenge that was in me.

My first impulse was to begin action at once, but on reflection I felt that I was in no mood to deal with such a question then, so, after a few questions, I said: 'Men, some of you have set fire to this ship. You that did not do it know who did. If you shield them, you are as guilty as they. At six o'clock in the morning I shall come among you. I shall then know who set the fire or the whole twenty-two will hang from the yardarm, else I shall go over the side a dead man. Now, men, think what your answer will be in the morning, for you know that nothing but death will prevent me from carrying out my purpose.'

At six o'clock next morning as I came on deck walking forward, I had not got past the mainmast when two men came to meet me leading two others; and they greeted me, 'Captain, these are the two men who set the fire. They alone are responsible.'

My reply was, 'All right, I will take care of these two; you go forward' (to the two who brought them).

Then to the firebugs I said: 'You stand charged with this great crime. Had weather conditions been different or had that fire got into the oil, it is doubtful if any of us would have been saved. True, the coast of Japan is only about five hundred miles away, yet, with but small boats to go in, at this stormy period, it is a chance that one does not want to take with no assurance of getting safely to land. If you did do it, write your confessions at once; but if you did not do it, let no one intimidate you into saying you did, for I will keep you where no harm can come to you from them if you are innocent. Think well, for the guilty will suffer the torments of hell if it is in my power to inflict that punishment; it will be seven months yet before we get back to San Francisco and that is a long time to be punished.'

But they called for writing materials and the substance of what they wrote was that they were well treated aboard; they, however, did not like the whal-

ing business, and thought that by firing the ship we would make a quick passage to land and they would be free to go somewhere and in some other business.

Those men were cared for and treated as criminals for the rest of the voyage, and when they were taken out of irons on going into San Francisco, they promised if I would let them go and not prosecute them I should never hear from them again. Knowing the long-drawn-out battle in law that might follow, and feeling that their punishment had been sufficient, added to the fact that we had had a good voyage, having taken more whales than any sailing ship, I let them go, and neither the owners nor I from that day to this have seen or heard anything from them.

The journal of that voyage records that on August 4, 1890, we lowered three boats for a lone right whale. The waist boat, in charge of the second mate, harpooned the whale. Immediately after the harpoon struck him, the whale capsized and broke the boat badly with a swing of his big tail. I got to the broken boat with mine as speedily as possible, while other boats made fast to the whale. Just before we got there one man disappeared from view and drowned: he must have been hit by the whale; while another had just gone out of sight, but we succeeded in rescuing him, dragging him into our boat. We then turned our attention to the men on the broken boat, rescuing all, one with his leg broken just below the knee. We got the whale, saved the broken parts of the boat, and all but one man.

Again aboard ship, I made an examination of the broken leg and found it to be a bad compound fracture. Realizing that the man would need the best of care, I took him into my part of the cabin and then made my first attempt to set a broken leg. It was a long and trying job, but at last it was accomplished. A man was detailed to act as nurse, keeping the bandages wet and cool so that the swelling would subside, for the

limb had swollen badly, and then we watched the progress of the patient. We were rewarded by seeing him able to walk around before we returned in November. The fractured leg healed all right, but the poor fellow will always be a little lame. It is when one is called upon to do such jobs as this that one feels how incompetent he really is. 'Oh,' I would say, 'if I could only turn this man over to a good doctor, how much it would relieve me!' But such is out of the question: a captain of a ship must do such work himself.

On August 19th, I find the journal records the following: Three boats were lowered for a large right whale. The larboard boat, in charge of first officer, succeeded in harpooning the whale, and he in capsizing the boat. The other boat, being close by, picked up the men, while still another boat went after the whale. As they neared him, he made a swing with his great tail demolishing the boat, killing one man, and forcing the others to swim for their lives. Another boat from the ship had by then arrived on the scene and succeeded in rescuing the men, bringing them on board ship. After getting all aboard and dry clothes on those who had been overboard, we found three men injured so as to be unfit for duty and one man gone.

The whale all this time had remained close by lashing the sea with the ponderous flukes of his tail. We took two boats and their crews and went after him. I gave instructions to the officers not to go near enough to harpoon or to lance, but to shoot bombs into him. As soon as the whale saw a boat approaching, he would come for it lashing his tail, but the boat would avoid his rushes and shoot him as he rushed by. After a long time a bomb was planted in his vitals and he rolled over, dead. It was an all-day's fight, but we got the whale. Alas, at what cost! One of our best seamen killed and three others slightly injured. Thus, from August 5th to 19th we lost two men by

being killed by whales, another crippled for life, while three more of the crew are incapacitated for duty for some time. Such incidents cast a gloom over a ship's company and at the same time make men afraid to tackle the whales. So that while accidents will occur, as a rule they prove so disheartening as to make the results of the catch small for the remainder of the season. And so it proved with us. We never got another whale after the 19th of August, although we stopped on the whale grounds until October 20th. We arrived in San Francisco in November, 1890, with nine whales yielding nine hundred barrels of oil and ten thousand pounds of bone.

CHAPTER III

THE BARK JESSE H. FREEMAN

As the voyage in the John and Winthrop was a very successful one, I was offered and accepted the command of the steam whaling bark Jesse H. Freeman, and sailed from San Francisco in December, 1890. Returning in November, 1891, we had nine whales. This voyage was without any special incidents other than those which fall to the lot of all whalers.

In March, 1892, I sailed again as master of the Jesse H. Freeman. That voyage, like the previous one, was a combination of right whaling and Arctic bow-head whaling. The fishing for right whales was very poor; we had taken but one before entering the Arctic in August. We found the Arctic had been very open that year, and the steamers which had got far east and north early in the season had made good catches, but we, coming in late, found ourselves among the poorest of the poor voyages. During September we got a few whales, but October came in boisterous and cold.

Well do I recollect the awful storm of the 6th of October, 1892. It began about noon of the 6th blowing strongly from the southeast. All steamers and sailing vessels started to get away from the ice so as to have more sea-room, as the gale was blowing toward the northern ice-pack. Our latitude that day was $71^{\circ} 15'$ N. and longitude $170^{\circ} 10'$ W. As we started to work off with the others, we noticed one sailing bark, the Helen Mar, take two whales alongside. We started toward her when we sighted a whale, lowered five boats after him, and the larboard boat harpooned him with a darting gun, thus getting a bomb into him at the same time with the harpoon. The whale, although hurt badly, had life enough left to go under a strip of

ice and take all the line. Seeing the whale spouting blood, I recalled all the boats to the ship, hoisted them up, put on all steam, and, with a raging gale behind us, drove the Freeman into the ice after the whale.

We followed him for some time, guided by the blood-stains upon the ice and by seeing him quite often spouting blood from his spouters; but all at once we lost his trail. We had about given him up, when the first officer, who was in the crow's-nest with me, said, 'Captain, do you realize what a dangerous position we are in?' It was then that I saw our danger was great owing to the fact that the weather had grown steadily worse and we had pushed farther into the pack-ice than we realized, having our attention occupied in following the whale. I was about to turn the steamer's bow around to try to get into clear water again when I discovered over a lofty piece of ice two polar bears. As I rested my binoculars upon them, I noticed that their noses were red with blood. I said, 'Those two bears are feeding on our whale,' and ordered all steam again with full speed ahead, for when the bears were seen, all thought of danger disappeared, so intent were we in getting that whale. The ice was heavy and we made slow progress, but just as the darkness was coming on we got alongside the whale. The bears disputed our ownership until we shot them. Then, taking the whale alongside, we proceeded to cut him. The wind increased so fast, accompanied with snow, that we got his head off, but were compelled to let the body go. Lashing the head securely on deck, I took my position on top of the foreyard, as I could see much better from there and could be heard from the deck. There was too much wind to head the steamer directly into it, so we kept the wind about four points on the starboard bow and with storm sails set let her go full speed ahead. She hardly moved, so strong was the gale. Lofty cakes of ice were on all sides; and through snow and sleet I saw the breakers going halfmast high

hardly ten ship-lengths to the leeward. I knew that they were breaking against a heavy strip of ice, and if we drifted against that it would be the last of us. Just at that time the chief engineer sent word to me that he would like to stop the engines for about ten minutes. I sent word back, 'If you stop those engines for two minutes, you never will use an engine in this world again. The engines must be kept going at all hazards if we are to save the ship.' The engineer replied, 'You may depend on me. They shall be kept going.' And by doing so, we finally reached out by that line of breakers by coming to the end of the strip of ice. All through the night we kept the vessel dodging the heavy ice until daylight broke and the weather moderated. We were still afloat, but leaking so badly that the steam pumps were constantly going until we arrived in San Francisco. The weather cleared up and moderated to a nice whaling breeze. Not a vessel was to be seen. I knew that all the others of the fleet had got away from the ice to positions of safety with the exception of the bark, *Helen Mar*, and ourselves. Now that we were safe, my thoughts turned to the position I had last seen that vessel. Although we were many miles farther into the ice-pack when the gale came on than she, we had the advantage of steam which she did not have. It was by the merest chance that we remained afloat. I said to my officers that in my opinion the *Helen Mar* would never be seen again, and they agreed. We unlashed the head of the whale and took about twenty-four hundred pounds of bone from it, worth about five dollars per pound at that time, and then proceeded to repair our damages.

At 4 P.M. two steamers came up from the south, the *Orca* and the *Belvedere*, who, having seen where I was the day before, concluded they might find some of us left on the ice, but never expected to see the ship afloat. Both captains came aboard and congratulated me upon my escape, for the gale had been an extremely

heavy one with them. I asked if they had seen any other vessels, but they had not. I told them I was afraid that disaster had befallen the Helen Mar. That night Captain Whiteside of the Belvedere, and I decided we would steam to the westward along the ice-pack about twenty-five miles to about where I last saw the Helen Mar, in the hope of saving some of her company. About 2 A.M. I was awakened by the bell sounding to stop the engine. I jumped for the deck and found them lowering one of the boats. To my inquiry, 'What is the matter?' they exclaimed, 'Man overboard!' And just then could be heard the cry for help from far astern. The boat was hastily manned, and guided by the sound she soon got to where the man was and brought him aboard. He proved to be Christopher Nelson, one of the boat-steerers of the Helen Mar, who reported that the vessel went down at 9 P.M. of the 6th, and that the next morning he and another were upon a piece of ice with one little boat about fourteen feet long, called a 'dinghy.' About 10 A.M. of the 7th they thought they saw a vessel a long way off. They launched their little boat and with pieces of boards for paddles they went in the direction they had seen the vessel. The vessel went out of sight, and they being exhausted sat down in the boat and drifted around hoping that some vessel would see them. Darkness came on, however, without any sail being seen. Then they saw the lights of the Belvedere, she being ahead of us. As she came near to them, they exerted every effort to intercept her, but she passed by out of hearing distance. The companion of the man we rescued then said to him, 'All hope is gone. All are dead save us and we may as well go,' and fell over the side of the boat, capsizing it. Nelson climbed on top of the boat and never saw his companion again. He then saw our lights approaching. We were near enough to hear his cries and rescued him, finding him astride the keel of the overturned boat, but in what a condi-

tion! His legs and feet were frozen so badly that his toes were amputated at once. Stimulants were given him, while his legs up to the knees were put in ice water to draw out the frost. After this we applied hot poultices made out of potatoes, using the skin of the potato as well as the potato itself. These poultices were kept up until the live flesh began to separate from the dead. Then we used charcoal and flaxseed meal poultices. White granulated sugar sprinkled on plentifully we found to be good for purifying the parts as well as a great healing agency. We syringed the parts each day with a solution of carbolic acid, thus keeping them healthy. So porous did the feet become by the dead flesh coming away from the live or healthy parts that, in syringing, the solution squirted into one side of the foot would come clean through to the other. We worked hard to save his feet. Our patient began to improve; small pieces of bone came out occasionally, but finally this stopped and the flesh began to look better, new skin growing over the raw flesh. I then saw, as I thought, that the man would lose nothing but the toes taken off at first, and it encouraged me to keep on with the work, continuing to cleanse the parts with the carbolic solution and using the same remedies for healing. Although our vessel was leaking badly, we stopped very late in the Arctic, being the last vessel to leave, and were rewarded by getting some more whales.

On November 8th, crossing Behring Sea on our way to San Francisco, we sighted a revenue cutter and, knowing they had a physician aboard, I signaled them. I felt this was an opportunity to place my patient under skillful treatment, with everything to do with to make him more comfortable and hasten his recovery. The doctor came on board with the captain of the cutter. The doctor looked the patient over carefully and said, 'You have done well, but to try to save those feet is utterly useless. The skin will never grow over that

flesh. The only thing to do is to amputate the feet.' I tried to prove to the doctor that new skin had grown over flesh that looked exactly as that appeared to. Further than that, I felt I had been a fool to work so hard, and, feeling sure of success, I had encouraged the patient that he would be all right again before long. In fact, I was so dumbfounded I could hardly speak. The doctor at last said, 'Captain, you have done well, but you are ignorant of what is required in flesh or frozen parts of this nature to be in a condition ever to be useful to the patient. I will take the man and do everything possible for him, but shall amputate both feet to the ankle.' I replied, 'What good is the man without feet? If that is what you are going to do, after I have done so much to make those feet again useful, by Heavens, you cannot have the man! I will take him to San Francisco.' This I did, and on arrival placed him in the Marine Hospital there. I discharged my cargo, came East, and when I went West the next February among the first men I met was Christopher Nelson walking, with his feet pretty well healed. He told me that, aside from one small piece of bone coming out, the healing that had begun on the ship continued rapidly at the hospital, and now he was able to work and walk very well, and he thanked me for not letting that doctor amputate his feet.

The Helen Mar's case is not unlike that of many a whaler which has completed the voyage, with a good catch aboard and ready to start for home, when, being caught as she was, all are lost. As Nelson told the story, when they got two whales on the 6th, the captain said that satisfied him and they would start for home the first chance; but at 10 P.M. the vessel was no more, and before morning of the 7th most of the crew were dead. The next morning after we found Nelson, the Orca took four men off the ice. One was the fifth mate who was so badly frozen that he died a few hours after. I believe there were two out of the

four that lived. So out of the ship's company of not less than forty persons only three survived.

The owners of the *Jesse H. Freeman* did not believe that the vessel was leaking as badly as I represented, for I had told them to keep the pumps going until they could dock her. Their reply was, 'Guess she will float one twenty-four hours in harbor if you have been over a month in her at sea leaking.' The next morning they sent for me and asked what was the matter with the vessel, for they found her lower hold full of water. I told them again that she was leaking badly, caused by the contact with the ice on that dreadful night when the *Helen Mar* was lost. They hurriedly docked her and found, where the planking goes on the stem, some pretty large openings which required fixing before she would be ready to go on another voyage.

It being November, 1892, and since I had not been home but one winter, and no summers, since 1881, I came to Provincetown to spend the winter with my family.

CHAPTER IV

THE STEAM BARK BELVEDERE

ON March 1, 1893, I started for Honolulu by way of San Francisco to go as master of the steam bark Belvedere for a cruise in the Arctic. We sailed from Honolulu March 18, 1893, steering N.W. by N. for the Aleutian Islands. On April 5th we passed through what is termed the '72 pass,' a passage that is to the east of Segum Island, and steered north for St. George Island, where, on April 7th, we anchored. Captain Lavender, who was United States Treasury Agent at that time, came aboard for a few hours, and got some medicine for Mrs. Lavender who was very sick ashore. We were the first vessel he had seen since the December before. After catching a good lot of codfish, we weighed anchor, steering W.N.W. for the ice-pack.

On April 11th we sighted the ice in Lat. $60^{\circ} 40'$ N., Long. $178^{\circ} 30'$ W., and April 18th we got our first bowhead in Lat. $62^{\circ} 05'$ N., Long. $177^{\circ} 10'$ E. We were in the ice from that time until June 12th, seeing lots of whales, but did not have the good fortune to capture any until May 12th, when we got one in Lat. $61^{\circ} 50'$ N., Long. $177^{\circ} 44'$ E. Several vessels were in sight and the land of Cape Navarin, Siberia. On May 14th before daylight we heard a whale blowing, and lowered the waist boat in charge of the second mate. The ice was so thick around the vessel that the boat was the only one we could lower in the streak of clear water. In a few minutes after lowering we heard the report of a gun, and knew they had harpooned the whale. We steamed in the direction of the sound, but before we reached them, the men in the boat had set their light so we could find them without difficulty,

and we arrived to find them with a monstrous whale. The harpoon-man killed him with the two darting guns. We took the whale alongside and cut him in, being all through with him before daylight. Although there were three steamers within three miles of us, none knew that we had a whale that night.

In the morning about 10 A.M. we saw the steamer Navarch's boats harpoon a whale, but they lost him under the ice. At 4 P.M. we saw four whales a short distance from the steamer, lowered all five of our boats at once, and started after them. The starboard boat succeeded in harpooning a very large one. The darting gun had given him a mortal wound, as shown by the amount of blood that poured forth from his spout-holes. But the ice was so close that he went under a heavy strip and the boat was obliged to let the line go. In a short time after he went off with the line, we saw him floundering in a hole of water between which and the boat there were very heavy strips of ice that we must break through with the steamer in order to get to him. We hoisted the boats aboard. Calling to the engineer for full speed, we rammed the Belvedere against that ice with all the force we could, but could not get through. We backed off a good half-mile and I explained to the engineer how necessary it was to strike a good hard blow that we might get to the whale. He got steam up to the limit, and said, 'All ready!' I shouted from the crow's-nest: 'Open her wide! Go ahead at full speed!'

When her stem struck the ice she made mincemeat of it, and we shot through those strips of ice and found our whale dead, it being our second one for that day. That made four in all up to date, yielding four hundred barrels of oil and between nine and ten thousand pounds of bone. But in the contact with the ice in order to get to that whale, we found that our stem was knocked clean off down to the hood ends, rendering our steamer wholly unfit to do any more work until re-

paired. With the material we had at hand we went to work to repair as far as possible the damaged parts. First, we made a mat of chains that covered the whole stem from water's edge to keel. When this was completed and in position, we felt that we had protected the broken parts enough to enable us to lie quietly among the ice-fields, but not so as to make it safe to venture where the bow of the vessel would come in contact with the ice again. This accident occurred May 14, 1893. The season had apparently just begun. We had secured up to date more whales than any other vessel of the fleet, but from now until the latter part of June we knew that we were helpless to look for more whales. In fact, we had all we could do to keep our vessel from leaking so badly that we could not go north later or repair sufficiently to enable us to prosecute the entire season. We boiled out the blubber and cut out the bone from the gum, scraping the gum off, preparatory to washing and bundling to transship from Unalaska. So from that date until June 13th we drifted with the ice and currents, while other vessels went on looking for whales. We managed then to go through a strip of ice and anchor off Indian Point, that being the southwest point entering Behring Straits.

Here we found many others of the fleet. Strange to say, none of the others had more whales than we, notwithstanding the fact that we had been helpless nearly a month. On June 16th, the ice looked open to the south. We procured an outfit of fur clothing and sealskin boots to enable us to stand the rigor of the season in pursuit of our calling, then decided to start for Unalaska. We accordingly sailed from Indian Point, steering S.S.E. for Unalaska, at 4 P.M. on June 16th.

The natives of the west side of Behring Straits, from Indian Point along the southwest part of the land to East Cape (the northwest part of it), are very good hunters. They have for half a century depended for

their hunting outfits almost entirely upon the whaling fleet. Many of them have been whaling in vessels, having thus acquired whaling implements, and, as the whales pass through the straits in the spring and fall, they catch many. The blubber and meat, as much as they can get from each whale, they eat, while the bone they trade to whaling vessels. In anticipation of their wants, the whalers have a regular trading account in which are found Winchester rifles, shot-guns, fixed ammunition, powder and shot, tobacco, pipes, drilling, hard bread, beads, matches; in fact, all the articles they are likely to use. When the vessel approaches the settlements for the first time along this coast, you will see the waters covered with all sizes of canoes from one that will contain thirty persons to the small kyak with two, all paddling off to the vessel with his or her articles of trade, at which they have been at work all through the long winter to have ready to trade away at this time. The women bear the burden in this country, and you will see them at the paddles while one man with his pipe lighted will be sitting in the stern. As soon as the canoe arrives at the side of the vessel, up on deck the natives will come, each one anxious to be the first to trade. Some will have skin boots, the legs of which are made from hair seals and tanned so as to keep the water out, while the soles are made either of skin taken from a large seal or walrus or in some cases from the skin of the small white whale that is found quite plentifully along the coast adjacent to the mouth of the Mackenzie River. The thread they use in sewing these boots is the sinew taken from the back of the deer, dried and stripped fine, then rolled on the cheek until well rounded. The soles, to fit the bottom of the foot at heel and toe, are crimped by the women chewing the skin with their teeth. One can readily see how industrious a woman has been by noticing how much her teeth are worn away. These boots, when completed and well made, are not only

water-tight, but are almost air-tight. Being light and very warm, they make the best footgear one can find. For these boots the natives get the equivalent of fifty cents in trade for each pair. A great many are required for a vessel that is going to winter in the Arctic. I usually allowed five hundred pairs of these boots for one winter and two summers to a vessel with a crew of fifty men. There were also mittens, at all prices; coats of deerskin at about two dollars each, and fawnskin and squirrel-skin shirts at one dollar each in trade. At these villages, four in number, Indian Point being the largest with about three hundred inhabitants, we must get our supplies, as the natives on the opposite coast of Alaska and farther up to Herschel Island do not as a rule make more boots and clothing than their families require.

So having got our supply for a season, as we were not to winter that year, we sailed, as I have said, for Unalaska, since that was the nearest point where we could hope to make the repairs to the ship as well as to take a supply of coal and send the whalebone to San Francisco by steamer to be sold. After beating around ice floes trying to pick our way through fogs, on the 24th of June we anchored off Unalaska, one of the Aleutian Islands. Here the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco had established a supply and trading station and had steamers call regularly during the summer months to bring supplies to their stations for trading and also to transship the sealskins from the Pribilof Islands of St. Paul and St. George where the Government had leased to this company for a term of years the exclusive right to kill the seals. Unalaska is the nearest distributing-point that has a safe harbor. We found here the revenue cutter *Corwin* and the British war-vessel *Nymph*.

Our bone, after washing and drying, amounted to 9600 pounds, and we landed it to be sent to San Francisco. We then lightened our vessel forward as much as

possible and ran her on the beach to get the bow high enough out of water to fix the damage. The ship settled so in the sand, as the tide ebbed, that we were forced to repeat the operation of running her on the beach every day for four days, when at 6 P.M. of July 1st we succeeded in completing repairs in such a manner as would enable us to go into the Arctic for the remainder of the season.

Our stay at Unalaska was very pleasant. Besides the trading station of the Alaska Commercial Company, who also keep a general store, there was at that time in an adjoining harbor, hardly a half mile away, called Dutch Harbor, a coaling station and a general store conducted by the Northern Commercial Company, from which supplies of almost all kinds could be obtained. I should judge the native Aleuts of Unalaska numbered at that time about one hundred people, but there was a school and home combined, called the Jesse Lee home, for the keeping and educating of children who came from near-by villages, so that the school increased the population considerably.

Having taken in two hundred and sixty tons of coal, thus replenishing our bunkers, on July 7th we proceeded to sea, steering N.W. by N. for Behring Straits. On July 16th we anchored again at Indian Point for the purpose of getting more boots, as we doubted if our supply would be sufficient. On July 17th we steamed to St. Lawrence Bay and anchored at 3 P.M. The wind being strong from the north, we concluded to wait here until the wind moderated, so that our progress would be faster. This is a small village of Siberian natives, short of stature, very fat and lazy, and a very different class from those of Indian Point. We got from them some deer meat, as tame deer are owned and raised by them in large numbers. We also took in rock for ballast. July 18th we got under way and steered N.N.E. On July 21st we passed Point Hope, a long low sand-spit that makes

out into the Arctic, forming the northern boundary of Kotzebue Sound. Upon the very west end is a settlement of Alaskan natives, who differ from those we had just left in Siberia, being tall, rawboned, and resembling our North American Indian. We saw here the whaling brigantine W. H. Myer at anchor. Passing around the end of Point Hope, which is noted for being the place where in October, 1888, the bark called the Small Ohio was wrecked coming out of the Arctic, and most of the crew lost (a few survived and lived with the natives until the whale ships came up in the summer of 1889 and took them home to civilization again), we steered north for Cape Lisburne thirty-two miles away, a high abrupt promontory to the east of which some ten or twelve miles are to be found large veins of coal, and where formerly all steam whalers stopped to take on coal. The coal from here burned out so quickly, however, that when the vessels went farther north and east, their bunkers were not large enough to carry the amount necessary. For that reason they abandoned taking coal from these veins, although the cost was nothing, whereas the cost of coal shipped to us and loaded on our vessels cost about twelve to fifteen dollars per ton.

After passing the mines, the land from that point on is low and full of lagoons. As we neared Point Lay we saw large numbers of ducks. It being their moulting season, the water was covered with birds unable to fly but a short distance if at all. We lowered the boats, and in a short space of time they returned with four hundred and eighty which we prized highly as an addition to our daily fare. The weather being cool, they would keep fresh a long time.

On July 25th we made fast to ground ice between Cape Smythe and Point Barrow. All the whaling fleet were here and also the merchant steamer Jeanie bound for Herschel Island. The ice being hard on to Point Barrow vessels could not get farther, and here we must

wait until the ice-pack moved, to enable us to proceed to the north and east where the feeding-grounds of the whale at this season of the year are to be found. We employed our time by sending ashore gunning parties to shoot a good supply of ducks, as here ducks fly in large numbers across this narrow neck of land going north and coming south, so it is the custom for the whalers always to put in a large supply of these ducks for their cruise east, because there is no place east of here that affords so good a chance of game as at the shooting station at Cape Smythe.

On July 27th we smoked ship to kill the rats, as they destroy bone. The bone we got in the spring at Behring Sea and transshipped at Unalaska we were obliged to keep all on deck so that the rats would not destroy it. As what bone we would get from now on would have to be put in the hold, we had to kill these pests which make such havoc with our catch. With the furnaces filled with charcoal and the stoves in the cabin and forecastle the same, we pasted all cracks with paper using molasses as paste, and a large iron pot hung with chains in the main hatch. We lighted our fires at 6 A.M. July 26th and all hands went aboard of other vessels of the fleet to dinner. At 3 P.M. we opened up the hatches and put out the charcoal fires. By the side of some water left in a bucket down the hatch we found twenty dead rats and a number of others were found in other parts of the ship. Not a live one was seen again.

At every opportunity some one of the ships would take a turn trying to break through the bulkhead of ice off Point Barrow, the northwest point of America. At this point, of which the extreme end is but a little above sea-level, the soil being sandy, more vessels have been lost than at any other part of the coast. It was here in 1876 that New Bedford lost fifteen of her best ships, the most of which had aboard a good cargo of bone and oil. The currents at this point are so strong

that a change of wind brings the ice in upon the shore and the pack runs to the north up by the point with the velocity of the current, which with a southerly wind sometimes gains the rate of six miles an hour. These fifteen ships got caught in the ice that swept them northward by Point Barrow into the unknown and undiscovered regions. The captains and officers finding that they were fast going away from land abandoned their vessels. Some of the crew, believing the vessels would come out all right, elected to remain by the ships with their valuable cargoes. Those that abandoned the ships, after days of hardship, having their boats shod to haul over the ice without damaging them, succeeded in reaching land at Point Barrow without the loss of any of their party, and two barks being there took them to San Francisco. The ships and the men who stopped with them have never been heard from. This disaster following so soon after the one of 1871, when off Point Belcher approximately one hundred miles south of Point Barrow, thirty-four of New Bedford's best ships were abandoned with their cargoes, was a calamity from which New Bedford never recovered. The crews of these thirty-four vessels came down along the coast in their boats and found, after a passage of eighty miles in boats crowded with men, women, and children to the number of twelve hundred and nineteen, seven whaling barks who took them aboard and carried them to Honolulu. As the catastrophe of 1871 was estimated, the loss was over a million and a half dollars. Not a single life was lost in the 1871 disaster.

No opportunity offered to push through the ice barrier until the morning of August 16th, when we enlarged an opening sufficient to enable the fleet to get through the ridge of ice and work their way to the eastward. Passing out around the Point, where we had been lying ever since July 25th, we worked along through heavy patches of ice in about seven fathoms

of water, pushing our ships with full head of steam, as the season had got to be very short, and there was no time to be lost. All felt the importance of going to the eastward as soon as possible. We advanced through fogs and ice, hearing occasionally the siren from one or another of the fleet. Friday the 18th at 10 A.M. we sighted the sand islands called Franklin Return Reef, a strip of low sandy islands hardly above the sea and called by that name as it was said to be the place where Franklin and his party turned back in their attempt in boats from Mackenzie River to find a passage around Point Barrow. They, finding the land trending northward and the season getting late, returned to the Mackenzie River. Inside these islands the water is deep enough to afford passage for light-draft vessels, but such steamers as ours were forced to go outside.

We were now about one hundred and fifty-five miles to the east of Point Barrow and we had been about forty-eight hours coming that distance. The coastline from Point Barrow here is exceedingly low, but now come the Franklin and Romanzoff Range of mountains, while the whole coastline changes to a much higher level. Along the outside of these islands we steamed, crossing Camden Bay where Collinson in the *Enterprise* wintered in 1853-54, passed Manning Point, the eastern point of Camden Bay, by Martin Point, Icy Reef to Demarcation Point, the boundary line of the British and United States possessions, until at 1 A.M. of August 21st we passed Herschel Island, the winter haven of four whalers the year before. At 1 P.M. of the 21st we sighted the steamer *Narwhal*, Captain Smith, who had wintered there. How pleased he was to see us, it being the first vessel from civilization since September, 1892. He had made a great catch, having taken that season, since leaving winter quarters in July, during six weeks' fishing, thirty whales. As Captain Smith was the master of the *Josephine* who

took me on in 1889 when I was wrecked in the bark Ohio, it made it doubly pleasing to us both to meet again. While we were visiting or, as whalers term it, 'gamming,' several other steamers were sighted and Captain Smith went searching among them to find out which one had his mail aboard, and we steamed off to the north looking for whales. At 9 P.M. we lowered our boats for a whale, the first one seen since May, but we did not succeed in fastening to him. At 11 P.M. Captain Norwood, of the steamer Balarna, came aboard and reported twenty-four whales since leaving Herschel Island last month. Herschel Island bore by compass S.S.W., twenty-five miles; depth of water fifteen fathoms.

August 22d at 2 P.M. we struck and saved a bow-head. Cutting in of these Arctic and right whales is always begun by putting a large heavy chain around the fin with one end rove through a big link in the other end so that the more strain there is the tighter the chain draws around the fin. The whale usually floats with one of the fins up, so as a rule it is easy to attach the chain. ~~The cutting stage is made out of plank about twenty-two feet in length,~~ fore and aft, with legs about ten feet long extending from the side of the ship to the stage ends upon which the ends are fastened by iron bolts, and on which the fore-and-aft stageplank rests; iron rods with a large pole about as high as one's breast lashed to these rods. The officers and captain stand on the stage with long-handled cutting-spades, facing the ship. Between the stage and the ship the whale lies alongside. The large tackles from the masthead, consisting of blocks sixteen inches across with a rope five and a quarter inches in circumference, are hooked on to the fin chain, while the fall or hauling part of the tackle is taken forward to the steam windlass. As soon as a strain comes on the fin, the men on the stage cut through the fat of blubber that forms the outside covering of the whale, which is



HEAD OF BOWHEAD WHALE, SHOWING SCALP, OR UPPER JAW, AND WHALE-
BONE HANGING FROM IT. IT IS JUST BEING HOISTED ABOARD

from fifteen to twenty-four inches in thickness, cutting marks through this blubber six feet apart, unjointing the shoulder or fin from the shoulder blade, and, as the men heave away on the windlass, the fin and blubber go aloft, a piece six feet wide and of a thickness that covers the meat or carcass of the whale, peeling the blubber off the red meat, the whale rolling over as the blubber comes off — not unlike peeling off a strip of the skin of an orange. We then take first one lip, then his throat and tongue, which is a very heavy mass of fat, then the remaining lip, all of which are useful in rendering oil.

Then comes the monstrous head with the black whalebone hanging from the upper jaw in slabs, numbering from five hundred and fifty to six hundred and fifty, with a small space between through which the whale sucks in the small red bait or shrimp which abound in large quantities in parts of the Arctic. As the food and water are taken into the mouth, the inside edge or the part of the bone inside the mouth, being fringed with a fine silk-like fringe, catches the food and the water is thrown out of the mouth through the bone, like the action of a sieve. In taking in the head, the lower jaw is unjointed, leaving that to go to waste with the carcass. One man gets on the head, being held there by ropes, this being the boat-steerer or harpooner's job. With an axe he soon cuts through the scalp-bone just aft the spout-holes. The head with the bone is then hoisted in and lashed on deck until the whale's blubber is all taken off the body.

The first piece or fin piece of blubber being up two blocks, the third officer with a knife about three feet long cuts two round holes through it, then reeving the chain through these a second tackle is hooked on this chain, the blubber being cut off close to the deck about two feet above these holes. This fin piece is then lowered down between-decks. This operation is repeated until the whale's blubber is rolled off him clear

to his flukes or tail. Just before the finish of the cutting in when near the tail, two large pieces of meat are usually taken out on each side of the backbone, weighing five to six hundred pounds. This tenderloin is fine eating, its color being red and looking like fresh beef. It is cooked in various ways, either fried in steaks or ground into Hamburg steak, mixed plentifully with salt pork, then the mixture made into balls and fried. The latter is the popular way of cooking it. Having got the blubber all in, the carcass is set adrift to feed the polar bears and other wild animals of that dreary country. As many as twenty white bears have been shot where they have been found feeding off a single carcass.

The bone, weighing in an ordinary Arctic whale about two thousand pounds, is then dropped out of the scalp-bone lashed on deck. In this whale, which was an unusually large one, about twenty-eight hundred pounds was taken. The bone is then chopped apart from the gum holding it together at the roots, about ten to twelve inches deep, the bone being imbedded in the gum. It is then put down in the hold until the season is over, when in warmer water and climate it is taken out, washed and dried, and bound in bundles of about one hundred pounds each, ready for market. This bone during some years sold as high as five dollars and fifty cents per pound, showing in an average whale head a value of ten thousand dollars, and some have sold to bring nearly sixteen thousand dollars, being, of course, large heads.

While the bone is being chopped away, the blubber is being cut into strips four feet in length by six inches thick and eight inches wide. These pieces are then pitched on deck, into a box, at each end of which stand two men, one of whom holds the piece in position on a long board or bench extending the length of the box, while the other, with a sharp steel knife having a handle at each end, cuts the pieces into thin slices. The slices

are put into two iron pots erected upon the deck and set into brick arches with a water-tight space underneath. A fire is started in the arches and the blubber cooked until the scrap floats on top or becomes hard and yellow, and the oil becomes hot. The scrap is taken off and used for fuel, while another potful of sliced blubber is put into the pots, repeating the process until all the blubber has been rendered into oil. These iron pots in the try-works, as the outfit to boil the blubber is called, are on an average large enough to contain about nine barrels of thirty-one and a half gallons each. It usually takes about thirty-six hours to boil out an average Arctic whale which will yield one hundred barrels of oil, while to take the same amount of oil out of a sperm whale requires a third longer time.

We soon had this fellow out of sight, for in two hours from the time we began cutting in we had finished and begun to try out the oil. From August 22d to September 9th we were very busy taking whales, for between those dates we took thirteen, yielding about thirteen hundred barrels of oil and twenty-seven thousand pounds of bone. Every day we were either chasing or cutting in whales up to September 9th, when we took our last one and started for the west to get out by Point Barrow before the young ice made. Our best day's work was on September 6th, when we took and saved three whales.

During the short stay of nineteen days here, we had been east as far as Cape Dalhousie at the entrance of Liverpool Bay. September 11th we passed Herschel Island where six of the whaling fleet were to winter. Fog prevailed on our passage west until September 13th, when we anchored at Cape Smythe with the weather clear and moderate. September 14th we again got under way and started to the westward. We cruised in the vicinity of Herald Island until October 10th without getting a whale, and then we started for San Francisco with a total catch of seventeen whales.

On October 16th we arrived at Indian Point, where we landed four natives who had been with us the entire trip. The weather was extremely cold and the steamer Belvedere was badly iced-up from the salt-water spray that had come over on our passage here. October 17th we sailed for Unalaska, where we arrived October 26th. We sailed from there on the 27th, passed out through Unalga Pass October 28th, passed the steamers Thrasher and J. H. Freeman, and on November 2d brought up our bone on deck to wash. We employed all hands at washing bone November 3d and 4th and finished in the afternoon of November 5th. On November 7th we bundled the bone, twenty-four thousand four hundred pounds, taken from thirteen whales. On November 9th at 11 A.M. we docked at San Francisco. Thus ended the cruise of the steamer Belvedere in 1893.

CHAPTER V

THE STEAM BARK NAVARCH

THE steam bark Navarch, Captain John A. Cook, sailed from San Francisco on December 20, 1893, the captain being accompanied by his wife, Viola D. Cook. This vessel was the most recently built vessel for the whaling business, having been launched at Bath, Maine, in 1892 and up to this time having made but one voyage in the Arctic. This was Mrs. Cook's first trip to sea. During the winter season we were fixing the vessel preparatory to the work to be accomplished in the North. January and February were spent cruising off the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands and up to the 10th of March, when we went to Honolulu Harbor. Captain and Mrs. Cook took rooms ashore while the steamer lay in waiting off the harbor until March 20th, when all went on board and started for the Arctic.

The weather had been delightful while we were here causing us to be very reluctant to leave, but, knowing that it was time for us to make our way northward, we bade adieu to friends at Honolulu, steering northwest the first twenty-four hours.

April 9, 1894, we sighted the Aleutian Islands and April 10th passed through Unalga Pass and anchored at Dutch Harbor, Unalaska. The steamer Orca from San Francisco was also there. We took aboard one hundred and thirty tons of coal and thirty-five hundred gallons of water, and set up the crow's-nest, where we stand to look out for whales. Then we put our boats in order for whaling. On April 12th we sailed from Dutch Harbor. Just outside we stopped long enough to catch two hundred and fifty codfish, then steered W.N.W. for the ice-pack.

Sunday, April 15th, it was blowing a gale with thick

snow, steamer steering N.W. At 6 P.M. the temperature was tried in the water and we found that the thermometer showed a sudden drop in the reading, which demonstrated to me that we were nearing the ice-pack, and with the gale then raging and blowing directly on the ice, added to the thick snow prevailing, making it utterly impossible to distinguish objects at any distance away, I concluded to heave to and not run farther that night. April 16th dawned with clearing weather. The wind changing we started on our course, but had gone only a short distance when we came to the solid pack of ice in Lat. $61^{\circ} 40' N.$, Long. $178^{\circ} E.$ April 19th the land at Cape Navarin was in sight and several whaling vessels all looking eagerly in the lanes of water among the ice-fields for the spout of a whale. April 24th, 25th, and 26th we saw numbers of whales, but found it impossible to get one, as there was too much ice and the whales were too shy.

April 28th it was blowing a gale from the northeast and the steamer was fast to large ice when we saw a whale in a small lead of water astern. We lowered five boats after him. The larboard bow boat, in charge of the fourth officer, succeeded in harpooning him with a darting gun that, as he went under the ice, shot an explosive into him which gave him a mortal wound. Great clots of blood came from his spout-holes, but the ice drifting over him fast took all the line out of the boat and we lost him. We steamed in and out among the ice for two days, but never saw him. The crew as well as I mourned over losing him, a most unfortunate occurrence. On all sides were heard such expressions as, 'Too bad!' 'Hard luck to lose the first whale.'

Cape Navarin bore N.E. twenty miles distant. April 30th, May 3d, 4th, and 5th, we lowered boats for whales among the ice in Behring Sea, but could not get one. May 10th, in company with the steamers Thrasher and Belvedere, we started to go through the ice to Behring Straits. From that date until the after-

noon of May 14th the steamers bucked that ice-field every minute, trying to force a passage through. Sometimes one would take the lead and then another, until we got close to the land of Cape Behring to the west of the straits, where we found open water on the 14th, leading down to the mouth of the straits.

We anchored at Indian Point, and found that we were the first vessels through the Behring Sea ice that season. We procured from the natives our usual supply of furs and boots for the season and also got some for our winter supply, for the great catch the vessels had made wintering at Herschel Island caused fifteen of us to outfit for wintering. We needed for the two summers and one winter we were to be gone a supply of boots for the fifty persons comprising the crew, six hundred pairs. Fur coats, pants, and deerskins for making clothing were also in great demand, for here was the village at which the greatest supply could be obtained, and so we traded for all we could get. We also traded for twelve dogs to carry in with us, that being a part of the forty that we needed for our complement. The average price for dogs was about three dollars in trade, flour being in the most demand for dogs. Having completed our trading, we went up to the northern part of the straits off the Diomed Islands that lie halfway between East Cape, Siberia, and Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska. Making fast to the ground ice off these islands, we watched for whales, and also bought a lot of boots from the natives here, as the boots made by the natives of the Diomed Islands were the best to be had.

June 3d and 4th we lowered boats for several whales, but did not succeed in getting any. Luck seemed to be very much against us in getting whales. We continued cruising among the ice in the straits looking for whales passing into the Arctic until June 13th. Having seen no whale for ten days, we started for the sand-spit settlement at St. Lawrence Island, where we anchored

in company with the steamer Belvedere on the morning of the 14th. The natives there had been fortunate enough to secure a few whales. From those whales almost every person of the village had more or less bone to trade. We traded for about a thousand pounds while the Belvedere traded for the same amount. We also bought more dogs and furs to make clothing for the winter. The weather while here was bad, sleet and rain with high winds all the time.

June 15th at 4 P.M. we weighed anchor and proceeded south for Unalaska, where we were to obtain coal and all supplies needed for the eighteen months' cruise ahead of us. June 17th we passed through large fields of ice off Cape Upright, St. Matthew's Island. June 21st, Thursday, we anchored at Dutch Harbor, Unalaska. At 6 P.M. we went alongside the ship Iroquois, of Maine, Captain Nicholls, to take our coal from them. Rain, fog, and gales from the southeast prevailed the 22d, 23d, and 24th. We finished taking coal Monday, the 25th, the amount taken aboard being about three hundred and seven tons. The bark Horatio and the steamer William Baylies came in on that day. Tuesday and Wednesday we fished for cod and succeeded in getting about twelve hundred nice ones, many of which we salted for winter use. Friday, the 29th, we steamed to sea, steering N.N.W. for the Arctic Ocean.

No more civilization for us, we thought, until November, 1895, but, owing to a change made later in the plans for the voyage, we did not get back to civilization until November, 1896. Mrs. Cook had contemplated returning home from Unalaska, but did not, so she put in nearly three years north of the Arctic Circle in this her first voyage at sea. Not dreaming of this, however, we steamed through Behring Sea, and at 7 P.M., July 10th, passed Cape Prince of Wales, and July 12th anchored at Point Hope. Seven whalers were at anchor here. The ice was very

closely packed to the north and they were waiting for it to open. On July 13th we got under way and started working through the ice. We had added to our list of dogs while here, so that we had now twenty-eight for our winter's work. Point Hope is the first large settlement north of Cape Prince of Wales. Working north through the ice, we passed Lisburne. On July 15th, working north about twenty miles north of Lisburne, Mr. Reilly, chief engineer, got his finger taken off in the eccentric of the engine.

July 16th, off Blossom Shoals, it was thick fog and plenty of ice. At 9 P.M. we made fast to ground ice off Wainwright Inlet. Then we forced our way as far as Point Belcher and made fast to ground ice in seven fathoms of water. July 18th we fleeted north around Sea-Horse Islands off Point Franklin, and on the 19th fastened to ground ice there, with all the steamers, together with the tender Jeanie, waiting for a chance to get north.

July 20th, 10 P.M., we started steaming to the north through heavy ice, with a strong current running to the north. July 21st all the steamers made fast to ground ice about four miles north of Cape Smythe and about six miles off Point Barrow, the northwestern point of Alaska. Here we took aboard some native families to hunt for us in the winter quarters and to take care of the dogs and drive the teams. Mungi and his wife, two of the best native hunters to be found, lived here and hunted deer for us in the winter of 1894-95. It was due to Mungi's skill and marksmanship that we were so well supplied with game.

July 25th we started east around Point Barrow. The ice was too heavy to the north to admit of our going that way, so we all worked through the smaller ice close to shore going east. July 26th, at 7 A.M., we anchored off Cape Halkett with ice too close in to admit of our going farther. On July 27th we started east again. At 8 P.M. we anchored inside of some sand

islands called Thetic Islands. We were now about one hundred and fifty miles east of Point Barrow, and had two hundred and twenty-five more to go before reaching Herschel Island. July 28th the fleet started along off Cross Island, about twenty miles east of where the day before we had made fast to heavy ice. The weather was cloudy and calm. A few days before, some sailing ships anchored west of us, and August 5th the bark Reindeer was sunk by the ice. All hands were distributed aboard the different vessels. It is always the case in the Arctic, when one thinks he is out of danger, that quickly some accident takes place. The Reindeer was anchored in a comparatively safe place with no ice moving near her enough to endanger anything, when suddenly the current shifted and great strips of ice came down on her before she had time to get out of the way, and she was stove in and sunk, a total loss. The crew, who had been aboard of her since March without taking a whale, had looked forward to a catch that would repay them for lost time when they got to Herschel Island, and now there they were without a vessel save those who took them aboard for passage to the island, where they could be transferred to the steamer Jeanie, the tender, and get back to San Francisco again in November, having spent eight months in this most inhospitable climate without a cent of recompense. Yet each year witnesses one or more such cases, so that each one embarking on a whale voyage in the Arctic can only hope that he will not be the one to meet disaster. Such a scene causes some sorrowful feeling among those who witness it and who know the company of men who are thus stranded.

We were daily trying to force our way to Herschel Island through the pack-ice, but were unable to make appreciable progress until August 18th, when by constant pounding away at the ice, we succeeded, in company with the steamers J. H. Freeman and Alexander, in forcing our way until, passing Flaxman's Island on

the night of the 18th, we found the ice more open and made rapid progress to Herschel Island, which was reached on August 19, 1894. None of the other steamers attempted to come along, but at 3 P.M. there we were, where we were destined to stop until September, 1896. We learned there the latest reports from the fleet of six steamers who had wintered there that winter and their catch up to date was but thirteen whales, when the year before the Narwhal alone had taken thirty up to this time. Such is the business.

The vessels which had wintered there, the Mary D. Hume, the Newport, the Balarna, the Narwhal, the Grampus, and the Karluk, all came in during the night. How glad they were to see us from civilization! Poor things, they had not the remotest idea of what had been going on in the world, and with eagerness to hear pictured on all their countenances, we told them all the news we could think of and distributed among them all the newspapers we had. They reported a mild winter, but a cold summer, the whaling grounds being covered with ice and the whales very scarce. All had been pretty well during the winter. We soon put ashore our surplus stores and got ready for our short season of whaling. August 20th, at 8 A.M. we started out N.N.W. from Herschel Island to look for whales. We found the passage out covered with large ice-floes, so that a way between them was at times extremely difficult. Forty miles was as far as we could find a way, all being blocked with ice to the north.

At 5 P.M. a shout from the lookout at the masthead of "Ere blows!" brought to all of us the realization that we were at last where there were whales. Our five boats were at once lowered to proceed in the direction whence the spouting was seen. Before they had gone far, several whales were seen throwing their spoutings high in the air. Signals were set to direct the boats in the proper direction and they chased the whales

until darkness set in, when they all returned to the ship without being able to capture one. All were very much disheartened at our failure this first time we lowered boats off Herschel Island. More particularly was the feeling that we were having mighty hard luck, since we saw the two steamers Grampus and Karluk each take one. Tuesday, the 21st, at daybreak several whales were again sighted going swiftly to the westward. We lowered five boats and chased them until noon, when all boats came back to ship. At three in the afternoon more whales were sighted and all boats were again lowered, to chase them, without result, until darkness set in. The boats got aboard at ten o'clock, so that we had our boats out chasing whales continuously from 4 A.M. to 10 P.M., with the exception of three hours from noon to 3 P.M., with never a chance to harpoon one whale. A very discouraged ship's company it was that night, for two other steamers got whales, the Newport and the Mary D. Hume.

From the 21st to the 31st we cruised among the heavy ice-fields looking for whales. With the ice coming toward the shore in such heavy masses, we were obliged to leave the grounds where we saw the whales on the 20th and 21st, so that it was August 31st when we again heard the glad cry of 'Ere blows!' Several whales being seen among the ice in small lanes of water, we lowered our five boats and the chase began. We had in the last ten days changed our cruising-grounds from north of Herschel Island to the west of Cape Dalhousie. How hard it was to get the boats to where the whales were! And then, after chasing until five o'clock, they returned to the steamer without one. We saw the steamer Narwhal catch one. September 1st it was blowing heavily with some snow. We anchored in ten fathoms of water, with the Balarna anchored close to us. September 2d the weather was better, and at 4 A.M. we got under way and went off among the strips of ice. The Narwhal was chasing a

whale. On the 3d the Narwhal spoke us and started for home, having been absent from San Francisco since March, 1892, about thirty months, having taken sixty-nine Arctic whales or bowheads, yielding about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds of bone, worth about two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. We put letters aboard the Narwhal and wished them safe passage, then returned to our work of trying to secure a like voyage for ourselves.

September 4th there was a strong northeast breeze and cloudy, some fog and squalls. At 5 A.M. we lowered our boats with several bowheads in sight. Our star-board boat, in charge of the second officer, got near enough to get one, but did not fasten, or, in other words, the whale was missed by the harpooner. When the boats came back at eight, the harpooner or boat-steerer was taken from his position and sent into the forecastle for the remainder of the voyage, his pay being changed correspondingly, and a new man from the forecastle was put in his position. September 5th we lowered five boats at 5 A.M. and they came back at eight with the same results, not being able to get near enough to fasten.

It had, indeed, been a voyage of discouragement thus far. A period of over nine months had elapsed since we weighed anchor and proceeded to sea out through the Golden Gate. Our vessel, being the latest built, was considered one of the most expensive to be on a long voyage without one dollar of revenue, and, to say the least, would be a big loss to the owners and a loss of time to the crew engaged in it. One could see discouragement on the countenances of all on board, while remarks would be frequently heard of 'Who is the Jonah?'

At four o'clock of the same day, September 5th, we again sighted several whales — no less than six — between two large floes of ice in a lane of water about a half-mile wide. All five boats again chased them,

and after much maneuvering the boats succeeded in getting around the floes of ice into the lane of water. It was but a short time after that when suddenly from the masthead we saw a column of water go into the air close to one of the boats, so close as to shut off our sight of the boat altogether for a brief period. That white water, as we term it — the splash, a landsman would term it — denoted that a whale had been harpooned by that boat. Instantly we saw the boat sail taken in and the boat start through the water at a rapid rate. Aboard the steamer all was abustle. The sails were taken in and the bells sounded in the engine-room for full speed ahead, for it was the steamer's duty now to get between the boat that was fast to the whale and the ice. Thus, with the noise the propeller makes we turn the whale away from the ice. If he once gets under the ice he will take all the line from the boat and thus get clear, and we lose him. With full speed ahead we came in between the whale and the ice, causing him to turn and change his course, thus giving the boat a chance to haul in the line and get near enough to shoot an explosive bomb into him. Quick advantage was taken of this opportunity by the second officer in charge of the boat, and in less time than it takes to tell the story the bomb was shot. Instantly the whale stopped his pace and from his spouters, whence a minute before great volumes of clear air looking for all the world like columns of white water had come forth, now came the deep red blood, indicating that the bomb had exploded in a vital place and that he had received his death-wound. In a few minutes he rolled over on his side, his spouters closed, and no breath coming therefrom, showing that he was dead. A hole was quickly cut through the thin part of the tail by the officer in charge of the boat, through the hole was rove a three-inch rope about ninety feet in length, and a small red flag was displayed on the boat which was the signal that the whale was ready to be taken to the

steamer. Accordingly, the steamer went alongside, a rope was passed on deck, and the large chain was then put around the 'small,' which is that part of the whale close to the tail. This being done, the end of the chain was taken through the forward hawse-pipes and the whale was hauled alongside, securely fastened, with the tail to the bow and the head along close by the gangway a little aft of amidships.

How the spirits of the men changed! From gloom and murmurings all seemed to feel that we had now made a beginning, and that we might yet accomplish something before it was time to go into winter quarters. We hustled, and before sunset we had finished cutting in and the work of rendering the oil had begun. As darkness came on, the cheerful fire coming out of the smokestacks where the blubber was being cooked gave an air of cheer to all on board, and to others of the fleet who sighted us during the night it was a sign that we had been successful in getting a whale. The bone weighed about eighteen hundred pounds, and the oil yielded one hundred twenty barrels.

September 6th dawned with quite strong northeast breezes, the weather very thick. We passed close by the steamer *Alexander*, the bark *Wanderer*, and the schooner *Rosario*. Late in the afternoon the weather cleared and we saw the *Rosario* catch a whale. There were many strips of field-ice around. At 7 P.M. we lowered our boats for a lone whale, but did not see him after lowering the boats. This was in Lat. obs. $70^{\circ} 20'$ N., Long. $136^{\circ} 45'$ W.

On September 7th and 8th we saw no whales; two steamers were sighted, and September 9th we saw a number of vessels. The wind was northeast with fog squalls. At 11 A.M. we lowered boats for a whale going fast, but could not catch him. In the afternoon we saw the mountains back of King Point to the west of the Mackenzie River. September 10th came in with fine weather and the wind light from the northeast. At

twelve noon we lowered boats for a whale going rapidly to windward, but the boats returned at three, not having been able to harpoon him. On the 11th the wind was light northeast and fine weather. As all whales seen lately were going northeast, we started at 7 A.M. to steam in that direction, and at 4 P.M. six steamers were in sight.

On the 12th it was fine weather. I went aboard the steamer Belvedere, which was about to start for San Francisco. John Williams, our third officer, went aboard to go to 'Frisco and Mr. Smith, of the Belvedere, came aboard of us as boat-header. The bone from the whale we caught on the 5th inst., we put aboard to go to San Francisco. As this was the last steamer bound out this season, we all improved the opportunity of sending mail home.

On the 13th there were fog squalls, but we saw the Thrasher take a whale. On the 14th was a thick snowstorm, but at 9 A.M. it had cleared somewhat and we sighted a whale close to the ship. Five boats were lowered at once, and the larboard boat, in charge of first Officer Belaine, harpooned him, and with very little difficulty he was killed, so that long before noon we had him made fast with a chain alongside. At 2 P.M. we had finished cutting him in and the fires were lighted in the try-works. On the 15th the wind was quite fresh to the northeast with a thick snowstorm. At 10 A.M. we lowered boats for a whale close by, but lost run of him, as it was snowing so thickly. The whale captured the day before yielded twenty-two hundred pounds of bone and one hundred and forty barrels of oil. September 16th and 17th it was foggy all the time, and we anchored the steamer at 7 P.M. of the 17th in eighteen fathoms of water. On the 18th and 19th thick weather continued and we 'gammed' the steamer Beluga. Seven steamers passed by on the 18th.

CHAPTER VI

IN WINTER QUARTERS AT HERSCHEL ISLAND

AT 1 P.M. of September 19th we anchored in Pauline Cove, Herschel Island, our winter quarters. We landed sixty barrels of flour and three casks of bread containing ten barrels each. Fourteen steamers and sailing ships anchored here. On the 20th we got under way at 9 A.M. and steamed over to the mainland for the purpose of getting a quantity of wood for fuel, to economize on our coal. We found the beach literally strewn with trees stripped of their branches and bark, from thirty to eighty feet in length and from the size of a boat-mast to the size of a ship's mainmast. This wood came down the Mackenzie River in the spring freshets, and thousands of cords were piled along the shore from Shingle Point, a sand-spit close to the eastern mouth of the river, to abreast of Herschel Island — some seventy miles of beach. We all worked to get all we could, that we might have an abundance to keep our fires going without using our coal. On the 21st we returned to the island with about thirty boatloads of wood.

On the 22d we steamed out N.E. by N. to have another look for a whale. The Thrasher and two others started with us. On the 23d we stopped steaming and set all sails to cruise for whales. At 2 P.M. we saw the steamer Newport's two boats down chasing a whale. On the 24th it blew a gale, and we steered S.S.W. under sail for Herschel Island, where we anchored in Pauline Cove at noon. September 25th, 26th, and 27th we began to get the steamer ready for wintering; sent down the topgallant and royal yards.

October, 1894, came in with mild weather. Young ice had formed over all the whaling-grounds so that our season for whaling had ended. Assembled at this little

cove of Herschel Island were nine steamers and six sailing vessels waiting to be frozen in for the winter. The season just ended was a very poor one. Some of the sailing vessels had no whales at all. We had but two. Living on the island were about two hundred natives, men, women, and children. Those who were old enough were to hunt reindeer on the mainland during the winter for our consumption. The thermometer ranged from 18 to 22 above zero.

As there were about five hundred dogs to be kept over the winter to be used in hauling game to us, we found the question of food for them quite a consideration, and, fearing we might come short, several of us went out on the back side of the island and towed back a carcass of a whale that had grounded there and landed it at the island, on a sand-spit close by, thus assuring a supply of food for the dogs. October 3d to 12th we employed in housing over the deck and putting up stoves, on deck, in the forecastle, and in both cabins. October 10th there was a grand ball aboard the steamer *Alexander*, Captain Green, who had his wife and her niece with him. There were ladies aboard several vessels: Mrs. Porter, of the steamer *J. H. Freeman*; Mrs. Sherman, of the steamer *Beluga*; Mrs. Weeks, of the steamer *Thrasher*; Mrs. Green and niece, of the steamer *Alexander*; and Mrs. Cook, of the steamer *Navarch*.

October 12th the harbör was frozen over with the thermometer at eight degrees above zero. All hands were employed at cutting ice from a fresh-water pond two miles away, to be used in melting up for our use during the winter, as there is no other way to obtain fresh water, snow-water being considered unfit for drinking purposes. The ice we cut was about twelve inches thick, and it took two days' cutting to get enough for winter use, all of which was hauled out of the pond and stacked on land close by to be drawn by sleds later to the ships when required for use.

On the afternoon of October 12th we steamed into our winter berth in the young ice, heading northeast by compass, so that the drifts of snow would not pile up. Heavy snowstorms during the winter are from the southwest and northeast, so in order to keep the drifts from interfering with the vessel, it is headed northeast; we find that the snow does not pile up about the vessel thus headed, as it would were the vessel broadside to the wind. On the 14th there was a heavy gale from the southwest, and three of the steamers broke out of the ice and came near colliding and were forced to go off to anchorage. The thermometer was six degrees above zero. On the 16th the gale moderated and all the steamers got into their winter berths. The ice was getting thicker every minute. On the 17th we 'blowed' down the boiler, set up all the stoves, and lighted fires in them. On the 16th all had been aboard the Beluga to a birthday party given by Captain and Mrs. Sherman, their son Bertie being three years old that day.

Many of the ships' companies were employed blasting holes in the ground on the sides of the hills ashore, covering the top with driftwood and then sods, making them air-tight for the purpose of serving as ice-houses to keep fresh meat and game. These holes are dug to a depth of ten feet. Anything put in them will keep frozen the year round. In this manner each ship had an ice-house of its own to keep all fresh meats, fish, and game. Such articles of food are indispensable to keep the crew in good health, to combat successfully that dread disease, the scurvy, so prevalent in those countries. Since meat and game come in so plentifully at times and in greater quantities than can be used at once, the surplus is put in these houses where it will keep indefinitely.

On November 2d the thermometer was at zero. The first installment of fresh meat from our hunters arrived in the afternoon. Three natives with their families,

Mungi, Apidon, and Acaveana, came in with two sleds containing eight mountain sheep, four deer, and one moose. They had shot these one hundred and twenty miles from the ships inland and had been seven days coming in. The several crews were now detailed to their respective work eight hours a day, with one hour for dinner, constituting their daily task, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. Twelve were required to bring ice in on the sleds from the pond, while the others were engaged in splitting and sawing wood, cutting the ice clear around the rudder, as we never permitted the propeller to freeze into the ice. Each had his duty to perform.

October 21st some of the ladies went on a dog-sled ride, including Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Weeks, with twelve dogs. In this manner, by coasting downhill, going on dog-sled rides, all settled down to have as much enjoyment as possible out of winter life in the Arctic. As often as once a week we would be invited to a supper or dance aboard some of the vessels. The Beluga was especially fitted for entertainments, having a house fitted for theatrical performances. We were entertained often by companies whose performers were found among members of the several ships.

The natives moved out of their tents and mud houses into snow igloos. It was but a short time before quite a village of snow houses were built near the ships. They were very picturesque when the light from the Aurora Borealis shed its rays upon them lighting up the snow beneath — certainly a most beautiful sight. Within the snow igloo sits the wife and mother on a bench of snow covered with furs such as deerskins, by the side of a stone lamp about eighteen inches in length by nine inches in breadth, hollowed out in the center. In this hollow is contained the seal-oil, whale-oil — in fact any kind of oil that will burn. Around the brim runs the lamp-wick, if such can be obtained from the whalers, but failing to obtain wicking they use moss



SIBERIAN ESKIMOS ABOARD THE
STEAMER BOWHEAD, SHOWING THEIR
FURS TO TRADE AFTER INDULGING
IN A LUNCH OF WHALE BLUBBER



MUNGI AND HIS WIFE, WHO LIVED AT
POINT BARROW, ALASKA, THE NORTH-
WEST EXTREMY OF NORTH AMERICA
The most skillful hunters of the tribe

which they obtain in the summer, gathering and drying the same for this use. This moss they put around the edge of the lamp with the roots extending down into the oil. When the moss is lit, a blaze is made all around the lamp, affording them all the heat and light that they have in the igloo. While these igloos are very comfortable when new, when the heat and smoke in about six weeks coat the inner walls with ice, then they are too cold and a new abode must be built. They then move out of the old one; so abandoned igloos are a very common sight.

On November 12th we began banking the ship with snow. This banking, ten to twelve feet thick from the ice to the top of the houses, to keep out the cold and frost, is necessary to make the ship comfortable through the winter, and, to prevent the windows from frosting over, ice from three to four inches thick was frozen on the outside of the windows, leaving an air space of one inch between the ice and the glass. In this manner the ship will be kept light and comfortable. The thermometer shows by now two to five degrees below zero.

November 5th, with the thermometer eight degrees below zero, eighteen dog-teams drawing as many sleds, with two natives with each sled and loaded with saddles of deer meat, came in. These natives were of the Itkilik tribe and came from the mountains. Each dog had bells and plumes on his harness which made a very nice appearance. The natives scattered among the different ships trading their meat for tea, fixed ammunition, tobacco, and such articles as they desired. The distance they had come was about two hundred and forty miles. On the 7th they started homeward. On the 11th, with the mercury four below zero, four sleds from Peel River loaded with deer meat came to the ships to trade. They were also of the Itkilik tribe.

November 15th there was a heavy snowstorm with

the thermometer 14 below. It grew colder every day. On the 18th it was 26 below. On the 21st two Itkilik sleds loaded with deer meat came in and also some frozen fish, which was traded for by the ships. On the 24th five sleds from the Itkilik settlements came in loaded with meat and fish. Their sleds were all of the toboggan type, and four dogs were the most on any sled.

November 28th, the sun did not appear above the horizon, it having set for a period of about forty-five days. November 29th was Thanksgiving Day. Captains Porter, of the Wanderer, Coffin, of the Rosario, and Penniman, of the Horatio, took dinner with us. Salmon trout and roast pork were on the menu. At 7 P.M. all went to a play aboard the steamer Beluga entitled 'Baby Elephant.' This was gotten up and participated in by twenty sailors from the different ships. It was well rendered and greatly enjoyed by us all.

December 1st dawned with the thermometer 10 below. This day I witnessed the amputation of eight fingers and three toes of a boat-steerer from one of the ships who got them frozen so badly that amputation was necessary. The patient was chloroformed by Captain Bodfish, while Captain James A. Tilton, assisted by Captain George B. Leavitt, did the surgical work.

December 6th the ships all finished banking in. The thermometer was 34 degrees below zero. All the captains and their wives went aboard the bark Northern Light to a party and dance; had a glorious time. There was a blizzard late in the night. December 10th the weather was fine with the thermometer 30 below. At 4.30 P.M. all the captains and wives were invited aboard the steamer Thrasher to celebrate Captain Weeks's forty-third birthday. Dinner was at 5 P.M. and dancing and cards were indulged in until 3 A.M. of the 11th when all returned to their several ships having

had a good social time. December 11th, with the thermometer at 40 below, a full moon shining through the twenty-four hours, with the Aurora Borealis, made a picture unexcelled in any clime. On December 16th, with thermometer at 32 below, the first death among the ships occurred in the morning. The chief engineer of the steamer Jesse H. Freeman, Mr. Peake, died instantly, of heart disease. At 2 P.M. December 18th, the body was put into a grave, with Masonic rites, he having been a member of that order.

December 25th, Christmas, began with pleasant, warm weather, with the thermometer at 20 degrees above zero. Many presents were exchanged, the five ladies being the recipients of many useful articles. At 7.30 P.M. all went aboard the Beluga to witness an entertainment given by the 'Herschel Island troupe.' At midnight all returned home feeling they had witnessed a fine entertainment. On December 27th two men from the Thrasher and one from the bark John and Winthrop deserted, taking a number of dogs and a sled.

On December 31st we danced the old year out and the new year in aboard the Beluga. The thermometer was 25 degrees above, and the weather very warm. January 1, 1895, New Year's Day, was passed in making calls on the different ships. In the evening an entertainment by Fay's celebrated opera was largely attended and pronounced very good. The thermometer was 10 above.

January 3d and 4th there was a strong blizzard from the southwest with the thermometer 18 below zero. Snow fell continuously for forty-eight hours.

January 5th, with the thermometer 37 degrees below, the crew dragged two large loads of ice from the pond and put them on the ice-rack alongside the ship. Every morning the ice is cut from around the rudder. On January 8th, with the thermometer 30 below, the two men who deserted from the Thrasher

came back badly frozen about their feet. January 13th the thermometer has ranged from 30 to 37 below the past five days, with a blizzard blowing from the southwest most of the time. On the 15th we saw the upper rim of the sun for the first time this year.

January 23d there was a whist party aboard the Beluga with dancing and refreshments. January 25th two native hunters, Acaveana and Apidon, started out hunting, this being the first time they had gone out since coming in from the interior in November. The thermometer was 12 below.

February 11th, Opillo and Ozak, our two native hunters, went out on the ice and got one seal. On the 12th they got three seals.

February 13th a sailor from the Alexander who got badly frost-bitten, died. February 22d the thermometer was 35 below; 23d, 38 below; and the 24th, forty-two below. Our first mate, Mr. Belaine, with some natives started for the interior deer-hunting. February 24th and 25th were the coldest days we have had with the thermometer 42 to 45 below. Sleds began to come in to the other ships with deer meat. March 8th to 13th the weather was fine, with light breezes in all quarters. Apidon, native hunter, arrived with two hundred pounds of deer meat.

March 29th was a sad day for our little community. Captain Charles E. Weeks, of the steamer Thrasher, fell into the hold and only lived a few hours. On the 30th his body was prepared for sending the remains home next fall, and on the 31st there was a funeral service aboard the Thrasher, after which his body was placed in one of the ice-cellars to be kept there until ready for shipment home. Mrs. Weeks was too feeble to attend the funeral service.

On April 16th Mr. Stringer, missionary from Peel River, arrived by dog-sled. On Sunday, April 21st, Mr. Stringer held divine service ashore at the house that we used for a billiard-room. The service was

largely attended. Monday, April 22d, was employed in removing the snow-banking from the side of the ship, with the thermometer five below zero. Deer have been coming in quite plentifully this month. On the 23d Acaveana came in with six deer. May 8th dawned fine with a light breeze from the northeast. At 6 A.M. Mrs. Sherman, the wife of Captain Sherman, of the Beluga, gave birth to a daughter. The women from the different ships were in attendance. The American ensign was displayed from the peaks of all vessels in honor of the event. Mr. Stringer baptized her, and she was named Helen Herschel. She has grown up to be a fine young lady.

May 12th the mail arrived from Peel River bringing news as late as February 1st from the outside world. Apidon came in with nine and a half deer. The thermometer was 20 above.

May 16th and 17th we employed in sawing ice around the starboard side of the ship. The sun does not set here after this date for some fifty days. The thermometer was 20 to 30 above. May 21st we finished sawing out the ship. The thermometer at midday reached fifty above. The snow was disappearing fast off the hills. On May 27th our blacksmith died of consumption. On the 20th we buried his body ashore, erecting a painted slab of wood for a tombstone.

CHAPTER VII

A SUMMER IN THE ARCTIC

ON June 1st all the steamers filled with fresh water preparatory to going out. June 4th the hunters came in with five deer. June 4th, 5th, and 6th we washed bone. We weighed and bundled our bone—two thousand and twenty pounds from our last whale. All the fleet were engaged in the same work. On this day a native shot himself on the island. June 7th and 8th we painted ship: all the ships cleaned and painted. Some of the men were engaged in catching fish at the southwest end of the island, about ten miles from where we lay. Small fish about the size of a herring are quite plentiful. They are brought to ship in saddle-bags on the backs of dogs, there being no snow on the ground for the sleds at this season. There are all kinds of flowers blooming on the island; some claim there are fifty-two varieties or distinct species.

June 16th was a very warm day, and the ladies went on a picnic upon the hillside on the island. About noon we saw them coming back as quickly as they could travel. We were at a loss to know what occasioned the haste. As they drew nearer, we thought they might have been frightened by a polar bear or wolf, but we found to our astonishment that a cloud of mosquitoes had burst upon them and had literally driven them aboard ship. It was laughable to see them coming right across the ice to board the vessels, for there was at this date ice four feet thick around the ships. The mosquitoes we found were pests, for in a calm they will swarm upon humanity in such numbers that, unless one is protected with netting, it is really unsafe to go far from the ships. They even drive the deer to seek refuge in the water. The melting of the snow leaves pools of water in which these pests breed.

June 18th we took Captain Weeks's body from the ice-house and put it in a tight box constructed for the purpose, the box being filled with salt and brine to preserve the body that it might be ready for shipment in September. June 21st, the ice melting fast around the ships, the Jesse H. Freeman turned around and anchored, and on the 24th all the vessels were swinging at anchor and all the ice in the harbor had melted, but it was still hard on the sand-spit outside. On June 26th we lighted the fires under the boilers, the first fires there since October 15th. On June 27th we steamed a few lengths to the south to a more secure anchorage. July 4th our National Holiday was observed by us here in various ways—baseball, boat-races, hurdle-races, etc. About three hundred dollars' worth of goods were collected to distribute among the men for prizes. The weather was fine with a light northeast wind and the thermometer 55 above zero.

July 7th, calm, and lanes of water in the ice outside, prompted us on the Navarch to try to force our way out, so at 6 A.M. we weighed anchor and began steaming out through the ice. At 3.30 P.M. we anchored at Point Sabine, about fifty-five miles east of the island, to get wood for fuel. We saw but one vessel coming behind, but suppose they all started after seeing us go out of sight. July 8th, with a strong southwest breeze, four steamers anchored close by, all employed in getting wood. We now chose our boat crews and put Ambrose Read in as sixth mate, we having put in another boat to lower for whales. We now had six to lower instead of five. At 7 P.M. we got under way, steering north by east, and at 11 P.M. we made fast to drifting ice in thick fog and calm. July 9th we let go of the ice and steamed to the north until we sighted Pelly Island off the mouth of the Mackenzie River and anchored in about three and one half fathoms of water. The ice would not admit of our going farther. The water overside being perfectly fresh, we filled all our

empty containers. The freshet from the Mackenzie is so strong that, for a distance of four to seven miles from the shore, it seems to push the ocean to the north, the water being perfectly fresh from June 15th to August 1st. At 7 P.M., July 9th, we started to work through the ice to the north, eight steamers in company with us, and July 11th anchored off Cape Brown, with ice too close to admit of going farther. The land here was very low. Some of our officers went ashore deer-hunting, and at 7 P.M. they returned with two deer. July 12th we moved up off Cape Dalhousie, the western entrance to Liverpool Bay.

July 13th, at 2 P.M., we anchored off the east side of Cape Bathurst. We were the first to get here, and now once more we were where whales come. July 14th, cruising to north of Cape Bathurst, at 1.30 P.M. we lowered boats for a whale, the first time since September, 1894. We lost run of him among the ice-floes, however, and the boats returned to the ship without success. The steamer Newport caught a small one. The steamer Mary H. Hume harpooned a calf and lost him. July 15th we cruised off Bathurst with five steamers in sight. Lots of heavy ice strips with very little water. Thick fog in the afternoon, and we made fast to a large strip of ice.

July 24th it was blowing strong from the southwest, with thick weather, and we were forced to let go of ice and steam to anchorage under Baillie Island, a small island just to the southwest of Cape Bathurst. The ice closed in so near to us that but very little water was to be seen. Mr. West, with a boat's crew, went after fish with nets, and late in the evening returned with five hundred small white fish which look very much like our English herring and about their size. July 25th, with wind southeast light, we went off among the ice-floes. The current running strong to northeast, we made fast to ice and caught a large polar bear which we saw trying to catch a seal, and took him

aboard and skinned him. The meat was given to the natives.

July 31st we sighted Banks Land bearing E.N.E., with heavy ice all around. We steamed around among the lanes of water and made fast to drifting ice; we sounded and had ninety fathoms of water. The magnetic attraction to the compass here was about 74 degrees. In order to make a true northerly course, one would be obliged to steer W.N.W., or six points to westward of the true course. At 7 A.M. we shot a polar bear with two cubs. These animals seem to be quite plentiful about here, as several are seen on a clear day roaming about on the ice or swimming in the water. They are very wild and hard to approach.

August 2d we anchored in thirteen fathoms off Bathurst. At 5 P.M. we lowered five boats for a small whale, but the boats came back at noon without being able to get near him. August 3d, with thick snow-storm, wind W.N.W., it cleared by afternoon and we lowered six boats for a whale. The boats chased until 5 P.M. without success. The current was running five to six miles an hour to eastward. August 6th we sighted three whales with ship under way cruising in the ice about fifteen miles north of Cape Bathurst. We lowered boats at 1.30 P.M., but they came aboard at six without success. The whales went in among the ice-fields where it was impossible for boats to follow.

August 7th, steering to S.W., at 3 P.M. off Cape Brown we saw the steamer Newport take a whale. The Mary D. Hume and we also lowered boats for several whales, but with the same hard luck—we got nothing. August 8th, off Toker Point, we lowered all boats for a whale, but did not see him after lowering the boats. We transferred our fourth mate and one boat-steerer to the bark Triton and took aboard of us a Mr. Martin for fourth mate and John McDonald for boat-steerer. August 11th we steamed through the ice from Warren Point to Pullen Island. At 11 A.M. we

lowered for a whale, but could not strike. August 13th we lowered boats for several whales. The bark John and Winthrop also lowered. We got nothing, the Winthrop got a small one. In the latter part of the day there was a thick fog, and we lay fast to ice between Warren and Toker Points in nine fathoms water.

August 15th, fog squalls. We steamed to the eastward with two steamers in sight. At 7 P.M. we lowered all boats for a whale, but got nothing. The Newport got one. This is indeed hard luck — almost two seasons gone with but two whales caught in a steamer which costs with outfit one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. August 17th we were fifteen miles offshore abreast McKinley Bay with fine weather and light northeast breeze. At 3 A.M. we lowered our six boats, with several whales in sight. At 6 A.M. the port bow boat, in charge of third officer Mr. West, succeeded in harpooning one. At 7 A.M. we cut in, and at 9.30 had finished cutting, and lowered all boats again for several more whales. The boats chased until 9 P.M., but could not get any more. Four steamers passed, bound east. This was our first whale for this season. August 19th, off Baillie Island at eight, we lowered five boats for one whale. The boats came back at noon without getting the whale. Two other steamers had their boats down, and the Mary D. Hume took a whale.

August 20th, lying at anchor in fifteen fathoms off Cape Bathurst, together with four other steamers, at 3 A.M. we lowered boats for a lone whale. The larboard boat, in charge of first officer Mr. Belaine, succeeded in catching him. We took him alongside the ship and cut him in. Late in the day we lighted fires in the try-works for boiling out blubber. August 21st we again lowered all boats for a whale, but two steamers steaming up scared him away. In the afternoon we lowered again for two more whales, but could not strike. August 27th, off Pullen Island, we spoke the steamers

Karluk and Belvedere just come from San Francisco. The captains of the steamers came aboard, and Mrs. Whiteside, wife of the captain of the Belvedere. It was indeed a treat for us all, more particularly for Mrs. Cook, to talk with a lady right from civilization. Neither steamer had caught any whales. August 29th we spent at Herschel Island. All the steamers from San Francisco were here — that is, all those owned in 'Frisco and engaged in Arctic whaling. We learned that a steamer, the Lakme, was between here and Point Barrow with supplies for the William Baylies, Alexander, and Navarch. September 1st we started out of harbor to find the Lakme. In the afternoon there were fog squalls, with light north wind. At 6 P.M. off Martin Point the ice was very heavy and close, with but little water through it, making difficult headway. September 2d, in fog squalls, with strong northeast wind, we steamed to the west, and at 2 P.M. we sighted the Lakme off Cross Island. She had given up trying to get to Herschel and had turned back. They were surprised to learn we had left the island the day before. We immediately put one of our officers aboard the Lakme and took the lead, with them following closely, shaping our course for Herschel Island. The fog came in thick, but we kept going all night. September 3d came in with thick fog and snowstorm, continuing all day, but at 7 P.M. we arrived at Herschel Island. All the steamers were still there, including the steam tender Jeanie. Wind west with snowstorm. The island was white with snow. September 4th and 5th, we employed taking our supplies from the Lakme, including one hundred and twenty tons of coal. September 4th the steamers Orca, Thrasher, and Narwhal started for Point Barrow and home. September 6th the steam tender Jeanie sailed for San Francisco with the bodies of Captain Weeks and Mr. Peake aboard. Mrs. Weeks also took passage on the Jeanie.

September 6th, in the afternoon we got under way steaming to N.E., wind N.E., quite fresh. September 7th we stopped steaming and set all sail, course N.E. by N., with wind W., and Geary Island in sight. September 9th with eight steamers in sight, at 8 A.M. we lowered six boats for a whale, with wind west. We lost run of him, and the boats came aboard at 11. At noon we again lowered all boats for another whale, but could not get him. The Mary D. Hume got one. September 10th, with light south wind, at 5 A.M. we lowered boats for a bowhead whale, but did not see him after lowering. We saw the Newport take a whale. Cruising between Tokor Point and Cape Brown after dark, we heard a whale spouting close to the ship. September 11th at 11 A.M. we lowered boats for a whale, but the wind all died out calm, and we could not strike. In the afternoon we gammed the Belvedere and Karluk. September 12th, off Pullen Island at noon we lowered for a whale, but could not get him. There was a fresh breeze from the southwest, and the whale was going to windward, so the boats could not keep up with him. September 13th, with wind northeast, fresh with fog, at 2 P.M. we lowered boats for a whale. The larboard boat got near enough to dart a harpoon at him, but too far away for it to penetrate deep enough to hold fast, so we lost him. The J. H. Freeman fastened one. September 14th, a strong breeze to southwest, with thick weather. We anchored to the east of Pullen Island in eight fathoms of water. September 16th, with a light breeze north, and cloudy, at 7 A.M. we lowered all boats for a lone whale going fast to the west. The starboard waist boat, in charge of Mr. Cottle, fastened to him. Mr. Cottle had exchanged from the bark Horatio with Mr. Smith, the former coming with us while Mr. Smith went back to San Francisco in the Horatio. With the whale alongside at 9 A.M. we finished cutting in at 11 A.M. In the afternoon, thick snowstorm with wind northwest.

Large fields of ice came in rapidly from offshore. We steamed inshore to four fathoms of water and anchored, then lighted our fires in the try-works and began boiling the blubber for oil, while others stowed the bone away, about twenty-two hundred pounds. We were forced to shift anchorage many times to keep clear of the large fields of ice. We shifted inshore to three and one half fathoms with the steamer's keel about three feet clear of the bottom. The wind was fresh, and it was snowing.

September 18th and 19th we attempted to get by Pullen Island to the westward, but the ice was so close inshore we could not make it until 3 P.M. of the 19th. At five we saw a whale to windward too far away to lower boats. September 20th the weather improved; wind S.W., light. At 5 P.M. we raised a cow and calf whale and chased them until night, but could not get near enough to strike. September 21st, Sunday, was a day of fine weather. We saw three whales, the waist boat, in charge of Mr. Enos, second mate, getting one. We finished cutting in at 7 P.M. and anchored at dark in six fathoms of water northwest of Hooper Island.

September 22d, calm. † At 11 A.M. George Louie, a harpooner or boat-steerer, died instantly of heart failure. The deceased had been complaining for the past two days of pains in his back, but nothing serious was thought to be the trouble until he was found dead in his berth. He was a native of Cape Verde Islands. At 6 P.M. we held a burial service and committed the body to the deep.

We lighted fires under the try-works and proceeded to boil out blubber, judged to contain about one hundred barrels of oil. The bone was estimated at nineteen hundred pounds. September 23d we saw a whale but too far off to windward to lower boats. At 11 A.M. saw another. At 4 P.M. we lowered boats for three whales, but the boats returned at dark without success. We saw the steamer Fearless get one.

September 24th, with light air, south, at 5 A.M. we lowered all boats for a whale. At 11 A.M. the larboard boat, in charge of the chief officer Belaine, struck and saved one, and we cut him in. We stowed the bone below, some two thousand pounds, and started fires to boil the oil—some one hundred barrels or more—this whale would yield. We saw coming from the south seven steamers, they having been lying at Herschel Island for some days in bad weather. September 25th, fine and calm, at 6 P.M. we gammed the steamer Mary D. Hume; saw the steamer Jesse H. Freeman chasing a whale, but did not get him.

September 26th, fog squalls, Captain Whiteside, of the Belvedere, and his wife came aboard, reporting one whale. At 6.30 P.M. we lowered all boats for a whale, but did not see him after lowering. September 27th, moderate weather, but ocean fast freezing over—large patches of young ice to be seen all around. We steamed for King Point where we anchored at 6 P.M. for the purpose of getting wood. September 28th at noon, we started for Herschel Island with about sixty cords of wood aboard.

CHAPTER VIII

SECOND WINTER AT HERSCHEL ISLAND

AT 6 P.M. September 28th, we anchored at Herschel Island. All steamers were here excepting the Fearless. Wind was light northwest, with indications of a storm. September 29th it was blowing a gale from the southwest. All steamers had two anchors down; very rugged in the harbor. September 30th we landed all the wood, and took aboard six tons of coal that was on the beach. The steamer Fearless arrived with six whales for this season.

October 1st it was calm in the forenoon, but snowing. We employed the time getting lumber aboard for housing in. The latter part of the twenty-four hours the wind was northeast. At 4 P.M. the Fearless, Belvedere, and ourselves started to the mainland, inside of Kay Point, for wood. The Belvedere ran aground. The Fearless and ourselves worked on her all night trying to tow her afloat, but did not succeed until morning when, after lightering her and pumping out water, we did. October 2d we anchored in four fathoms of water, getting wood aboard. The afternoon 'breezed up,' and the weather getting bad, we got under way and started for the island with about forty cords of wood aboard, giving a total of over a hundred cords for the winter's use. We anchored at the island at 7 P.M., the Belvedere and Fearless coming in later. Mr. Cottle caught a lot of fish while we were getting wood. We have this date, October 3, 1895, two hundred and forty tons of coal and one hundred cords of wood to last until November, 1896.

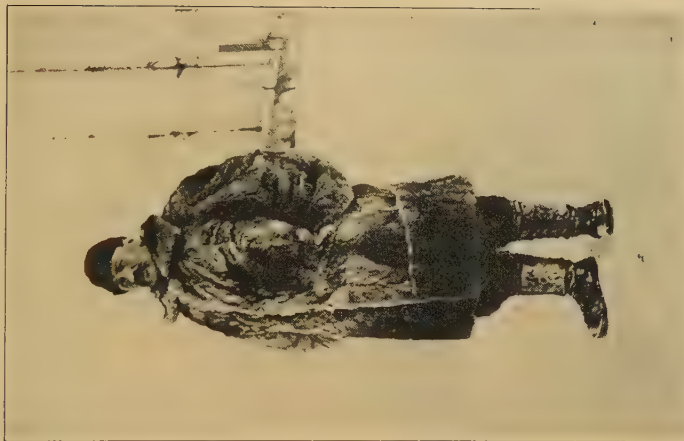
October 5th we were employed cutting sods to cover the tops of the houses constructed on deck to keep the roof tight and warm. We find that the green sods cut

and put close together on top of the deck-houses, with the snow banking on top of that, render them much warmer, and thus we economize on fuel while keeping comfortable during the cold weather. We were now visiting back and forth among the fleet. Our catch this season was but five whales. The highest one was seven. The business for the fleet was very poor: some got but three. We are just entering upon another long winter of it, the fleet being reduced from fifteen to eleven vessels. The bark Triton condemned. The bark Horatio, and the schooner Rosario went home, together with the steamers Thrasher, William Baylies. Captain Tilton, of the steamer Newport, left that vessel to take Captain Weeks's place in the Thrasher, while Mr. Bodfish, first officer of the Newport, took command of that steamer. October 11th Pauline Cove was all frozen over, and all vessels went into their winter quarters, heading N.E. by compass. The ice holding us fast, we all took our anchors up, then built deck-houses and employed the time setting up stoves. October 14th we 'blowed down' all our boilers and let the fires go out under them, as it is too expensive to maintain even banked fires all winter.

October 15th Captain Sherman, of the Beluga, gave a birthday party and dance, it being his son Bertie's fourth birthday. The dance and supper were largely attended and enjoyed by all. The ice was fifteen inches thick around the ships. October 22d Mr. Cottle, our boat-header, started for the interior to get deer meat. He had two sleds and thirteen dogs and was accompanied by two native hunters. October 25th, with the thermometer eight degrees below zero, we put ice on the outside of all our windows, including skylight. We have finished cutting all the ice needed for water, from the pond about two miles from the ship on top of a hill, stacking the ice along the shores of the pond. November 2d twelve Itkilik sleds came in from Peel River loaded with deer meat to trade



THE AUTHOR JUST FROM CROW'S NEST



THE AUTHOR AT HERSCHEL ISLAND, 1895

for powder, shot, tobacco, tea, and cartridges. Their sleds — toboggans drawn by no more than four dogs to each — their loads averaged about three hundred and fifty pounds, with but one person to a sled. They stopped two days and then started back on their tramp of two hundred and fifty miles. As this tribe lives among the timber far inland, and as no timber of any size is to be found nearer than eighty to one hundred miles from the coast, these natives complain of the cold when down on the coast where the sea air strikes them, and they are very anxious to get back to the dry air of their woods. Although the thermometer falls much lower than at the coast, yet the air being so much drier the cold is not nearly so perceptible. As I recollect, one of my crew who had been in the interior for meat stated that the thermometer went to seventy-two degrees below zero, yet he felt the cold less at that low point among the timber than at forty degrees below at the island.

The natives amuse themselves in outdoor games — in kicking a football, and jumping high in the air and coming down onto a dried walrus-hide held in the hands of several others: a woman will get onto the center of the hide and jump as high as possible, coming down and striking on her feet every time — this game is called blanket-tossing. The men from the ships join with the natives in football games out on the ice, while different teams of baseball are matched against each other. Saturdays and Sundays they have all day for such sports and other days they have as many hours as possible. The ladies, with visiting back and forth and coasting down the hills, made winter life as enjoyable as possible in this far northern clime.

November 7th, with the thermometer four degrees above zero, twenty-two Itkilik sleds came in with twenty-two men. These natives came from the Rampart House, an old trading-station near the source of the Porcupine River, some four hundred

miles away. Their dogs were so thin they looked as though they had been a long time on the road with very little to eat. The sleds averaged about two hundred and fifty pounds of frozen deer and moose meat on each. They presented a grand appearance as they came in, with their sleigh-bells ringing and the plumes of red, white, and blue sticking in the air from the back saddle of each dog. One was reminded of sleighing in civilization. The natives love to decorate themselves and their dogs when coming into a settlement of any kind. Three of the sleds came to us with six hundred and fifty pounds of meat. November 8th, with thermometer at zero, the Itkiliks left for home. We were kept busy getting our vessels all housed in, our stoves and tanks for melting ice, and in condition for work, visiting or receiving visits every evening.

On the 10th of the month an event occurring on the evening of the 8th was celebrated aboard the *Karluk*, and it will be long remembered by us all. This winter was the second one for Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Sherman. The intense cold in these regions seems to stimulate everybody and give them big appetites. Although game of all kinds was plentiful and fish was brought to us often, yet our appetites craved for that which was not to be had in this country unless perchance it was brought in by some whaling vessel from the outside. This article of diet, so much prized and of such rarity with us, was fresh pork. It had been the custom of all vessels coming here to winter to bring in some live hogs to kill as soon as we were in winter quarters, and divide them among the ships' companies. In fact, if one vessel got mountain sheep, rabbits, or ptarmigans, or any sort of food the others did not have, a portion was always sent to the others. In this way we had become so accustomed to do for each other that we were a very peaceful and friendly little colony.

So on November 8th, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Green,

Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Cook interviewed the captains and said: 'Do you men mean to stand this violation of our rules and usages which has been started by Captain Whiteside [of the steamer Belvedere]? Don't you know that he is just from San Francisco with his wife aboard, with two large pigs, the only fresh pork in this colony, and that he has killed those pigs and their carcasses are hanging in a strong, securely locked meat-house, directly over where they sleep? If you men are going to sit still and let that man and woman have all the pork there is here this winter, then you are no men at all, and if you don't do something pretty quickly, we women will! It is useless to wait any longer for their generosity, as they mean to keep it all for themselves.'

We saw it was time for us to act or lose the respect of the women, so we got together in the afternoon of the 8th and formulated a plan to steal a quarter of pork, and have the same cooked aboard the steamer whose captain was unfortunate enough to draw the fourth shortest cut and to invite all the captains and their wives, including Captain Whiteside and his wife, to the pork banquet.

The cuts to be drawn were to signify by their length what the drawer should do. The shortest cut was to be the thief — get entrance to the meat-house and take the pork out. The two next shortest cuts were to designate the two captains who should take the pork from the thief as he threw it over the side to them, put it in a sack and carry it to the steamer whose captain had drawn the fourth shortest cut, and who was to cook and prepare the banquet as explained above. Behold, I got the shortest cut. Captains McKenna and Porter got the next two, and Captain Wing of the *Karluk* got the fourth.

On the evening of November 8th, we, being helped by the ladies, made the attempt. The ladies and several of the other captains bundled aboard of the steamer *Belvedere*, stamping their feet and brushing

the snow from their garments, making all the noise possible in the cabin as they were greeted by the unsuspecting Captain Whiteside and his wife, so that my footsteps would not be heard overhead as I crept to the door of the meat-house and unlocked the door with a key I found to fit. I can still feel that thrill of joy I experienced as I put both arms around the large hind quarter and carried it to the side of the steamer and threw it over to Captain McKenna and Captain Porter, as they waited with sack in hand to carry it over to the steamer Karluk. Just as I threw it over, I heard Captain Whiteside say to Mrs. Cook, 'Where is Captain Cook? Why didn't he come, too?'

I could not hear Mrs. Cook's answer, but I felt that I soon would be there to answer for myself. After locking the door and seeing the pork go out of sight in the direction where the Karluk lay, I presented myself at the door of Captain Whiteside's cabin, where I was heartily welcomed and had my hands full to explain satisfactorily why I did not come with the others. Although the whole company joined in helping me out with reasons why I had been detained, it was some little time before Captain and Mrs. Whiteside were satisfied that something was not on foot or some joke to be had at their expense. But when their fears were allayed, all had a very pleasant evening, ending with a sumptuous lunch. The curiosity of the women to know if we had succeeded in getting the pork nearly got us into a scrape, as upon an inquiry during the evening from one of the ladies as to my success, I was trying in as few words as possible to tell her how successful we had been, and she, womanlike, asked so many questions that, in order to satisfy her curiosity, I in an unguarded moment attracted the attention of Mrs. Whiteside. She jokingly exclaimed: 'It seems Captain Cook and Mrs. Porter are carrying on a very interesting conversation that no others are permitted to hear. Do let us into the secret! We are all in this dismal

country and want to know everything of interest — there is so little to know. We demand, Captain Cook, you tell us all what is the topic of discussion that so interests you both!’

It was up to me then to plead ignorance of anything of note, and after much talking I succeeded in satisfying Captain and Mrs. Whiteside that it was something quite foreign to fresh pork. But that put me on my guard the remainder of the evening. At 11 P.M. we all went to our respective ships, tramping over the ice with its white mantle of snow lighted by a starry cloudless sky with the Aurora Borealis glistening on high, filling the starlit heavens from the east to the west and from north to south, all which makes a picture that once seen will always be remembered. The ladies returned to the question of how we got the pork, so great was their curiosity. But the scare I got in the evening aboard the *Belvedere*, when Mrs. Whiteside nearly caught on to what I was saying, had put me on my guard, so I answered not a word to their inquiries and they were left in ignorance of the particulars in the taking and destination of the pork.

November 10th all were invited to a banquet given by Captain Wing, of the Steamer *Karluk*, to the captains and their wives at 7 P.M. on board his ship. The secret of the stolen pork had been well kept. Not a word about the menu had been heard. At 7 P.M. all were seated at the dining-table in the dining-room of the *Karluk*. Opposite to me was Captain Whiteside from whom the pig had been stolen. I could hardly keep a sober countenance when Captain Whiteside whispered across the table to me, ‘Roast pork, John, just what I want!’ He had seen the steward carry the platter of the roast into the pantry from the galley and quickly guessed that it was roast pork. Soon it was brought to the table and the carving began. All seemed surprised and at the same time delighted to know we were to have fresh pork. When we were all served,

praises began for this most excellent dish. Captain Whiteside, who had been busy removing the contents of his plate into his stomach, having taken no part in the conversation, passed his plate for a second helping, declaring as he did so that it was the sweetest piece of pork he ever tasted, and asked Captain Wing what he fed his pigs on so that their meat was so sweet and of such good flavor.

Continuing he said he always took particular pains with his pigs, and really thought that he excelled all others in the sweetness and flavor of the pork that was raised aboard his ships. 'But I have to say to you, Captain Wing, that this pork of yours beats mine all to pieces. Why, there is no comparison! I have some aboard now that is like a stick compared with this.'

In the meantime, his plate was filled for him and he stopped talking to eat again. To our surprise he had a third helping. We all began to feel that the joke would strike pretty hard when he was acquainted with the facts. The supper ended, all joined in thanking Captain Wing for the great treat of this fresh-pork dinner. It now became my duty before anybody left their seats to recite a few lines of poetry that Mrs. Porter, wife of the captain of the Jesse H. Freeman, had composed; and for fear I should not have enough to answer for in stealing the pork, I was asked to give these few lines, which ran as follows:

'This little pig went to market in the good ship Belvedere,
Until he reached the Arctic, where he ended his career.
Of a loving disposition, even when turned to pork,
He got into a sack one night and thought he'd take a walk.
Around the ships he wandered looking to have some fun,
Until he reached the Karluk, and now his days are done!'

As my eyes met Captain Whiteside's, it seemed to dawn upon him that something had happened. What that something was he did not seem to realize fully until I closed with these remarks, 'We have all enjoyed a glorious good time and we most heartily thank Cap-

tain Wing for the success of this banquet; and we are more than pleased to notice that you, Captain Whiteside, have enjoyed your pork as well as we who had so much trouble in procuring it.'

With eyes dilated, mouth open, and a scowl upon his countenance, Captain Whiteside gasped, '*My pork!*' as if it had just dawned upon him that we had in some way got his pork. With these words he sprang up from the table and rushed out of the door across the ice to his steamer. Taking his keys and a light, he went up into the meat-house and found that one of his choice hind quarters was missing. It was then that the steward was accused of letting us have it, and he just escaped a punishment because I had followed, and told him how the pork was taken and for what purpose. The next day he caused a liberal piece of pork to be sent aboard the several ships, and ever afterward he divided his with all others when he happened to have what the others were without. The above was one of the instances and the way we had of reminding those who were selfish that to practice that trait of character in this community would not be tolerated. And many were the pleasant times passed.

November 11th, the thermometer stood at eighteen degrees below zero; November 12th, at twenty below, with a thick snow blizzard and wind blowing strong from the southwest. November 14th, twenty-two below zero. A sled from Mr. Cottle arrived with six hundred and forty-two pounds of deer meat. Two natives came in with the sled drawn by nine dogs, who reported deer quite plentiful about ninety miles away. Mr. Cottle and the natives were planning to have another load ready by the time this sled returned.

November 15th, with the thermometer twenty below zero, and a snowstorm, in the evening all went to see a theatrical company perform aboard the Beluga. November 16th, clear weather with light breezes west. Two ship natives from the Siberian

shore started for the interior with sled and dogs to go to Mr. Cottle's camp. Mr. Firth, manager of the Hudson Bay trading-post at Peel River, an old Scotchman, came down to visit the ships. He said that these white ladies were the first he had seen in twenty-five years. November 17th a sled came in with meat for the Belvedere. The thermometer registered twenty-eight below zero; wind strong from the west with snow. From the 17th to the 23d the thermometer steadily rose until it registered twenty-seven degrees above zero: in the afternoon, ten above. Two native hunters came in with two hundred pounds of deer meat for our ship.

Sunday, November 24th, Mr. Whittaker, the missionary, held divine service ashore at the Pacific Steam Whaling Company's house, which was largely attended by the ships' companies. November 26th the thermometer showed ten degrees below zero, and the 27th the same. The sled that came in on the 17th with two hundred pounds of deer meat left to-day to get more from the interior. November 28th, the thermometer was ten degrees above zero. Mr. Cottle arrived with one sled and seven dogs, with one hundred and eighty-five pounds of deer meat he had traded for with the Itkiliks. November 30th was very warm, twenty-five to twenty-eight degrees above. Mr. Cottle left for the interior with twelve dogs and sled.

Sunday, December 1st, a large attendance at divine service presided over by Mr. Whittaker, at the Pacific Steam Whaling Company's house ashore. December 1st to 4th the thermometer kept gradually falling until on the 4th it registered at zero. Mr. Cottle came in with three hundred and thirty pounds of deer meat. Coasting downhill has been enjoyed by all the ladies and many of the native women have availed themselves of the warm weather and fine coasting to improvise sleds that they might engage in it also. Sometimes more than a hundred people would be there to enjoy this sport.

December 5th, the thermometer was at zero. At 7 P.M. we had a whist party aboard the Beluga, and a bean supper. Captain McKenna won the gentleman's prize — a bottle of port wine. The first officer of the Beluga, Mr. Thacher, got one of the gentleman's booby prizes — a red herring, while Captain Leavitt got the other — a tin pan. December 6th the thermometer was ten degrees below zero and December 7th, zero. Mr. Cottle went out for deer with a sled loaded with trade goods and provisions, drawn by nine dogs. From the 7th to the 10th the thermometer gradually fell until this day it registered twenty-two below. We sent our third officer, Mr. West, with sled and dogs to look up one of our hunters who was hunting in a different direction from Mr. Cottle, and since we had heard nothing from him we were anxious to locate him and to get his deer meat if he had any. December 10th to 14th, coasting was indulged in some part of every day. December 16th, Mr. West arrived with Kneac, our native hunter, with four hundred and twenty-five pounds of deer meat. December 18th, with the thermometer at twenty-six below zero, Kneac, the native hunter, went off for another hunting trip. The natives prefer to be in the timber during the winter rather than around the ships.

December 19th, with the thermometer twenty-eight to thirty below, wind southwest, there was a blizzard so thick that one could hardly see a foot ahead. Kneac came back to ship, and glad we were that he came back before the weather got so extremely bad. Oh, what a night to be out! The ship shook all over when the gusts of wind were the strongest. I was quite concerned over Mr. Cottle, as I felt he was about due to arrive at the ship, and I could not see how he and his companion could live, if he encountered this storm after he left the woods. It continued blowing all night. The next morning the wind moderated some, but it was still snowing. At 4 P.M. to my astonishment

Mr. Cottle came to the ship with a sled load of deer meat, six hundred pounds. When we uncovered the load, there was one dog on the sled frozen stiff. I asked Cottle why he brought the dead dog in, as the load of meat was all the nine dogs wanted to draw, without having any useless weight. He replied, 'Ah, Captain, I have not been with you for two years for nothing. Had I not brought that dog's body back, you would have said Cottle traded him and pocketed the proceeds; but here is the evidence that the dog died. And I would have brought him to ship even if I had been forced to throw some meat away.'

I then asked him where he was the day and night before, to which he replied: 'The storm came on me when about five miles from the salt-water ice. The snow was so blinding that the dogs refused to go farther. The wind was so strong it was impossible to pitch a tent. There was no possible way to obtain shelter as it was too long a job to build a snow house. So I hauled the sled broadside to the wind, and I and my companion got into our sleeping-bags. The dogs cuddled down alongside of us and we went to sleep, suffering no inconvenience, and did not wake until morning when I came out of my sleeping-bag and clawed up through the snowdrift that had collected about us. Nothing was to be seen of sled or dogs, they being completely covered with snow. I soon dug my companion out, and then we turned our attention to the dogs, they being located easily by the holes up through the snow made by their breath. Those sleeping-bags made out of heavy deerskins proved a comfortable place to sleep in for me and my native companion, as well as a life-saver to us, for without them we should both have been frozen. All the dogs seemed lively except this one; for some reason he was sick and froze to death.'

I became convinced, after listening to the tale, and knowing the severity of the storm, that a person with a good sleeping-bag will never freeze out of doors even

in an Arctic blizzard. We welcomed Mr. Cottle to the ship for Christmas, as well as the large amount of meat he had brought and sent in to the ship during the short time he was absent.

December 21st, with the thermometer forty degrees below zero, Kneac, the native who started out a few days ago and returned to the ship on account of bad weather, started out again with six dogs and sled. We were aboard the Beluga in the evening. December 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th the thermometer showed from forty-two to thirty-eight below, with strong west winds; the 26th, 27th, and 28th, forty-two below, rising to thirty-nine. The 28th Mr. Cottle with two men started out with sixteen dogs and two sleds loaded with trade goods and provisions for a camp of Itkiliks about one hundred miles inland. Sunday, the 29th, we attended church held ashore in the Pacific Steam Whaling Company's building by Mr. Whittaker, the missionary.

January 1, 1896, New Year's Day, the missionary and his wife took dinner with us. All the captains and officers called on the different ladies. In the evening we attended a theatrical play aboard the steamer Beluga. The thermometer was thirty degrees below zero, with fine weather and a light breeze northeast. From the 1st to the 6th it snowed most of the time with the thermometer from thirty to thirty-five below zero. Part of the crew sawed and split wood while others brought ice from the pond to the ship. January 6th Mr. Cottle returned to the ship with five hundred and seventy pounds of deer meat, having made a quick trip. We put all this load in the ice cellar or house ashore. January 9th, forty-two degrees below, at 7.30 P.M. all the captains and wives went aboard the Beluga to a whist party given by Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Whiteside, ending with a banquet. Captain Bodfish, of the steamer Newport, got the first lady's prize — a fan; Captain Sherman, of the Beluga, got the first gentleman's prize — a bottle of brandy; while Mrs.

Sherman got one of the booby prizes — a small doll — and Captain Green, of the *Alexander*, the other — a bunch of wooden toothpicks. January 13th Mr. Cottle started out for deer. One ship's native accompanied him. The thermometer ranged from thirty-five to forty degrees below.

January 20th a blizzard from the southwest raged until 3 P.M., when the weather cleared. At 6 P.M. all were invited aboard the *Beluga* to a surprise party given to celebrate Mrs. Porter's birthday, she being thirty-one years old to-day. Games of whist were indulged in until 10 P.M., when we sat down to a substantial supper of everything that could be found.

In the midst of our supper, a native came in and reported some of our men had stolen firearms, dogs, and sleds and had deserted. We all went immediately to our respective ships and called the roll to see who had gone. We found one man, by name Joe Carroll, missing. On checking up the reports from the other ships, we found that seven was the number that had deserted. January 21st to 25th, after much talk an expedition was fitted out consisting of officers of the ships to go in search of the deserters. On the morning of the 25th three sleds started out, with the thermometer at forty-nine below and a strong northeast wind, with snow. In the afternoon the thermometer fell to fifty-three below, and very cold. January 26th, fifty-three below, and very strong gale from northeast, five dogs from the officers' expedition came back. January 28th the officers came back after the dogs. They had seen the deserters, who fired shots at them from their rifles. A party of officers and natives again started with three sleds after the deserters, the thermometer forty-two degrees below, moderate wind from northeast. January 31st Mr. Cottle came in with one hundred and fifty pounds of deer meat; thermometer twenty-two below; a strong blizzard from the southwest.

February 2d we sent Mr. Cottle with sled load of provisions to join the officers' expedition after the deserters. The amount of coal used in the month of January was three tons, six hundred and forty pounds, together with three cords of wood. February 2d to 6th, the thermometer ranged from thirty-eight to forty-eight degrees below zero, with snowstorms most of the time. On the morning of February 6th, the officers returned with four of the deserters. One of them had badly frozen feet. Our man Joe Carroll escaped. February 12th, Mr. Cottle started with sleds for the interior. In the afternoon he returned reporting a blizzard from southwest on the mainland, although the weather here was good with thermometer twenty-eight below zero. February 14th to 17th we had snow with a gale of wind from the southwest and the thermometer thirty-four to forty-two degrees below zero. In the afternoon of the 17th I witnessed the amputation of part of the right foot of one of the deserters, it being frozen so badly as to require cutting off. He was taken ashore to the Pacific Steam Whaling Company's house, and the operation was performed, with chloroform as an anæsthetic. Captain Leavitt, of the Steamer Mary D. Hume, who did the amputation, thought he could save one half of the foot. With that purpose in mind, he began cutting the inside half of the foot. It was many weeks healing up, but eventually did heal all right.

On the evening of February 19th Mr. Cottle made another start for the interior, the wind being from the northeast, fresh, and the mercury thirty degrees below zero. In the afternoon of the 21st, all attended Fry's minstrel show aboard the steamship Beluga. At midnight there was an oyster supper aboard the Fearless.

March 1st, the weather was fine, and the thermometer twenty degrees below. In the month of February two tons and twelve hundred and eighty pounds of coal

were consumed. We are obliged to economize on coal as much as possible by using driftwood, as we get no more coal until we arrive home. March 5th, there was a strong blizzard from the northeast during the forenoon; but in the afternoon the weather moderated, with the thermometer at twenty-six below zero. All the captains and their wives went aboard the *Beluga* to a leap-year party given by the ladies. It was to have been given in February, but owing to the sickness of one of the ladies at that time, it was postponed to this date. It proved to be the grandest of all our Herschel Island entertainments. Speeches complimentary to the ladies were made, one of which, by Captain Cook, ran as follows, and is given here to show how the ladies were appreciated:

‘As a guest on this pleasant occasion, I feel a few words of praise are due you ladies who so skillfully planned, so arduously labored, and so successfully accomplished this (as all here will acknowledge with me that it is) the chief and grandest of our Herschel Island entertainments. In the perfection of your costumes which each of you so ingeniously contrived in secret, so successful have you been in the novelty, grace, and beauty of your dress that it attracts the eyes of all here assembled. What I have remarked about your costumes, the same can be truly said about every feature of the grand affair. In the decoration of the deck, in the arrangement of the tables, all laden with every delicacy to tempt the taste, we see your hand, and in the warm reception with which you have received us we feel that too much cannot be said in praise of what you have done for us this day. Ladies, this leap-year party will not end to-night. Its pleasing features, its pleasant memories, will be borne in our minds from this place to our homes, to be related around our firesides from California to Maine. In after years, should any of us be gathered to an entertainment of like nature, surrounded as we would then be likely to be by

family ties and everything civilization has to offer to make such an occasion ring with merriment, there is not one of us, amid the festivities of such an occasion, whose mind will not revert to this leap-year party of 1896, and feel that five ladies on that date at Herschel Island gave us a reception, the warmth of which will live in our minds till time shall be no more. You have, ladies, by your untiring zeal on such occasions, done so much to make our long dreary Arctic winters pass pleasantly, the remembrance of your success in entertaining will be indelibly implanted in our minds as mementoes of the pleasing features of our Arctic life. If I could say more, I would in praise of the success that has attended you in every entertainment that you have given in the two long winters here. This one will live in our minds as the grandest of the past, and I doubt if Herschel Island in the distant future ever arrives at an entertainment of like nature its equal.'

On the above occasion the ladies all made their own costumes out of calico that was aboard the ship. They kept secret from everybody what their costumes were to represent. Strange to say, there were no two alike. The novelty of their appearance was very striking. Many speeches were made, all of which were to the effect that the entertainment was a great success. The thermometer was twenty-six degrees below zero out in the weather, but it was very comfortable inside. Mrs. Sherman received the first prize at whist; Captain Simmons the first gentleman's prize. Captains Newth and Sherman received the two booby prizes.

March 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th the wind was moderate, with the thermometer varying from twenty-five to thirty-four degrees below. March 11th, we outfitted two sleds to go out after deer, nine dogs to each sled, and two men. They started out at 7 A.M. At 3 P.M. a blizzard from the west was blowing accompanied by thick snow — twenty-five degrees below zero. The sleds got back to ship at 5 P.M. March 12th, the

weather was improving and the sleds again started out. In the evening we attended a minstrel show aboard the steamer Karluk. March 13th, with nine others, we were invited aboard the Mary D. Hume to dinner and for the evening. A blizzard came up in the evening and it was with great difficulty we got back to our respective ships. We accomplished it, however, by the men taking the lead in single file with a rope leading to each one behind and the ladies in the rear. In this way we got aboard without accident.

March 15th, Mr. Cottle returned with six hundred and eighty-three pounds of deer meat. Captains Wing, Leavitt, McKenna, and Bodfish came aboard in the evening and to dinner. The mercury was fifteen degrees below zero. March 16th, the weather was fine. Twelve men deserted from the Beluga, Wanderer, Belvedere, John and Winthrop, Fearless, and Northern Light. They secured rifles, ammunition, two sleds, and fifteen dogs, leaving about twelve midnight. March 17th an expedition of officers started early in the morning in pursuit of them. Overtaking them about 3 P.M. on the banks of the river, the deserters made a barricade of the sleds and fired upon the pursuing party, who, after exchanging a few shots without doing any damage on either side, decided to let the deserters go on, and they, the officers, came back to ship, arriving on the morning of March 18th.

From the 18th to the 21st, a strong breeze blew from the west to southwest with snow: the thermometer at twenty-four to twenty-eight degrees below. No sleds have come in or gone out during these four days. The same routine of work has been going on aboard the ships, with the exception that there has been placed on the beach each night a guard, consisting of an officer and boat-steerer from each ship, to protect our supplies and dogs and sleds from being stolen by deserters. The ships' supplies were put in warehouses on the island

instead of being kept aboard the ships, in case any of the ships should be destroyed by fire so as to have an additional supply on shore to keep us until relief came. Without a guard, however, they were furnishing the necessities for deserters to outfit their expeditions to go to the Klondike, their destination. Reports had reached us of the riches of the Klondike region and stimulated the men to desert the ships, and although the journey presented difficulties almost insurmountable, yet those who made the attempt were willing to take the chances and endure the perils of the trip. The patrol on the beach prevented securing any more supplies to outfit an expedition.

Reports reached us, March 22d, by a native who came from the interior, that he met the deserters, who took everything off his sled of value and some of his dogs, and also that he had seen other natives who complained of the thefts and depredations by the deserters, they even going so far as to hold up a native at the point of a rifle until he was stripped of everything of value. This induced us to fit out another expedition to check if possible the actions of these fellows who had become highwaymen, so bold and bad were they. This expedition, headed by Captain George B. Leavitt, of the *Mary D. Hume*, with officers from several ships including Mr. Cottle, with a native guide, left the ships the afternoon of March 22d. The thermometer showed twenty below zero, weather fine, with light northeast wind. March 23d, a strong breeze from the northeast. Captain Bodfish and Mr. Whittaker the missionary were aboard to dinner. March 24th we employed stowing casks in the hold preparatory to filling with fresh water for the summer's supply. Thermometer at zero; warmest morning of the winter.

March 25th, wind southwest, quite fresh; thermometer five degrees below zero. Two of our ship's men started out with sleds for deer meat. March 26th, Captain Cook celebrated his thirty-ninth birthday.

In the afternoon, Captain Leavitt and the party who went out after the deserters returned with six of them. Captain Leavitt's party met Mr. Hoffman, the fourth officer of the bark *Wanderer*, who, with two others from other ships and some natives, were bringing these fellows in to the ships lashed on sleds. Mr. Hoffman was sent out fully one hundred miles from the ships in the interior to establish a trading camp to procure deer meat from the natives. Sleds came to him at intervals from the ship to replenish his stores of trade and to carry meat to the ship at the island. He had only one native with him. The other two men, belonging to the *Jeannette* and *Alexander*, had camps of the same nature miles away. The ships by establishing these camps were much more successful in getting a supply of fresh meat so much sought after to ward off the dread disease of scurvy, as without fresh meat it is almost impossible to keep the crew healthy. It seemed that the deserters were growing more and more confident of their ability to conquer all they might come in contact with, basing this confidence on the fact that the first party of officers who were sent out after them had retreated leaving them masters of the field. The natives, few in number, were easily intimidated by being so outnumbered, and were only too glad to accede to their demands, even going so far as to give up furs of great value. Pressing forward, the deserters came to Mr. Hoffman's camp. Hoffman had gone out, as was his custom, to visit the native camps around from fifteen to five miles away, in order to collect deer meat if any, so as to have a supply sufficient to load the next sled sent out from the ship. The deserters, finding nobody at home, broke open the door, and, after taking everything that would be of value or use to them, they turned to and destroyed all the clothes, sleeping-bag, in fact, as Mr. Hoffman expressed it, 'When I got back there was not a change of clothing or boots, or anything left whereby I could get a meal. To say I was

angry is to put it mildly,' was the language of Hoffman. 'And I at once got in touch with some natives who wanted to go with me to avenge the theft and destruction that had been committed at my camp.' (For thieving among the natives is the greatest crime that can be committed.) 'When I had got eight natives and Mr. Howland to go with me, we took the trail, which was easily followed by the two sled tracks and many dogs in their possession. The next morning we sighted them ahead. When we got near to them, I left the party, approaching the deserters with a flag of truce. I got within speaking distance, when they commanded me to halt. After coming to a standstill, I asked them why they had stolen my clothes, demolished my camp, thus rendering me liable to starvation or death by freezing, at the same time informing them I had never harmed any of them, and, furthermore, I had followed them to recover my property. I called upon them to deliver the same at once or I should proceed to force the issue and take the same by force, as I was determined to have my property or die in the attempt. The answer I got was, "Go back to your party quickly. If you follow us farther, we will shoot you down in your tracks." I answered, "You will have all the shooting you want, as we are fully armed."

'Seeing nothing more to be accomplished by parley and finding the muzzle of two or more forty-five-seventy rifles pointing at me, I went back to my party and quickly outlined a plan of attack. The deserters had put their sleds in front of them as a barricade, so we stripped as light as possible and advanced on the run, each armed with a forty-five-seventy rifle. Upon approaching, they began firing at us, their shots going wild. Our natives are great marksmen, as from boyhood they are obliged to get their living by the use of the gun, and hence, they did not fire until near enough to be sure of effect. Dropping quickly to the knee, they brought their rifles to the shoulder, the shots ringing

through the still air. The battle between right and wrong had begun. When the smoke from the first volley had cleared away, two were seen far away with a few dogs and light sled going as fast as possible to make their escape, while others were trying to get away, but were held back by fear of more shots that would take the same effect that the first volley had, which had wounded one man severely, and killed another. Seeing the havoc the first volley made, we approached the party, taking the five uninjured ones and making them fast with strips made from walrus hide, after which we bound up the wounds of Thomas Fitzgerald, who was a member of the crew of the steamer *Jeannette*. That finished, and he being made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, we buried the body of Robert Thomas, who was killed by a bullet through the head. We then secured everything of value, feeling that it was useless to go after the two who had escaped. We then asked where the other three were, to which they replied that the others had separated from the main party the day before to find some Itkiliks at a camp that they thought was off in another direction. We prepared camp for a night, and the next day started for the ships with the six men and met Captain Leavitt's party two days before reaching the ships.'

The above is what I can recollect of the tale Mr. Hoffman gave of the flight and capture of the deserters. The men were put in confinement for the present, their frost-bitten parts attended to, for they were badly used up, while the wounded one who had a bullet through his side was administered to many weeks, and finally recovered.

The men told of their intention to make their way to Dawson, to sell the dogs and everything not needed in the mining game. All articles, such as rifles, ammunition, and bacon, especially dogs, were bringing fancy prices at that time in Dawson. With ready money from the sale, their intentions were to buy a mining

claim, thereby beginning the foundation of riches. Our man, Joseph Carroll, got clear, and made his way to Dawson. Some years afterward I saw him at Nome looking prosperous. He related to me the privations and hardships he endured on the trail from the island to Dawson. Had it not been for a party of Itkiliks they came across, just when all food was gone and they had about given up in despair, the whole party would have perished. But these Itkiliks had plenty of food, and for the payment of a rifle to each and some ammunition, they fed and guided them as far as Fort Yukon, where they recouped and, following the river from there, arrived in Dawson. Their dogs they sold for fabulous sums, and afterward Carroll made a trip to the coast, purchased a score or more of dogs, and sold them at a profit in the Klondike regions.

March 27, the thermometer registered two degrees below zero. One sled came in with five deer, four hundred and ten pounds, which was put in the ice-house for summer use. We melted fifty barrels of fresh water from the ice, and stowed it in casks in the hold.

March 29th, Sunday, the thermometer suddenly fell to twenty-two below. The wounded sailor is getting better gradually. We attended service ashore in the Pacific Steam Whaling Company's house, conducted by Mr. Whittaker, and had several captains aboard to dinner. The thermometer varied from zero to twenty-two below up to April 2d, when we had an old-fashioned blizzard. All were obliged to stop aboard their own ships, the snow was so blinding. April 3d and 4th the thermometer ranged from thirty to twenty-eight degrees below zero. One sled came in with five hundred and eighty-three pounds of deer meat, and two silver gray fox skins. The foxes were trapped by our native hunters' wives, while they were hunting deer. Deer meat is not coming in very plentifully. Soon the rivers will break open and the snow will begin melting, and then it will be impossible to drag the

meat to the ships. We were engaged in melting ice to make fresh water sufficient until we get off the mouth of the Mackenzie after leaving winter quarters.

April 13, 1896, Mrs. Cook was forty-one years of age. In the evening a surprise party was given her aboard the steamer Jeannette, Captain Newth. Dancing and card games were indulged in until the small hours. Mrs. Cook was the recipient of many tokens.

April 17th a dinner was served aboard our ship, the Navarch, to which all the captains and wives were invited. The principal dish was rabbit, the same being stolen by Captain McKenna from the steamer Newport, Captain Bodfish, and brought aboard here to be cooked and served. And Captain Bodfish said he believed they tasted better from the fact that they were stolen. In such manner jokes of all kinds were perpetrated. I had a lot of white fox skins on a line up aloft on the Navarch drying. Captain McKenna hired a man for a bottle of whiskey to steal them one night. After looking for them for a long time, I received them back again. Such doings broke the monotony.

Sunday, April 19th, a sled arrived with two hundred and eighty-three pounds of deer meat. A blizzard from the southwest has been raging now for two days with the thermometer at zero. April 21st, several sleds arrived to the different ships, all with mountain sheep, deer and moose meat. April 23d the thermometer was five above zero. A sled with men from the ship started to go out where our hunter Kneac was stationed, as we heard he had killed some game, but did not have dogs sufficient to bring in much of a load. April 28th and 29th there was thick snow with strong westerly wind. April 30th we sent a sled out for Mr. Cottle. One hunter by name of Callao arrived with no deer. May 4th some Itkiliks came in with meat and furs. Mr. Cottle arrived with one deer and one half, about one hundred and ten pounds. The thermometer was 11

above zero. May 7th, all the native hunters started out. There are dancing parties about every evening, either aboard ship or ashore at the house, which are largely attended.

May 10th, Sunday, was a gala day. Mail arrived from Peel River, the first we have had since last September. All were pleased, and anxious to know all the news from civilization. It was a picture never to be forgotten — the anxious looks, the smile of pleasure as each got his letters from home, and the look of disappointment on the faces of those who did not receive any message, were impressed upon the mind of the observer, never to be forgotten. Relatives and friends at home, could they know what it means to those so far away to have just a word from them, would never let an opportunity pass without writing to those away.

May 9th, thick fog, with sign of open water close by; the thermometer at 24 degrees above zero. May 11th, Mr. Cottle started out in light snow with sled to our hunters; the thermometer at 20 above zero; but he returned May 19th, with no deer. The snow is melting off the ice and land. The dogs' feet have got so tender that the sharp points of ice cut them so that a trail of blood is left behind each sled. We have made little boots with sealskin bottoms and cloth tops to put on their feet, so they may be able to work without cutting them to pieces. Mr. Mosher, second officer of the bark John and Winthrop, died of dropsy, and was buried May 20th, in the cemetery on the island. He was an old whaler, having been engaged in the business from boyhood. He had been with us here two winters: a man of good principles, a great sufferer from rheumatism all through this last winter. It always casts a gloom over a ship's company to have a death among the shipmates, and it cast a great sadness among this small community to lose one so much respected as Mr. Mosher, although he had arrived at a good old age, being about

sixty-five. The remainder of the month of May passed off in the usual routine of work. The thermometer was getting as high as 25 above zero. The sun was now shining continuously through the twenty-four hours, and caused the ice to melt very fast and the snow to disappear from the hills.

June 3d we employed in taking the houses off the ship and cleaning house, preparatory to painting. One sled came in with three deer, two hundred and fifty pounds. In the afternoon we received fifteen brant and geese from Mr. Belaine, who went gunning to the mainland a few days ago. May 18th the first duck had been seen, and two days later flocks of them were seen continually and have been up to the present time, coming from the south. It was on May 16th that we saw three black crows or ravens flying high going to the northeast. About the middle of October the last bird leaves bound to the southwest, leaving only ptarmigans with us. They are quite plentiful the whole winter, and are the only bird life, with the exception of the small snowbird that usually makes his appearance in April. June 1st to 20th geese are to be had in large numbers, and great flocks are constantly seen flying to the northeast. All the ships have gunners out trying to get geese and ducks to supply the immediate wants and also some to put away for future use, as in our ice-cellars the meat, fish, and birds keep frozen all the year around.

June 5th we engaged in scraping spars. The thermometer was 25 above. We washed the ship outside. Baseball games were played after working hours. June 7th, Mr. Belaine, first officer, and Mr. Cottle boat-header, came in from gunning with a good lot of geese and ducks.

June 8th, all hands were busily engaged fixing up the boats and ship. June 9th, strong breeze from the southwest, and cloudy. Mr. Belaine and Mr. Cottle went out again on a gunning expedition. Others

painted the ship outside. Thermometer 40 above zero. June 10th, the first fish were caught. Open water was seen northeast of the island, the first since last October. The crew were employed in painting boats and ship. June 12, thermometer 50 above zero, we caught a few fish in nets and June 13th, thirty fish. June 16th, Mr. Belaine and Mr. Cottle came in from their gunning trip with twenty-four ducks and six brant. We stowed two hundred barrels of fresh water in the hold.

Two officers, Mr. West, a young man who sailed from San Francisco as fifth officer, and who is now holding the position of third mate, and Mr. Cottle, who joined us there a year and a half ago, were two as good officers and whalemens as one would wish to have. Whether in the boat for whales or on the land for deer or game, they would always do their part. Mr. Cottle was a native of Martha's Vineyard, while Mr. West came from my home town of Provincetown. Both young men were smart, full of life, and were exceptionally desirable to have aboard any whaling vessel. All the long winter they had both been engaged in bringing in deer meat with dog-sleds from the interior. Knowing them to be very careless and without fear, I denied them the privilege of going out together, not even letting them go to the same locality, fearing that the two together would commit some deviltry that I should be sorry for. They besought me many times to let them go together; my answer was always, 'No, I will not let you even go in the same direction or on the same day.' When one went to eastward, I always sent the other to westward, and in this way they had hardly seen each other since October. Mr. Cottle, after returning with Mr. Belaine on the 16th, began outfitting for a short trip over by Kay Point, about twenty-two miles away, to shoot game and get some fish. Mr. West, being at the ship, asked me for permission to accompany him. My answer was, 'No,

you two devils can never have my consent to go off together, and, besides, Mr. Belaine wants Mr. West's valuable assistance in getting the vessel equipped for whaling.' West went away with a disappointed look, while Cottle kept busy packing his sled. In the afternoon, Mr. Belaine came to me and said he did not need Mr. West to work on the ship if I wanted him to go out on the trip. In conversation with Belaine, I told him I appreciated all they had done for us through the winter and wanted to let Mr. West go without a second thought, but I feared that something would happen if they went out together that I should be sorry for. Mr. Belaine laughed at my fears and, while allowing they were both very careless, he did not apprehend any danger. Later, West came along with Cottle and pleaded for a chance to go with him. I regret to say I changed my mind, and after cautioning both of them I gave my consent.

In the forenoon of the 17th of June, they went away with a sled and six dogs, and a canoe on top of the sled, to use when they reached the edge of the ice, as it had now melted several yards from shore. I recollect remarking when they went out of sight, 'The Lord only knows what will become of them!' With that saying I dismissed from my mind what might happen and took it for granted they would come back in a few days well laden with game and fish.

But what an awakening for us on the noon of the 18th! We saw a sled approaching from the direction they went the day before. As it came near, I saw that Mr. Cottle and an officer from the steamer Alexander named Eldridge were helping the dogs with the sled. Knowing something must have happened to have caused them to return so suddenly, we rushed out to meet them and there was Mr. West lying upon the sled, as we first thought, dead. But upon second look we saw he breathed. As quickly as possible and in a few words Mr. Cottle related how, by an accidental dis-

charge of a shotgun, Mr. West had been shot through the right arm, which had been bandaged by Mr. Eldridge, whom they found camped there, and himself, as well as they could, a tourniquet being put around above the wound to prevent too great a loss of blood. They had been twelve hours coming to the ship on the dog sled, as the water on the ice made it very rough and dangerous traveling. We immediately took Mr. West ashore to a house where much better accommodation and attention could be given him than aboard ship, and proceeded to examine the wound. Oh, what a sight! His clothes, boots, and socks were soaked with blood, showing he had been bleeding profusely. As we carefully took the bandages off the arm, we found that the bone, from two inches below the shoulder joint for a distance downward of more than seven inches, had been completely shot away, and the only reason he was then alive was the fact that the main artery had not been severed. It seems, by the story that Mr. Cottle told and afterward Mr. West elaborated, that they had arrived at the edge of the ice where they left the sled, launched the canoe, taking the dogs and everything in the canoe, and started paddling across the open water to the mainland. Some few ducks were flying over and Mr. Cottle loaded a shotgun and succeeded in shooting several. Leaving the gun loaded after shooting the last time, they landed on the beach, hauled up the canoe, and began unloading to establish their camp by setting up the tents. In the canoe were fish-nets, a camping-gear, provisions, firearms, dogs, in fact everything for a fishing and gunning expedition. In the hurry of unloading, Mr. West got hold of the muzzle or barrel of the gun hauling the same toward him. In some way the hammer caught and he got the contents of both barrels through his right arm. Mr. Eldridge, of the steamer *Alexander*, being camped near there, rendered valuable assistance to Mr. Cottle in bandag-

ing the wound, arresting as much as possible the flow of blood. To the fact that they immediately put on a good tight tourniquet, he owed his life. The great loss of blood, added to the jolting over the ice for twelve hours, almost finished his career. After washing and dressing the wound, he was given nourishment and put to sleep with one of the ladies acting as nurse, four of them taking turns relieving each other.

June 19th, Mr. West seemed much brighter and stronger. I asked Captain Leavitt to assist in making another examination to see what needed to be done. We removed the outer bandages, and we both concluded that an amputation was the only thing to save his life. We thought, however, we would see how he felt in regard to it, and when we broached the subject to him first, saying that his right arm would have to be cut off, he at once said, 'Never! I will die first.' I then told him my opinion, that it was the only course to pursue, that the arm would have to be cut, for it never could be saved to be of any use, even by expert surgeons; further than that, he would lose his life if he did not consent to amputation. It was a sad task to tell a young man, a fellow townsman of mine, that he would have to go through life with one arm, but I felt the responsibility very keenly, as I was master of the ship of which he was an officer. I could not get him to consent, so made him as comfortable as possible and left him under the care of the nurses. Captain Leavitt and I then went aboard ship and studied surgery with what books there were at hand to give light and instructions on those matters. After diligently studying all the facts connected with it, we concluded that there was an even chance of a successful operation. We had no ether among the ships, so that chloroform would be the anæsthetic we should be obliged to use.

Saturday, June 20th, Captain Leavitt and I went to the sick-room. We removed the bandages, and found we must amputate at once if at all. I explained as

plainly as possible to West the great danger of further delay. At last he gave his consent with these words, 'Captain Cook, I put my life in your hands. Do as you think best. But do you think you can operate successfully?' I replied: 'You may die if we operate. You will surely die if we do not. God knows, I do not want the job, knowing the responsibility that rests on me. Your folks at home, whom I have known for a lifetime, would never forgive me if you died from the operation. No amount of money, Mr. West, would tempt me to help perform this operation, but it is my duty, and your life is at stake. I must do my duty in this case.'

Selecting Captain Leavitt to do the cutting, Captain Bodfish to look out for administering the chloroform, with Captain McKenna and I to assist, we felt that our corps of surgeons and assistants were the best that was available. Captain Leavitt, while volunteering to do the cutting, gave it, with me strictly in charge, so that the responsibility rested strictly on me. In other words, he would cut and do as I said. We, Captain Leavitt and I, had conferred as to just what we would do, so in the cutting and operation it seemed we were confident that theoretically we knew just how to proceed. We were some little time studying out how we were going to counteract the effect of the chloroform if perchance West's heart was weak. We did not have instruments or knowledge sufficient to enable us to know the condition of one's heart. We finally concluded to give the patient a good stiff glass of whiskey before administering the chloroform and, as an inducement for him to wake up (knowing his love for the liquor) we said to him, 'If you will only awaken readily after the operation, another glass will be given you.' We reasoned among ourselves that the whiskey would stimulate the action of the heart, thereby lessening the danger caused by chloroform.

Everything being in readiness, at 2 P.M. on Saturday, the 20th, the greatest piece of surgery yet seen done at

Herschel Island was begun. West was stretched out upon a table. Captain Bodfish, with a cornucopia, made tunnel-shaped out of an old newspaper, in the bottom of which was put a handful of cotton waste such as engineers use in cleaning around engines, made ready to administer the chloroform. Our tools were put in a bag and boiled, after which they were put into corrosive sublimate water, and thus sterilized as well as we knew. A watch was hung from the ceiling, that Captain Bodfish might time the pulsations of the heart so that at all times we should know as to the quantity of chloroform to let him breathe. Everything being in readiness, at 2 P.M. we gave West his glass of whiskey, followed immediately by the cornucopia with the chloroform, saturating the cotton waste at the bottom. West just took two whiffs and he was off to sleep and snoring. The cutting by Captain Leavitt then began. An incision was made just above the wound, before which, however, a tourniquet was put on as far toward the shoulder as possible, for so much blood had been lost already that it would have been fatal if there was any great flow of blood from the operation. Knowing that fact, we were very particular that the tourniquet was put on tight and adjusted in such a manner that the loss of blood would be small if any. We thought that, in studying the theory of operating, we understood thoroughly the picking-up of the arteries after cutting through the flesh, but when we cut in to make the lap and opened up that conglomeration of black powder, fragments of his deerskin shirt, clotted blood, and shattered bones, it required more skill and practice than was embodied in this corps of surgeons to enable us to pick out the arteries and tie the same before cutting off the limb.

Confronted with this, the first obstacle, we hesitated but a few moments when we decided we would cut it off, leaving a lap on the underneath side to come over the shoulder to sew on top. We then went ahead as planned.

Captain Bodfish keeping the patient sound asleep, we concluded to saw off the bone about one inch below the shoulder joint; this accomplished, we then, after cutting through the flesh and sawing the bone, could readily detect the large arteries by the pulsation at every breath the patient drew; catching them with the forceps, we quickly tied them with catgut carried in our medicine chest for this purpose. When all the arteries had been firmly closed by being tied with catgut, the small veins were cauterized with nitrate of silver. Oh, the length of time it took to get out all the particles of shattered bone! They were driven, some of them, way up on top of the shoulder. We believed, the arm being amputated, that it was essential to have all foreign matter taken from the wound so that the healing process would go on without any drawback from that source; so, after smoothing the bone with a fine file so that the flesh would not be irritated with any sharp points where the bone was sawed off, we cleansed the wound thoroughly. After one hour and fifty minutes from the time he was put to sleep, all windows and doors were opened, and we had the great satisfaction of seeing him slowly open his eyes, returning to the world again. As soon as possible another glass of whiskey was given him. The first words uttered by him were, 'I thought you were going to cut my arm off.'

So thoroughly had the work been done that he did not realize the arm was off. Showing him the amputated part, he said, 'Kindly bury that there on the island,' which was done as he requested. A great load was off my mind; the cutting had been successful, but the days that followed were anxious ones. The patient's extreme weakness, accompanied by fever, kept us guessing for many days. The ladies nursed and nourished him. In fact, everything on the island was of secondary consideration to how Mr. West was getting along. In time the fever subsided and he was to all appearances on the road to ultimate recovery. June

24th we removed the bandages for the purpose of washing and dressing the arm. Behold, when the bandages were removed, we noticed a stench, and upon examination found a dark streak that had begun to decay, on the shoulder part of where the cut was sewed. This caused us to cut the stitches, and then we injected cocaine, for he could not be under the influence of anæsthetics so soon again with safety. After cocaine was injected, we cut off all the dark or dead flesh, leaving the wound open for a few days. June 30th, we sewed up the flap on top of West's shoulder again, with no more appearance of decay or mortification. He began improving slowly, gaining strength gradually. Constant nursing and care by the ladies showed favorable results, while aboard the ships a sum of money was raised among the captain's officers, and engineers of the fleet. West always was a favorite among the whole community. The fact of his losing his right arm incapacitated him to follow his calling as a whaler, so a sum of fourteen hundred dollars was given him by those men, that he might have that much more funds on his arrival back to San Francisco, to start life anew. It was a great testimonial to his popularity; also to the givers for their thoughtfulness and liberal spirit.

June 29th we again removed the bandages from the arm, this being the fourth time the wound had been dressed since the operation. It looked fine. We sewed up the flap onto the shoulder, thus closing the cut. Everything now looked hopeful for Mr. West, and what a load was lifted from my mind to think that we were able to save his life! No one but himself was directly to blame for the accident. Certainly we know Mr. Cottle should not have left the gun loaded, but, as I remarked before, that was characteristic of both, to be careless and indifferent as two men could be, and poor West paid the price by losing his right arm, nearly costing him his life. Amid the anxieties of conducting a voyage successfully, a captain with a crew of fifty-

five men under him has got to know something about sickness and also be cognizant of how to perform small surgical acts. As to the crew, he must look for success, their health must be looked after in an intelligent manner, or no voyage will be got.

In the meantime fishing had occupied the attention of a portion of the crew, they bringing from the southwest part of the island as many as two hundred small fish averaging about a pound each. They were brought about eight miles in bags on the backs of dogs. Others of the ship's men were busily painting ship, so that when July 1st opened, everything preparatory to having the ships in fine condition was accomplished. They did look handsome in their new paint as they lay among the ice cakes at our long winter haven.

CHAPTER IX

THE END OF THE VOYAGE

JULY 2, 1896, the Navarch and three others drifted out of the ice and anchored in the harbor, this being the first time our anchor had been down since last October. July 4th some games were indulged in, but not so many as in the year previous. July 13th, we moved Mr. West from the house ashore on board our steamer. His health seems quite good, but he complains of being weak, and is very thin. We also took all our boats from the beach and hoisted them in their places at the davits. We are now all ready to make a dash as soon as enough open water can be seen to warrant it. Three steamers that went out on the 12th are but a few miles away, the ice being too heavy to admit of progress. July 14th opened with fog and light wind from the northeast. The steamers Alexander, Mary D. Hume, Jeannette, and Karluk started out. The Jeannette anchored just outside the bluff, about a mile offshore. July 15th in rain-squalls with strong breeze from the W.N.W. at 8 P.M. the Karluk, Jeannette, and Alexander came back and anchored in the harbor. As we have but two hundred tons of coal on hand and can get no more until we get to San Francisco, we are lying still to economize on our fuel until prospects for getting some distance away look bright. Mr. West is improving slowly.

July 16th, at 4 A.M., we started the fires under the boiler. The afternoon was calm, and at eight o'clock we lifted anchor and went to sea. July 17th, the wind all quarters and calm, with a snowstorm, ending in the afternoon with rain. Large floes of field ice were everywhere to be seen. We anchored between Kay and King Points to get wood to burn, thereby saving coal. July

18th, the ice opened to eastward, so we got under way at 9 P.M. and shifted down off Sabine Point and anchored in three and one half fathoms water off Geary Island. Here we filled all empty containers with water, the sea being perfectly fresh here owing to the freshet from the Mackenzie. Three steamers are with us here.

Sunday, July 19th, all fresh water and wood aboard, we steamed up off Hooper Island inside the ice and anchored in nineteen feet of water. The ice was hard on to Pullen Island, and no prospects of getting farther along. All the steamers are here with us. Part of the crew went ashore fishing. July 21st, the ice moving slowly to northeast, and rain. The crew returned from fishing, securing one hundred and eighty small fish of about a half-pound each, resembling our English herring. They also brought back a swan. The bark *Wanderer* came along bringing letters that came by boat from Fort McPherson. Letters written as late as February 2d, were received to-day.

July 23d, we moved east as far as Pullen Island. The season seemed to be very backward. Last year we were up to Baillie Island and Bathurst ten days earlier, and here we are not within one hundred and fifty miles of that place. July 25th, lying off Pullen Island, we were frequently obliged to shift anchorage to avoid floes of ice that are constantly harassing us. In the afternoon the light-draft small steamers went out of sight to the eastward inside the ice. We could not follow, as the water was too shallow.

July 26th, A.M., light west wind. We started to go to the eastward inside the ice and some shoals; got aground several times, but were pulled afloat by the steamer *Belvedere*. We had to lose all our fresh water, as we emptied it to lighten vessel. July 27th at 4 A.M. we anchored off Warren Point, all the steamers being there. The water being perfectly fresh overside, we again filled all our containers. July 29th, light south wind. All are anxious to get along, as the season for

whaling is fast slipping away. The *Alexander* in trying to go farther east ran aground, but was floated again with the assistance of the steamer *Mary D. Hume*.

August 1st, the ice permitted us to move eastward as far as McKinley Bay, where we stopped again. Some of the ships anchored and others made fast to the ice. Our first officer, Mr. Belaine, with a boat's crew went ashore hunting for deer, and August 2d, returned with two deer. Wind northeast and light. We need strong breezes from the northeast to move the body of ice offshore. The prevailing wind has been from the westward which keeps the ice close in on the land.

August 3d, light fog with wind northeast, light. At 8 A.M. we started to buck our way through a strip of ice beyond which we could see in the mirage evidence of clear water. After bucking until 2 P.M., we succeeded in getting through this strip and striking a lead of open water — all the steamers followed close behind. The wind breezed up strong from the northeast. August 6th, at 3 A.M. we arrived off Baillie Island, Cape Bathurst. Saw the steamer *Beluga* lower boats for a whale, but did not get him. The latter part of the day all the steamers were fastened to ground ice in ten fathoms of water. Four steamers lowered for whales, but without success.

August 7th we lay fast to ground ice northeast of Baillie Island, Cape Bathurst. The ice is so heavy and closely packed that it is impossible to go farther to the north or east. A strong current is running to E.N.E. At 6 P.M. we lowered for our first whale. All six boats were down until 9 P.M., when we lost sight of him among the ice. No whales have been taken as yet by any of the fleet.

August 8th, we saw the steamer *J. H. Freeman* take a small whale, this being the first one caught by any of the winter fleet. August 10th, at 2 A.M. a large ice floe struck our rudder bending up our steering-gear somewhat. The steamer *Alexander* caught a whale. The

Beluga harpooned one, but lost him in the ice. Wind northeast, light, fine weather.

August 18th, we cruised among the ice to the northeast of Baillie Island from ten to thirty miles, and at 3 P.M. lowered boats for a bowhead, but did not see him after lowering. We had, up to August 23d, several days of strong breeze from the west. This brought closer the close pack-ice, and made the positions of the ships unsafe. No damage was done, however. To-day, with light wind from the northeast, seven steamers of the fleet, including ourselves, started westward, there being very little prospects for whales here.

August 24th, we anchored at 10 P.M. in thick fog off Hooper Island. August 25th, with wind northwest, foggy, and plenty of ice about, at 3 P.M. we started for Herschel Island, where, at 10 P.M., we anchored. The Pacific Steam Whaling Company's tender Jeanie was there with supplies for their vessels, and also to take the whalebone to 'Frisco. August 27th, calm; at 9 A.M. weighed anchor and steamed out of Pauline Cove for Point Barrow, thence to northward of Siberia around Herald Island until the season closes, when we will shape our course for San Francisco. Five other steamers went with us. At 8 P.M. in thick fog we made fast to ice aground in eight fathoms water off Griffin Point. August 28th, we let go ice and started under steam and sails for Point Barrow. At 10 P.M. in thick fog we made fast again to ground ice off Flaxman's Island. The Jeannette was with us fast to the same ice. August 28th, we let go of ice at 4 A.M., steaming to westward, in calm and thick fog. At 4 P.M. we made fast to drifting ice off Return Reef in eighteen fathoms water.

August 30th, wind northeast to southeast, light fog and clear by turns. At 4 A.M. we let go ice and steamed to W.S.W., passing Thetis Islands at 9 A.M. steering W.S.W. by compass. One steamer was in sight ahead. At 5 P.M. whales in large numbers were sighted in among the ice, and we lowered all our boats. After

much difficulty the boats got in among the ice, and the waist boat harpooned a whale and lost him line and all. The whale was not hurt by the bomb when he was fastened and went under large floes of ice taking all the line the boat had, some three hundred fathoms. Hard luck, almost September without a whale this season! As many whales were seen, we steamed in-shore about a mile to be clear of the most of the ice, and came to anchor for the night. August 31st, thick fog. The whales could be heard spouting from time to time, but it was too thick to see them. At 4 A.M., still foggy, we lowered boats. At 10 the fog cleared, and a light breeze sprang up northeast. At 11 the larboard boat harpooned a whale, but he got away with all the line in that boat just as the one the night before had done. They also lost the darting gun. The larboard boat came aboard and coiled new line, starting out again. At 4 P.M. the waist boat struck and saved a nice large whale, took him to ship, and cut him in. We made fast to ice and started boiling out the blubber, stowing the bone below.

September 1st in the forenoon was foggy, with wind light northeast. We lowered five boats at 7 A.M. and they cruised around among the ice until 1 P.M.; not seeing anything, they came aboard. At 2 P.M. we let go the ice and moved off to the west about twenty miles, when we made fast to ground ice in nine fathoms water. Two steamers passed bound to westward. September 2d during the night a bowhead came close to the ship. The weather was cloudy, wind fresh northeast, the steamer Belvedere in sight. We saw the land in the vicinity of Cape Halkett. We saw no whales after daylight.

September 3d, fog with wind E.N.E. quite fresh. At 4 A.M. we let go of ice and set all sail, steering to westward. At 10 we made fast to ground ice off Point Tangent in eleven fathoms water. All the steamers were here except the Belvedere. The Narwhal got two



COILING WHALE-LINE IN TUBS TO BE USED IN THE BOATS



DROPPING WHALEBONE FROM SCALP OF
BOWHEAD WHALE

whales the first part of the week here. September 4th, with a strong breeze northeast, cloudy, the Beluga caught a whale. At 12 noon we got under way and started for Point Barrow. In the afternoon there was a strong breeze with thick snowstorm, so at 5 P.M. we anchored off Cape Smythe in four fathoms of water about ten miles south of Point Barrow. The steamers Jeannette and Beluga anchored later.

September 5th, a strong breeze blew from the northeast. At 7 A.M. we got under way and shifted to south of Cape Smythe, where we found the schooner Rosario. September 6th, with light airs northeast, the Thrasher and Jeannette went off to westward; the Karluk, Beluga, and Alexander went to the east. At 11 A.M. we got under way and started to westward for the whale grounds in the vicinity of Herald Island. In the afternoon the wind was light, with snow. September 7th, light air, east. At 10 A.M. alongside the pack-ice, we steered to southwest, following the edge of the pack. There were walrus on the ice and swimming about in large numbers. September 8th, the steamer Orca came along bound to westward. At 3 P.M. we shot and brought in a polar bear, which was seen swimming in the water about a mile from the ice. We lowered a boat, gave chase, and got him. The meat we gave to the natives with us, while the skin we towed ashore to wash thoroughly before drying.

September 9th, strong west wind with thick snowsqualls. The wind was too much to make headway against it by steaming, so we set all sails, lying on different tacks, with the Orca in sight all day. September 10th, wind southwest, light, partly clear, we steamed to W.N.W. At 4 P.M. we gammed the barks Mermaid and Alice Knowles and the steamer Orca. The Mermaid had taken one whale. September 11th the weather was fine. We cruised under sail along the edge of the ice-pack. Three barks were in sight and one steamer. At 3 P.M. we lowered boats for a whale, but

did not see him after we lowered the boats. Lat. obs. $71^{\circ} 12' N.$; Long. $167^{\circ} W.$

All vessels in sight had boats down after whales, but none were taken. We ran off to the south slowly all day, following the edge of the ice-pack. September 12th, in the forenoon the wind was light, all quarters, with some fog. In the afternoon, the wind breezing up fresh from west to northwest, we steered from west and northwest, the Orca in company with us. At 7 P.M. we sighted the steamer Jeannette cutting in a whale off a point of ice in Lat. $71^{\circ} 10' N.$; Long. $172^{\circ} W.$ September 13th, the wind shifted to light south at daylight, and we lowered boats for several whales. The Jeannette struck and got one. It came in thick fog and the boats came aboard. At 5 P.M. the fog having cleared, we saw more whales, lowered boats, and chased until dark without success. We saw the steamers Thrasher and Orca also chasing whales.

September 14th, fore part was thick fog; wind southeast, light. At 7 A.M. it cleared a little and we saw whales and lowered boats. The larboard bow boat, in charge of sixth mate, struck and killed a whale which sank to the bottom in thirty fathoms of water. One iron and line not deemed sufficiently strong to haul him to the surface, the mate tried to send another harpoon into him by putting a heavy iron weight on a harpoon with line attached, guided by hauling taut the line that was already fast to the whale. This custom of getting the second harpoon and line to a sunken whale has been successfully accomplished in almost every case, but somehow this time, the second harpoon in going down cut off the line already in the whale and we lost him. Surely the hardest kind of luck has followed us. We have lost three out of every four whales harpooned and already have lost more whales on this one voyage than in all my previous voyages combined. Mr. West, who has been getting along nicely, is now troubled with bed sores on his back and shoulders, re-

quiring all our skill in combating this new evil. Luckily we have abundance of charcoal and flaxseed meal with which twice each day we make up poultices and apply to the afflicted parts. The healing of these is even more work than the healing of the amputated parts. The shoulder where the arm was cut off is now almost entirely healed. So thoroughly was the wound cleaned that but one piece of bone about a half-inch in length came out during the healing process. We now insist on Mr. West taking more exercise, much against his will, but, believing the bed sores are occasioned by stagnant blood from want of exercise, we insist on his exercising as much as his condition will allow.

September 15th, fine, wind light, north. At 7 A.M. we lowered boats for a lone whale, but they came aboard at 10, as they could not fasten. At 11 A.M. we again lowered for several whales. Orca struck and saved one. Our boats chased until 5 P.M., when they came aboard quite disheartened. At 7 P.M. we lowered boats again and chased until darkness came on, with no results. Three steamers were in sight. September 16th, fresh breeze northeast, and cloudy. At 5 A.M. we lowered boats for one whale, but could not fasten. The steamer Orca got one. We have looked on while the Orca has taken two whales and the Jeannette one, but have been unable to get one ourselves, showing how exasperating this work is. September 17th, fine, but very cold, and wind north and light. At 7 A.M. we lowered boats for a whale. The starboard boat, in charge of Mr. Cottle, succeeded in harpooning one. When he fastened, it was a great sight, for the whale turned so quickly when he felt the harpoon that the line leading through the bow of the boat, called chocks, came out of its place and went clear to the stern where a turn of the line was around the loggerhead, held by the boat-steerer, and he hung on the turn causing the boat to be towed stern first instead of head on. The way the water and small pieces of ice were flying over that boat was amazing to watch.

I knew Cottle would never cut line as long as the boat was afloat, but I did feel that the whale might get under some of the big floes of ice and take the line all out end for end before assistance came to him. The whale was running at such speed that it was impossible to haul line, particularly so in this case, as it could not well be got at. All the boats tried their best with sail and oars to get near enough to render assistance. The starboard bow boat, in charge of the fourth officer, accidentally got between the boat and the whale, and before they could get out of the way the starboard boat went right through the starboard bow boat, throwing the whole crew into the icy waters. Other boats picked up the crew while the steamer and loose boats pursued the whale. The steamer, with a full head of steam, got between the whale and all large pieces of ice, and with the noise she made with the propeller succeeded in keeping the whale in open water. After three hours' chase the larboard boat succeeded in harpooning him. Then, and not until then, did Mr. Cottle succeed in getting his line forward so he could haul in to get his boat near enough to kill the whale. Both boats being now fastened to him, we soon had the satisfaction of seeing the red blood going into the air, signifying he had his death-wound. The stoven boat was then picked up by the steamer, and soon we saw the small red flag up from Mr. Cottle's boat as a signal for us to come and take the whale alongside. We finished cutting in at 5 P.M., stowed the bone below, and started the try-works to boil out the blubber, estimating some hundred and twenty barrels of oil and about twenty-three hundred pounds of bone. Truly this was an exciting day. It began to look as if it was almost impossible for us to get a whale. Lat. $70^{\circ} 58' N.$; Long. $171^{\circ} 55' W.$

September 18th was very cold, with north wind light, the steamer under sail cruising and boiling oil. At 11 A.M. Captain Slocum, of the bark Horatio, came aboard and gave us twenty-five boxes of potatoes. At

4 P.M. we lowered boats for a bowhead, but he was too far to the windward and the boats could not get to him before darkness set in. We learned that the Orca and the Jeannette have each taken three whales since coming over to westward. Lat. $70^{\circ} 50' N.$; Long. $172^{\circ} W.$

September 19th, all the steamers from Point Barrow came along and spoke to us and reported none had taken any whales since we left Point Barrow. We started for Herald Island, steaming to W.S.W. Sunday, the 20th, there was a thick snowstorm. Four steamers were in sight. The Thrasher and Orca had gone to Herald Island. September 21st we also steamed for Herald Island, wind W.N.W. light. At 6 P.M. we came to solid pack-ice about twenty-five miles from the island. We cruised along the edge of the pack, Herald Island in sight. The steamers Thrasher and Beluga lowered boats, but got nothing.

September 22d, thick snow, with northeast wind, until 9 A.M. when it cleared a little. We saw the steamers Beluga and Thrasher with boats harpoon whales, but they lost them; later the Orca got one. Eight steamers are cruising along the edge of the ice east of Herald Island. September 23d, a gale of wind from the south; four steamers in sight. At 2 P.M. we saw a whale going quickly, but the weather was too bad to lower boats. September 24th, strong west wind and clear; we saw five steamers, and at 9 A.M. lowered all boats for two whales. The larboard bow boat, in charge of fourth officer, capsized, all the crew being saved. This boat's crew have now been overboard in the icy waters twice within a week. No ill effects, however, have been noticed. The boats all came aboard at noon, but with no whale. At 1 P.M. we lowered four boats for more whales, but they returned at dark without any. The steamer Orca harpooned one and lost it; the steamer Karluk got one. Lat. $71^{\circ} 20' N.$; Long. $172^{\circ} 40' W.$

September 25th, it snowed all day. Captain Smith,

of the steamer Narwhal, and McGregor, of the Orca, came aboard in the evening. September 27th it blew a gale from the north, very cold. The steamer was close to the southern edge of the ice-pack, very smooth. At 8 A.M. the larboard boat harpooned a whale, which went under the ice-pack taking the darting gun, harpoon, and three hundred fathoms of line attached. We looked for him for hours, but never saw him again. Whales going under the ice with line attached make it a rule to come out again after a short time into clear water, but this fellow was an exception to the rule, so we lost him. At 3 P.M. we lowered boats for several whales. The starboard bow boat harpooned one, but the harpoon did not hold, and so we lost him. Two whales lost this day — hard luck! Three steamers were in sight. Lat. 71° N.; Long. $173^{\circ} 50'$ W. September 29th, six steamers were in sight. We lowered three times during the day, without success. We saw the Belvedere get a whale. We steamed northwest from 5 P.M. to 2 A.M. of the 30th. Captain Smith, of the Narwhal, came aboard in the evening. At 7 P.M. we lowered for a whale, with same result — got nothing. The steamer Narwhal darted at a whale, but did not fasten.

October 1st, the wind was light southwest. We gammed the Orca and the Narwhal. They reported seeing two barks to eastward boiling out blubber. At midnight a whale came close to the steamer. October 2d, the Orca and the Narwhal in sight, we all lowered boats for whales. October 4th the boats chased whales from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M., without getting near enough to dart at one. Lat. $70^{\circ} 30'$ N.; Long. 172° W. October 5th, we spoke the steamer Thrasher and saw the Narwhal take a whale. October 6th, at 3 P.M. we lowered boats for a whale, but without success; wind was southeast light. Five steamers in sight. From the 6th to the 10th we saw no whales. It snowed most of the time with northeast wind. October 10th, steering

southwest with a gale from the northeast, at 10 A.M. we passed Cape Lisbourne, steering S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. for Behring Straits. The Karluk was in sight. October 11th, fresh breeze blowing west. At 11 A.M. we arrived off the settlement at East Cape, the northwest point of Behring Straits: lot of ice about. We landed two natives who lived here, Opillow and Ozak, and paid them in trade for their work. The wind breezing from the southeast, we steamed into St. Lawrence Bay and anchored for the night. There was plenty of drift ice all over the bay and straits. October 13th, at 3 A.M. the wind was north and we started through the straits. At 3 P.M. we arrived at Indian Point, the southwest point of Behring Straits. The steamers Orca and Narwhal were at anchor there. The wind blowing strong, with snow, we anchored for an hour, but it was so rough that no boats could come from shore, so we got under way and shaped our course for the Aleutian Island passes. Mr. West's arm has entirely healed, and we took off the last bandage this day. Three large bed sores on his back at one time seriously threatened to be even harder than the arm to heal, but have now all healed; though the patient is very thin, his general health seems to be good. From June until October he has been constantly attended, and it is a great satisfaction to feel that, with the exception of his losing one arm, he is in good health and spirits again. It is a reward sufficient to repay all our anxieties to know that our labors have been crowned with success.

October 14th and 15th, steering S.S.E. by compass, with weather thick, snow-squalls frequent, and wind blowing a gale from the north, at 3 P.M. on the 15th we passed St. Matthew's Island and changed course to S.E. by E. by compass. October 16th, it was calm and thick. We steamed all day steering S.E. by E. October 17th, we passed St. Paul Island, one of the Pribilof group where the herds of fur seals are found, for which every ten years the government sells rights to kill and

skin a certain number every year. In the afternoon of the 17th, it blew a gale from the northwest. We were obliged to heave to under lower main topsail. October 18th, it was still blowing, and, although we saw a right whale, there was too much wind to admit of lowering boats. Right whales are found in the waters of southern Alaska, Okhotsk and Japan Seas, and along the coast of Kamchatka and Greenland. They usually on an average yield as much oil as the Arctic whale called the bowhead, but only about one half the quantity of bone, and the last as a rule sells for twenty-five to fifty cents less per pound than the Arctic whalebone. The gales continued with snow until the 21st, when the weather moderated. There was a heavy swell, however. We steamed to S.S.E. and at 11 A.M. we got through Onimak Pass between Onimak Island and Akontan. The weather was thick, rainy, and moderate. Steering southeast, at dark we were forty-five miles southeast of the Aleutian island of Onimak, out in the broad Pacific. Our trials with ice and the dangers therefrom, which we have encountered since leaving the Pacific in March, 1894, until this our first appearance south of the Arctic Circle, are now forgotten. We are eagerly looking for a quick run of the two thousand miles which now lie between us and civilization. Among the waters we have navigated safely for nearly three years there has been no beacon to warn us of shoals and dangers by day and no lighthouses to shed their rays upon the dark vault of heavens at night. To aid us in the Arctic, we have not had the help civilization gives. Anxiously will we look, hailing with delight the first sight of that light flash from the lighthouse off the Golden Gate, for that was the last light we have seen since December, 1893, when, as we began this voyage, it sank below the eastern horizon. We who have braved the perils of the Arctic feel, when the Aleutian Islands are passed and the broad Pacific has once more opened up to us, that it is only a question of a short time when

we shall be at our destination. The customs which have predominated and been carried out to the letter, such as officers and boat-steerers on the bow at night and in the crow's-nest by day to give timely notice by their experienced watchfulness to the officer or captain on the quarter-deck of any dangerous ice that might damage the ship — to those experienced men who each night take their stations on the bows in a great measure is due the success of the voyage in giving timely warning of danger — all this is changed. The sailors in the forecastle are now put on the lookout and those trusty officers and boat-steerers for the first time since March, 1894, are able to come on deck and take the watch without having to go on the bows. All feeling of danger has thereby been eliminated, as it is considered so much less dangerous from now on than before. Although the ordinary perils of the sea are to be encountered, yet on each and every member's countenance and in their talk one can see the thankfulness that this danger is passed.

October 24th, 25th, and 26th we employed in washing bone and cleaning ship. The weather was fine until the morning of the 26th, when we encountered the heaviest sea in a violent storm from the southeast that we have been through on the whole voyage. The wind increasing to almost hurricane velocity by noon, everything was battened down securely to prevent water getting down below; our boats, with extra lashings to secure them, were tugging away — seemingly with such a sea it was impossible to keep them. All sail was taken off and the vessel tossed about at will by the massive sea breaking over her that seemed bent upon engulfing her. Oil bags were put over on the windward side to prevent the huge seas breaking upon us. They helped very much to smooth the breaking waves, but notwithstanding, on the morning of the 27th a huge comber broke into and carried away our larboard boat and broke the waist boat badly. It moderated in the

afternoon and we resumed our course for San Francisco.

October 30th, we finished scraping and oiling the spars and painted some amidships. The fine steamer looks now very presentable, showing no marks to indicate the three years' toil and danger of the Arctic.

November 2, 1896, the weather was fine. We bundled the bone, putting it in hundred-pound bunches, and lashing it securely for trans-shipment by rail to New Bedford. The bone aboard weighed 9800 pounds. We had sent down, on the voyage, ⁸11,000 pounds, making a total of a little over twenty thousand pounds; the work of three years in oil was about one thousand barrels. At 6.30 P.M. the glad sound of 'Light ahead!' came, and the flashes of the Farallone Light were distinctly seen twenty miles ahead.

So, on November 3d, at 7 A.M. the good steamer Navarch of New Bedford let go anchor in San Francisco Harbor after a cruise of nearly three years in the Arctic. The voyage was an unprofitable one, the gross stock hardly reaching one hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. West at my request went to the hospital so that the physicians there might make an examination of the stump of the arm, so that we might know if another operation would be necessary; in fact, to have those competent to pass upon it. After a thorough examination they told Mr. West that nothing more was needed to be done, that he would never have any trouble with it, and praised the work, saying it had been done in a very satisfactory manner considering the conditions. Mr. West is still living, a resident of Harwich, Massachusetts, and still follows the sea, where he has served for many years as first or second officer of some of the largest of our coasting vessels. The Navarch, after discharging the bone and oil, was put over in Oakland for the winter, while Mrs. Cook, having terminated her first voyage at sea, proceeded with me across the country to our home at Provincetown, Massachusetts.

CHAPTER X

FROM NORWAY TO BEHRING SEA IN THE BOWHEAD

THE three years' voyage in the *Navarch* having terminated, I decided that the summer of 1897 should be spent on the land; for continuous sea-voyaging had been my career since entering it in boyhood. Not a summer had I seen ashore since 1869, so I was determined to stop ashore this summer of 1897.

The fleet of Arctic whalers sailed from San Francisco in February and March of 1897 and comprised those vessels that had come down in the fall previous. The *Navarch*, under the command of another man, was among the number. It is wonderful how attached one will get to his ship. When the time came for them to sail, I was scarcely contented to let another command the *Navarch*, the vessel I owned in and that I had commanded for three years. And when she sailed from 'Frisco I wondered if she would weather the dangers of the Arctic and return the same trim craft that had carried me safely so many thousands of miles. I fully made up my mind to stop ashore for one summer, however.

But as the summer passed and news came from time to time of the success that attended the fleet in the Arctic, I could hardly restrain myself to wait until another season before I should be among them. In early September the news came that the *Navarch*, the pride of the fleet, had been nipped in the ice, carried north of Point Barrow by the treacherous currents found there, and abandoned by the captain and crew. The captain and his wife, together with some of the crew, were rescued after enduring untold hardships on the ice-floes, while about fourteen of the brave

fellows died from exposure. Thus my good ship and some of the crew who had been with me for years paid the toll and were reckoned with the scores, yea, hundreds, of brave men and staunch ships who have gone before. Again, a little later, the news came that many vessels were caught in the ice close by Point Barrow and would be obliged to winter there. Some of the vessels, two steamers, the Orca and J. H. Freeman, had been crushed and sunk, the crews escaping, however, to the whaling station at Cape Smythe, where they were housed. Provision for this vast army of destitute seamen was a question and a great problem, indeed most difficult of solution. There were the crews of the Belvedere, J. H. Freeman, Orca, Rosario, Fearless, and Newport, and a portion of the survivors of the Navarch, in all about two hundred and fifty men. An officer named Walker, from the Orca, started to make the trip to San Francisco by way of the Mackenzie River, to enlist aid in getting provisions, while Mr. George F. Tilton started by dog-sled to tramp to southern Alaska for the same purpose. Those two men, taking different routes, both with the same object in view, started from Cape Smythe, near Point Barrow on October 1, 1897, and reached San Francisco in March, 1898. Mr. Tilton on his route met the Government expedition commanded by Lieutenant Jarvis, which was sent out by the United States Government after those of the whaling fleet who were not marooned, but, arriving at San Francisco November 1st, reported that undoubtedly those other vessels with their crews were sadly in need of provisions at Point Barrow. The U.S.S. Bear, under Captain Tuttle, a man who for years had patrolled the Arctic waters, set out from 'Frisco to carry relief to the stranded whalers. Steaming north across the Behring Sea in December, he encountered ice in such quantities before he reached as far north as Cape Nome as to hinder his progress, and he accordingly landed a

party outfitted with sleds and dogs, commanded by Lieutenant Jarvis to tramp to Point Barrow. From Cape Prince of Wales they took with them a herd of tame reindeer, driving them ahead by the aid of herdsmen who had been in charge of the deer for some time, and a Mr. Lopp, a missionary who was also skilled in that work. The Bear landed their party on a peninsula just north of Nunivak Island. The steamer went back to the nearest port, Unalaska, for the winter, while the expedition traveled northward. Mr. Tilton met them well on their way in the vicinity of Kotzebue Sound. The Government expedition succeeded in reaching Cape Smythe and were the means of giving relief and provisions to all the stranded ones. Mr. Tilton pressed on to the south, encountering many obstacles and suffering serious exposure, and finally in March he reached Portland, Oregon, and the news was flashed to those interested of the fate of the ships and crews. Those trips tested the hardihood of the men. Mr. Walker arrived at San Francisco a few weeks later in March than did Mr. Tilton.

The Government expedition had arrived at Cape Smythe with aid for the shipwrecked crews in an opportune time, as provisions had come to be very short. The deer were killed from time to time as required, thus saving them from suffering for lack of food. The Bear, as soon as spring opened, pressed north through the ice, and in July, 1898, she arrived at Cape Smythe, took her own men and those whalemen who desired to go down to their homes. As the most of the fleet were either marooned or lost, I saw no chance of getting a vessel for the summer of 1898.

My year ashore had been long enough, and I now desired to start on another cruise. The first thing to do was to find a vessel. I soon learned that in Norway steamers built for sealing and ice navigation were being disposed of at bargains. In correspondence with parties in Norway, I learned they were very desirous

of selling a vessel called the *Haardraada*. I soon found friends willing to invest, and accordingly in November, 1897, started for Norway to purchase a vessel. My passage was from New York to Liverpool and to London, thence to Norway; arriving there at Sandefjord, I lost no time in purchasing the *Haardraada*. Leaving instructions as to what to do to fit her out and load vessel, I started homeward for the purpose of getting officers and harpooners, or, as we term them, boat-steerers, of experience in the whaling business. Arriving at New Bedford, I quickly secured the services of five mates and five boat-steerers who were skillful in the use of the harpoon; I then bought my boats and whaling-gear, together with provisions and all the stores wanted for a year's cruise in the Arctic, my men agreeing to a two-year contract to whale in the Arctic Ocean and Japan grounds. The supplies of every nature I sent by steamer to Yokohama, Japan, while the boats I sent by steamer to Suez to be put off at Port Said so that we might take them there and fit them up on our passage out.

Everything being completed, our men left New York for Christiania, Norway, on December 25, 1897, while I, accompanied by my wife and one daughter eighteen years of age, started on the steamer *St. Paul* from New York for London.

After two days in London, making purchases necessary for the voyage, we took steamer direct for Gottenburg, Sweden, thence by rail to Christiania, where we tarried one day, then went on to Sandefjord, where we found our men, who had sailed direct from New York. The *Haardraada*, renamed the *Bowhead*, lay all loaded and ready for a start. This vessel was bark-rigged, of five hundred tons capacity, with an auxiliary steam engine which would drive her at about eight knots an hour in calm weather, and was very strongly built to combat the ice-floes. With the single exception of Hansen's vessel, the *Fram*, the *Bow-*

head was said to be the strongest built vessel in Norway.

We were now all ready to start on our long passage to the Arctic by the way of the Suez Canal. My daughter, who had just finished high school at Provincetown, never having been out of her State before, conceived the idea that she would like a practical insight of other parts of the world. This voyage of two years' duration, covering as it did the passage from New York to London, thence to Sweden and Norway, then aboard of her own vessel across the North Sea down through the English Channel, the Bay of Biscay, through the Straits of Gibraltar, the Mediterranean Sea, and Suez Canal, the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, thence passing the length of the Straits of Malacca out into the China and Japan Seas, up the coast of Japan to Yokohama, stopping on passage at Gibraltar, Port Said, Ismailia, Suez, Singapore, and Yokohama, presented such attractions that it prompted her to come with us. Mrs. Cook, who had already completed one voyage of almost three years, naturally was pleased to have her daughter with her on the trip.

Just before starting from Norway, I was accosted by an English pilot with the question if I desired a pilot to take me through the English Channel. I replied in the negative, upon which the following conversation took place:

'Do you know, sir, that at this time of year navigation of the English Channel is most difficult? I have just brought a vessel into Christiania, and am anxious to get back. I will pilot you through the North Sea and the English Channel to Dungeness, which is on the west side of the Channel, for the small sum of fifty dollars, so anxious am I to get back.'

To this I replied: 'I am not unaware of the great dangers attending the navigation of the North Sea, with its storms and currents; also I am familiar with the number of wrecks in the English Channel in the

winter months. I sail, sir, to-morrow, the 12th day of January, 1898. Your price of fifty dollars is cheap enough, but, sir, every dollar I have is invested in this ship and voyage. My whole family accompanies me. I carry no marine or life insurance. I must therefore decline your services, as I cannot afford to lose this vessel.'

The pilot, upon hearing this, became full of wrath, accusing me of insulting him and his profession. So angry did he become that I ventured to remind him that I had no apologies to offer, that I stood by what I said; also that he or a pilot might lose my vessel, but I knew I would not. He then asked me if I had ever been through the English Channel in midwinter, to which I replied, 'No, this is my first time in these waters,' to which he said, 'And you think your vessel safer in an inexperienced man's hands than to have a man in charge who has had a lifetime's experience in taking vessels through these waters!'

Having no more time to argue with him, I simply finished with these words, 'You have my answer; now, shut up!'

He went away grumbling. The last words I heard were, 'Just like all Yankees, full of self-esteem. But he will come to grief before he finishes this passage.'

I had always learned to depend on myself. My Arctic Ocean experience, where buoys and lighthouses and pilots are unknown, had especially fitted me for this work. I had studied the charts, mapped out my course, and I believed I could safely navigate the vessel to her destination. I had everything at stake — my family, my money, all.

The morning of January 12, 1898, found us early under way, bound on our long passage to the Arctic by way of the Suez Canal. The morning of the 13th it was blowing a gale, and the steamer, unable to make progress, hove to, with the weather very thick. We found our steward was not capable of preparing good

food, which caused me much uneasiness, as poor food is not to be tolerated for a long time aboard ship. All through the day and night of the 13th, the gale, continuing with unabated force, drove our ship directly away from where we were bound, until the afternoon of the 14th, when we saw the land near the harbor of Tragnaford, where we had started steaming. Just before darkness set in, we succeeded in casting anchor in smooth water in a land-locked harbor. Thus not only were we favored in getting away from the turbulent waters, but we also would be able to discharge the steward and perhaps get one that could give us some food we could eat. The gale continued to howl outside and we were thankful to have a safe harbor.

On the morning of the 15th we discharged the steward and shipped another one. Weather still storming did not permit us to proceed to sea until the 17th, when, wind and rain having subsided, we put to sea, and steered for the English Channel, with all sail out and a full head of steam, course S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Our new steward gave us a fine dinner this day, the first good meal we have had aboard ship. January 20th, my daughter Emma was nineteen years of age. The weather was thick, with a strong head wind, making progress slow. January 25th, wind west, quite strong, with dense fog; course southwest. At 1 A.M. we supposed we were about off Smith Knoll Lightship, at the entrance to the English Channel. We steered S.W. by W., sounding frequently. We had not had an observation since leaving Norway.

At 8 A.M. in thick fog a pilot boat came alongside and asked us to give him some coal for fuel, which we did. He told us we were abreast the mouth of the Thames River. At 11 A.M. the weather cleared. Many steamers were in sight. With a course of S.S.W., we passed Long Sand Lightship, and at 1 P.M. the harbor of Dover. The sea was nearly calm. At 11 P.M. we passed Dungeness. This is the point where

the pilots leave vessels westward bound and where pilots come on board of vessels bound into the Channel, and is the place the pilot I saw in Norway offered to take me for the sum of fifty dollars. I had successfully piloted my vessel thus far in safety. Our course was then changed to $W.\frac{1}{2}S.$ Many ships were in sight, sailing vessels, steamers, and fishermen. January 26th, light air, course $W.\frac{1}{2}S.$, smooth sea. January 27th, light baffling winds. It is over two weeks since we sailed from Norway and we have not yet been able to get an observation, all reckoning being by dead reckoning: Lat. D.R. $49^{\circ} 28' N.$; Long. $5^{\circ} E.$ January 28th, thick weather, heavy swell; indications of a storm brewing; course $S.W.\frac{1}{2}S.W.$, averaging about six knots an hour. January 29th, heavy head sea, with light west wind; course $S.W.\frac{1}{2}W.$ Some steamers passed to-day. No observation since we sailed from Norway. Lat. D.R. $47^{\circ} 50' N.$; Long. $7^{\circ} 5' W.$ January 30th, strong breeze $W.S.W.$ We could make no progress steaming, so set square sails, ship close-hauled on port tack, heading $N.W.$ by $W.$ We could not afford to burn coal when we could make so little headway. At 1 P.M. we went around on the starboard tack. Coal used since leaving Norway, seventy-five tons. Lat. D.R. $46^{\circ} 31' N.$; Long. $8^{\circ} 40' W.$

January 31st, Monday, opened with a calm and smooth sea. With all sails furled, we steamed full speed at the rate of seven and one half knots per hour, course southwest. At noon we were able to get an observation for the first time since leaving Norway. It gave us Lat. $44^{\circ} 58' N.$; Long. $9^{\circ} W.$ February 1st was calm, but with thick fog; course $S.S.W.$ We started the carpenter at work building a new wheel-house. At 7 A.M. we set all sail, wind breezing up from the north — we are to economize fuel when wind will admit of our sailing; course $S.S.W.$ at 11 A.M. one steamer passed. The afternoon was clear and foggy by turns. Lat. $43^{\circ} 15' N.$; Long. $10^{\circ} 50' W.$

Wednesday, February 2, 1898, began with fine weather; wind freshening from N. by E. Course S. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. At noon it blew away the foretopgallant sail, and we bent another. Lat. $40^{\circ} 40' N.$; Long. $11^{\circ} 07' W.$ Carpenter at work on wheelhouse. Thursday, February 3d, strong breeze from north, course south. All sail set making ten knots per hour. At noon burst foretopgallant sail and in the afternoon, steering S.S.E. we bent another foretopgallant sail. Later the wind moderated. Lat. $37^{\circ} 29' N.$; Long. $9^{\circ} 57' W.$ At 11 A.M. we passed Cape Vincent, southwest part of Portugal, steering S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. for Gibraltar, wind light, northwest. Many steamers passed by.

Friday, February 4th, fine weather, smooth sea, wind light northwest; course S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. through the straits of Gibraltar. Latter part of the day calm. Lat. $36^{\circ} 33' N.$; Long. $7^{\circ} 40' W.$ All the sailors were employed overhauling blocks; carpenter building wheelhouse. Saturday, February 5th, began with pleasant weather, fresh northwest wind, course E. by S. At 11 A.M. we anchored off the town of Gibraltar; wind blowing a gale from northwest. We went ashore and procured an abundance of fruit and vegetables. Here we enjoyed sight-seeing very much indeed. The fortress was a wonder to us. In the bay or harbor were vessels of almost every nationality. As our vessel, the Bowhead, though owned by the citizens of United States, was a foreign-built ship, and could not be registered under the American flag, we were obliged to register her under the Argentine flag, having Buenos Ayres as her hailing port. At this, our first port of call, we had our first difficulty under foreign registry. As we were only to stop a few hours here, I did not take the trouble to look up the Argentine Consul, but entered and cleared at the customs without reporting to the Consul. He, learning that a vessel from the country he represented was in the bay, looked me up as I was about to depart, and informed

me that I had subjected my vessel to a penalty by not doing my business through him. I replied that I had no business, merely stopped to see the sights and procure some fruit. He fined me three hundred and fifty dollars. As he with much authority named these figures, I answered him with these words, 'Charge it up! You may collect it in the next world, but never in this.' A more angry official I never met, and the last words I heard him utter were that I would be reported for my insolence and breach of the Argentine laws to the home government and dealt with by them as I deserved; after which I went aboard and got the steamer under way, feeling that I had better get to sea before any more complications should arise.

Sunday, February 6, 1898, we were out in the Mediterranean Sea with pleasant weather and a good leading breeze from northwest. At noon the wind veered around from northwest to east, blowing strong. Steaming east, scarcely any headway could be made against the strong wind. In the afternoon, the wind moderating, we set fore and aft sails trying to beat to windward under steam and sail. Lat. obs. $35^{\circ} 50' N.$; Long. $3^{\circ} 36' W.$ Monday, February 7th, fine weather, with light breeze from southwest; course $E. \frac{1}{2} S.$ We stopped steaming in the afternoon, with all sail out. We are economizing on fuel. Lat. obs. $36^{\circ} 24' N.$; Long. $1^{\circ} 32' W.$

Tuesday, February 8th, light wind west; pleasant weather and smooth sea; course $E. \frac{1}{2} S.$ At 9 A.M. the wind shifted to east. We furled all sail, steaming to east, with coast of Africa in sight about twenty miles distant. Two steamers passed, steering west. Carpenter kept at work on new wheelhouse, and sailors were employed scraping spars and iron work. Lat. obs. $36^{\circ} 39' N.$; Long. $53' E.$

Wednesday, the 9th, was calm with heavy swell; course east. The swell was from the east; land in sight. Passed Algiers, fifteen miles distant. In the

afternoon rain-squalls. Carpenter at work on wheel-house, and sailors employed at various jobs. Two steamers passed going west. Lat. obs. $37^{\circ} 10' N.$; Long. $3^{\circ} 52' E.$

Thursday it was blowing strong; from N.N.E.; heavy sea; course east. At 2.30 P.M. we stopped steaming, and put all sail on. When there is wind enough to drive the vessel at eight knots undersail, we do not use the engine, as we wish to save coal. At 6 P.M. Cape Bougaroun Light bore S.W. by S. eighteen miles. Lat. obs. $37^{\circ} 33' N.$; Long. $5^{\circ} 35' E.$ Friday, February 10th, wind northeast, fresh breeze, with heavy swell. We steamed until 10 A.M. when the wind shifting to north, we set all sail steering E. by S. At noon we passed within a distance of one mile of the south side of Galita Island. Lat. $37^{\circ} 29' N.$; Long. $9^{\circ} 09' E.$ At 8 P.M. passed by Cape Blanco, and 10.30 Cani Isle Light at the mouth of the Gulf of Tunis. Course E. by S.

Saturday, February 12th, weather fine with light breeze from north and smooth sea. At 5 A.M. we passed by Cape Bon, course southeast. At noon we passed close by island of Panderella. Several steamers were in sight, and we saw one Italian bark, bound to northward. Lat. $36^{\circ} 38' N.$; Long. $11^{\circ} 50' E.$ Sunday, the 13th of February, the course was S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. under sail and steam; wind light north. At 2 A.M. we passed to the east of Linosia Island Light, and at 10 A.M. sighted the Island of Malta about twenty miles distant. Lat. obs. $35^{\circ} 37' N.$; Long. $13^{\circ} 50' E.$

Monday, February 14th, wind was northwest, light, with fine weather and smooth sea. The engineers were cleaning the boiler. Sailors and carpenter at work fitting vessel for whaling. Lat. $34^{\circ} 52' N.$; Long. $15^{\circ} 35' E.$ Tuesday, the 15th, calm until noon, then light breeze southwest; course E. by S. The carpenter was employed cutting a place out of rail and bulwarks about seven feet in length for gangway to cut in whales;

this is on the starboard side just forward of the main rigging. Lat. $34^{\circ} 28' N.$; Long. $16^{\circ} 50' E.$

Wednesday, the 16th, rain, with light wind, all quarters. Steaming, course E. by S. No observation. Thursday, the 17th, light wind, southwest, cloudy weather. Steaming E. by $\frac{1}{2}S.$ We passed four steamers. At 4 P.M. the breeze freshening we stopped steaming and let her proceed under sail. We lost one of the main hatches overboard. Lat. D.R. $34^{\circ} 14' N.$; Long. $21^{\circ} 32' E.$ Friday, the 18th, rain, with fresh breeze; course S.W.E. The middle and latter part of the day the weather was fine, with fresh breeze W.N.W. and very rough sea; course S.E. by E. Lat. obs. $33^{\circ} 56' N.$; Long. $34^{\circ} 20' E.$ Saturday, February 19th, in the morning light air southwest, in the afternoon quite fresh breeze south; course S.E. by E. We passed four steamers bound to westward. All hands were employed setting up all the standing rigging and head gear. Lat. obs. $33^{\circ} 05' N.$; Long. $27^{\circ} E.$ at 3 P.M. Sunday, February 20th, calm; steaming S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}E.$ Many steamers were seen to-day. Lat. obs. $32^{\circ} 19' N.$; Long. $29^{\circ} 30' E.$

Monday, February 21st, strong breeze east; course S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}E.$ At noon we passed Damietta Lighthouse. At 5 P.M. we took aboard a pilot, and at 6.30 moored our ship in Port Said Harbor, entrance to Suez Canal. We had made a safe if not quick passage through the boisterous weather of the North Sea and the Bay of Biscay. Our navigation had enabled us to pass through the English Channel in safety, and we had also succeeded in passing through the Straits of Gibraltar and Mediterranean Sea, without mischance. It was with a great deal of rejoicing that we were now moored in a smooth harbor to enjoy for a few days the sights and have a change in our table fare.

Tuesday, February 22d. We have all enjoyed our stay here, and the many sights to see. One feels as he gazes upon the work of the canal that the undertaking was indeed guided by a great mind. The coaling of

steamers, as they stopped to replenish their bunkers, was done in a manner to attract our attention. In small baskets, about forty to fifty pounds in a basket, the coal was carried on the heads of the men, but was dumped very fast, as a line of men kept pouring in the coal, so that a stream of coal was going down all the time. We took in two hundred and twenty-five tons to-day, and rigged in our jib-boom preparatory to going through the canal under our own steam. The weather is very warm. At 6.30 P.M. we anchored off the town of Ismailia, about halfway through the canal. We passed many steamers to-day.

Wednesday, February 23d. After anchoring, all who wished went ashore to see the town, returning before daybreak the next day. There was not much of interest to see: about the same as at Port Said. Thursday, 24th, at 6 A.M. a pilot came aboard, and we at once up anchor and started steaming for Suez. We completed our trip through the Mediterranean Sea and Suez Canal without accident. All hands are busily engaged rigging out jib-boom and putting the vessel in proper shape for a sea voyage again, as to-morrow we start on the passage through the Red Sea.

Friday, February 25th, at 6 A.M. we hove up anchor, leaving the old town of Suez behind, steering south, down through the Gulf of Suez to the Red Sea. Wind northwest, quite fresh; weather hazy and very warm.

Saturday, February 26th, wind northwest, strong breeze; course S.E. by S. At 6 A.M. we passed Ras Gharib Light. Morning was calm and very hot. At 2.30 P.M. we passed Ashfan Light and two steamers. The carpenter was employed making oak bearers for our whaleboats, while the officers were busy fitting up and painting them, we having taken the boats aboard at Port Said where they were brought to us from New York on the deck of a freight steamer. The boats being new required to have all the appurtenances for holding the tackle for whaling; hence each officer was eager, while

the good weather lasted, to have his boat's tackle all ready to pursue the whale, and the harpooners or boat-steerers, as they are called aboard of a whaler, have been equally busy sharpening harpoons and fixing the same on poles. In fact, each is getting his end in readiness. The first mate has the port quarter boat; the second mate the next one forward called the waist boat, the third mate the forward one, called the port bow boat, while the fourth mate has the starboard quarter boat, and the fifth mate the forward boat on the starboard side called the starboard bow boat. The gangway where the whales' blubber is taken is between the starboard and starboard bow boats. The sailors have been reeving new lanyards and setting up fore rigging. At 8 P.M. the light on Shadwan Island bore W.S.W. five miles distant from which I shaped my course S.S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. to the Brothers, eighty-three miles distant.

Sunday, 27th, light north wind. At 5 A.M. stopped steaming, and blew down the boiler for repairs. On a course S.S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. under sail, we passed within a mile of the Brothers, a rocky coral islet with a lighthouse on it. Lat. $26^{\circ} 10' N.$; Long. $34^{\circ} 55' E.$

Monday, the 28th, very light breeze north. We are still under sail. The engineers are repairing and cleaning the boiler, and all hands on deck at work on standing rigging, the carpenter fitting bearers and cranes for boats. At 10 P.M. passed Dedalur Reef. Lat. $25^{\circ} 16' N.$; Long. $35^{\circ} 41' E.$ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 1st and 2d, we finished repairs on the boiler and proceeded under steam. At 10 A.M. of the 2d, three steamers passed by. Thursday, March 3d, all the firemen gave out, overcome by the intense heat. Sailors were called on to do the firing, being on duty for thirty-minute intervals. In the afternoon I sent O. Bredo Veggjar to the forecastle as a sailor, he having expressed a desire to make the change, and took L. A. Christiansen from the forecastle to the fire-room.

March 4th, Lat. $19^{\circ} 08' N.$; Long. $39^{\circ} 45' E.$; course S.S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. March 5th, calm. Lat. $17^{\circ} 32' N.$; Long. $40^{\circ} 18' E.$ Sunday, March 6th, monsoon breezed up strong from south; course S.S.E. Two steamers passed. L. A. Christiansen gave up to-day, unable to fire longer. Lat. $16^{\circ} 10' N.$; Long. $41^{\circ} 24' E.$ March 7th, strong breeze S.S.E.; course S.S.E. At 5 A.M. we passed Jebel Tier Island, and at 3.30 Quoin Island, the northern islet of the Eebajir group. Lat. $15^{\circ} 12' N.$; Long. $42^{\circ} 02' E.$; wind S.S.E. strong breeze and heavy head sea; course S.S.E.

Tuesday, March 8th, at daybreak the wind increased to moderate gale from S.S.E. We could make no headway against the strong breeze, so set all sail and stopped steaming, ship standing over toward the west shore of the Red Sea. At 3 P.M. sighted the coast between Ras Sirbut and the island of Jest Kurdumiyat. We tried to anchor, but could not find shelter, so took in sail and steamed along the coast looking for anchorage until after the strong breeze should moderate. All day and night we steamed with but little headway. March 9th, we stood off and on the coast with sail and steam trying to work to the south, but the wind was blowing so heavily and the current was so strong to the north that we could make but little headway. Thursday, the 10th, it was still blowing strong. At 7 A.M. we stood in close to shore, took in sail, and steamed to the south, passing Jest Kurdumiyat Island at 10.30 A.M. The wind again freshened so we could make no headway, and we anchored at 2. P.M. off the town of Eids on the African side of the Red Sea about Lat. $13^{\circ} 57' N.$; Long. $42^{\circ} E.$ Our sails, some of which had been badly damaged, were unbent and others put in their places. At 10 P.M. the wind moderated and we hove up anchor, steaming S.E. by E.; wind light northwest. Friday, the 11th, we steamed hard against strong wind and sea. Very hot weather, sultry. Saturday, March 12th, at 8 A.M. we passed through

the Straits of Bab el Mandeb from the Red Sea to the Gulf of Aden, just two weeks since leaving Suez, steaming E.S.E. with strong wind from ahead. Many steamers passed.

March 13th, Sunday, wind and weather have improved very much since passing out of the Red Sea. We are now steaming a course E. by S. across the Gulf of Aden, clear sky, moderate breeze from east. At 9 A.M. the town of Aden in sight, ten miles distant. We hope our adverse winds will soon change to favorable ones. Four steamers passed. Lat. 3 P.M. $12^{\circ} 40' N.$; Long. $45^{\circ} 30' E.$ Monday, the 14th, wind east, clear weather. Our course was east until 6 P.M. when the wind freshened so much it was impossible to make much headway against it. We set fore and aft sails and steered northeast, with the coast of Arabia in sight. Lat. 2.30 P.M. $13^{\circ} 08' N.$; Long. $46^{\circ} 56' E.$ At 6 P.M., being too near the coast to steer northeast longer, we hauled our fore and aft sails down and steamed E. by N. Tuesday, 13th, wind E.S.E., course E.S.E. Two steamers and one Arab schooner passed by. Weather fine. We were employed caulking poop-deck. Lat. $13^{\circ} 27' N.$; Long. $48^{\circ} 32' E.$ March 16th and 17th, very light east wind; very warm; course east. Kaal Rirarn Rocks were in sight five miles distant to south at 1 P.M. of 17th. Lat. $12^{\circ} 27' N.$; Long. $52^{\circ} 12' E.$

Friday, March 18th, quite fresh east wind; course east. At 4 A.M. we passed Ras Shoab, southwest cape of Sokotra Island, steaming along the south side of the island about four miles from shore. The carpenter has been employed making cranes for boats to sit on. From the 18th to the 22d we had beautiful weather with wind quite fresh from E. to E.N.E.; course E. by S. We are now crossing the northern part of the Indian Ocean. Sailors employed tarring rigging and making boat sails and painting inside aft on poop and wheelhouse. From Tuesday, the 22d, when in Lat. $9^{\circ} 58' N.$; Long. $60^{\circ} 23' E.$, until Monday, the 28th, we have been steaming

against a northeast monsoon at an average rate of five knots an hour. The weather has been beautiful, but very warm. We have completed painting vessel and getting boats thoroughly fitted for the voyage. To-day, the 28th, passed through the Nine Degree Channel, steering E.S.E. for the south end of Ceylon. Lat. $8^{\circ} 41' N.$; Long. $73^{\circ} 04' E.$

Tuesday, March 29th, wind shifted to northwest, light. First opportunity we have had since leaving Port Said of setting all sail to help along; also had an hour of rain, first we have had for two months. Afternoon course S.E. by E. April 1st, light air, northwest; course east. Saw the Island of Ceylon twenty miles distant to north. Pleasant weather, but very warm and nothing worthy of mention until April 8th when we had our second rainstorm. At 11 A.M. we saw the Island of Sumatra. At 6 P.M. passed Puto Rundo, the north island of the Sumatras near the entrance of Malacca Straits; course E. by S. Many steamers passing.

April 10th, passed Diamond Point, Sumatra, with light southeast wind and rain; course S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. April 11th, calm and rain. At 6 P.M. Jana Island bore north six miles. Steaming southeast through Malacca Straits. April 12th, wind southeast blowing heavy for two hours in a squall: course southeast for North Sands Light. At 3 P.M. passed North Sands Lighthouse. Four steamers and some small schooners in sight. Course S.E. by E.

April 13th, wind light and many steamers in sight. At 10 A.M. passed city of Malacca; course southeast. At 1 P.M. passed Cape Rockado Light. A very dark night as we passed through the narrow part of Malacca Straits amid a shower of rain. At 4 A.M. we anchored at Singapore. Many vessels in the harbor.

April 14th at Singapore. After breakfast Mrs. Cook, Miss Cook, and I went ashore to see the country. Although very warm, we saw much to interest us. I

believe no harbor that vessels frequent can offer for sale at very reasonable figures such an assortment of the most beautiful seashells one ever gazed upon. I went looking up the ship chandlery stores, as we were in need of supplies in their line, while the ladies employed the ricksha to drive around the country. I soon found the store that supplied the English and American ships. As I entered, a few captains of the vessels lying in the stream were introduced to me by the proprietor. We began to converse, exchanging news that each one had heard from the world at large, when suddenly one English captain spoke up and, addressing me, exclaimed, 'What kind of a thing do you call that off there, that came in last night sometime?' pointing to my vessel.

I replied, 'I have the honor to command that steam bark, and she is bound for the Arctic Ocean whaling.'

To this he again said, 'Didn't I pass you yesterday, outside the Straits of Malacca?'

I answered, 'I saw many iron tanks rolling by (meaning iron tramp steamers); yours might have been one of them.'

'But how did you get here ahead of me and where did you obtain a pilot? I was six hours detained to the west of the narrows of the straits, trying for a pilot.'

I answered that I never sought a pilot, that I brought my own vessel down through and anchored at 4 A.M.

He then said, 'You are an old experienced navigator in these waters!'

But I replied, 'On the contrary, this is the first time I was ever in these waters and it is quite likely to be the last.'

As I finished, he became quite excited and said, 'Do you mean to say you brought your vessel through the straits such a night as last night without a pilot and never was here before? I have been running here as captain and mate for twenty-eight years and I never

would have undertaken it without a pilot.' As he finished he asked of me, 'May I ask where you live and where is your native place?'

I replied, 'I was born and have my home still on the end of Cape Cod in the town of Provincetown, where the Mayflower first anchored with the Pilgrims aboard.'

My questioner turned to the others who had been listening to the conversation and exploded in these words, 'Gentlemen, that explains all — there are only two classes of men who would have taken their ships through the narrows of Malacca such a night as last night for the first time in these waters. One is a Cape Codder, and the other is a Damn Fool.'

A roar of laughter greeted these words, for the sailors of Cape Cod stood second to none in ability and fearlessness when our merchant marine was the largest of any nation.

After the laughter subsided I said: 'Then you regard coming in here as I did last night without a pilot quite a risky performance? Why should I look for pilots for my ship in these waters where surveys are accurate, lighthouses erected to show lights to guide one clear of danger, each and every shoal buoyed or a beacon erected thereon so as to be plainly seen? Navigation, sir, through the Straits of Malacca is child's play compared with the calling wherein I am employed. There we find no lighthouses, no buoys or beacons exist, to show one where dangerous shoals are ready to claim your vessel as their prey. Even the surveys are very imperfect and the mariner's compass cannot be relied upon to be correct. Yes, sir, that vessel that you see off there and this man, her captain, from Cape Cod, are to go amid the ice-fields of the Arctic Ocean for the next two years. If I should lose confidence in myself to such a degree that I would have need of a pilot here, I should be totally unfit to command where I am going and where our training has given us confidence to depend upon ourselves. I have commanded

steamers for seven years previous to this one in that ocean among the ice-floes and never lost one yet. Although I will admit that that vessel off there is not a beauty to look at, yet she is so strongly built that there are none in the business better fitted to withstand the ice pressure that they are oftentimes subjected to.'

They were all very much interested in what I had to say and acknowledged that a man needed to begin young in life for that business. Each of them said that he would never go into that business.

The talk of America declaring war with Spain was the general topic of interest. It looked as though war would be declared, but we left before hostilities began, so we knew nothing about the war until May when we arrived at Yokohama. During the day we took aboard ninety tons of coal, four tons of fresh water, twenty of pickled sweet potatoes, five of Irish potatoes, twenty bunches of bananas, some vegetables, and fresh meat.

Saturday, April 16th, calm. At 5 A.M. took out anchor and proceeded to sea. From 9 A.M. to 12 noon rain; 11 A.M. passed Pidia Branca. Afternoon squally, with light breeze southwest; course N.N.E. At 5 P.M. Pulo Aor Island in sight bearing W.N.W. Sunday, the 17th, steaming N. by E., passing close along the west coast of Anamba Islands. Lat. $3^{\circ} 07' N.$; Long. $105^{\circ} 27' E.$

April 18th to 24th, inclusive, steaming a course N.E. by N. from latitude as above and longitude $115^{\circ} 25'$, passing several steamers, but nothing new taking place. Crew employed at various jobs about the vessel. The weather having been very moderate and calm until the 24th, when in Lat. $11^{\circ} 40' N.$; Long. $112^{\circ} 42' E.$, we sighted a large shoal of sperm whales. It was terribly annoying to us to be obliged to look at them without being able to catch or attempt to catch them, for our try-works, as they are called aboard a whaler, were awaiting our arrival in Yokohama before being set up on deck of the steamer. Therefore,

we were helpless to take the oil at this time, and, as these whales have no whalebone, we could not take anything of value from them. We continued our course N.E. by N. for Japan Islands. April 24th to 28th we had considerable boiler trouble and were forced to blow down for repairs. April 29th the repairs were completed, and we started steaming; passed one sailing ship and one steamer, Lat. $17^{\circ} 05' N.$; Long. $116^{\circ} 58' E.$

May 2d we changed our course to E. and E. by S. for Bashi Channel: Island of Formosa in sight. May 3d, rain and squally with strong breeze N.N.E.; course N.N.E. Steamed up to Betel Tobago, then set square sails and stopped steaming, as we could make but little headway. Ship on different tacks beating to windward. Formosa and Betel Tobago in sight all day; also one steamer. May 4th, weather moderated, fine, and clear wind, light E. by N.; course N.N.E. Formosa Island, west end, about twenty-five miles distant. Lat. $24^{\circ} 13' N.$; Long. $120^{\circ} 14' E.$ May 5th, at 7 A.M. we passed Hoppinsu Island. At 6 P.M. passed Raleigh Rock. Lat. $25^{\circ} 55' N.$; Long. $124^{\circ} 34' E.$ Saturday, May 7th, weather fine with light southeast wind; course E. by N. One steamer in sight to-day. At 1.30 P.M. passed out of the Yellow Sea, going through the passage between the Islands of Toko Sima and Tusura, entering the North Pacific Ocean. Thus, starting from Norway we entered the North Sea, the English Channel, across the Bay of Biscay into the North Atlantic Ocean; from those waters to the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean Sea; then through the Suez Canal, Red Sea, Gulf of Aden; then across the northern part of the Indian Ocean to the Straits of Malacca, anchoring at Singapore; thence we soon entered the waters of the China Sea, Yellow Sea, and now are in the waters of the Pacific Ocean, which will carry us to our port of Yokohama, Japan.

May 8th to 13th a succession of storms and adverse winds were experienced, but we were able to reach our

destination at 3 P.M. of the 13th without accident, and when our anchor had been let go close to the breakwater that forms the inner harbor of Yokohama, everybody's face lighted up, feeling that each should be thankful for the successful completion of this long voyage. Here we first learned that America was at war with Spain. All here were loud in their praises of the victory of Dewey at Manila Bay, and seemed full of confidence that the United States would soon complete a succession of victories that would bring the war to a sudden close.

May 14th, shifted ship inside the breakwater and had a force of boiler-makers come aboard to repair boiler, as it had troubled us not a little on the latter part of the voyage. We gave liberty to all the crew, seven of whom deserted. May 20th, shipped eight Japanese to take the place of those who deserted; on the 21st, proceeded to sea for our Arctic work, having taken aboard provisions and whaling implements that had been sent to us from New Bedford and San Francisco and were awaiting our arrival. With strong breeze southwest, at 2 P.M. we passed lightboat.

Sunday, the 22d of May, strong gale, heavy sea; course E.N.E. Lat. $35^{\circ} 15' N.$; Long. $141^{\circ} 26' E.$ May 23d, strong breeze northeast. All hands employed about ship's duty. May 24th sighted shoal of sperm whales. It blew too strong all day with too much wind and sea to lower boats. Lat. $36^{\circ} 50' N.$; Long. $144^{\circ} 50' E.$ May 25th to June 12th, trying hard to make headway to the north. Adverse winds, strong gales have detained us. Sighted scattering ice to-day. Lat. $61^{\circ} 32' N.$; Long. $176^{\circ} 40' E.$ June 21st we are fighting ice in Behring Sea. At 3 P.M. came to heavy ice, steering N.N.E. Weather cleared; sighted the land of Siberia at Plover Bay; June 22d, weather thick, lying in pack-ice. Plenty of seals and walrus about.

CHAPTER XI

THE BOWHEAD'S FIRST WHALING VOYAGE

AT 7 P.M., June 21st, we anchored off Plover Bay and traded for four hundred pounds of whalebone. Natives came aboard in large numbers. It was very interesting to see the many articles of trade the natives brought aboard. There were fully a dozen skin canoes with from eighteen to twenty-five people in each. In fur bags were boots, mittens, coats, caps, and pants, all made during the winter out of sealskin, to be traded to the whalers. Without these articles of clothing, it would be impossible for us to endure the cold that we are called upon to face in the whaling business in this far northern climate. It was also quite a curiosity to notice the variety of articles the natives demanded for their furs. Some would want tobacco; others asked for cartridges. Again some wanted tea, while many would demand powder, lead, and primers. If there were many articles grouped together to warrant paying the price, then a trade would be made by giving a rifle with some cartridges, for it has been the custom for years for the whalers to carry a large supply of fixed ammunition, rifles, shot-guns, primers, powder, shot, tobacco, lead, etc. The natives have depended on this supply of such articles, without which they would have been unable to get the necessities of life, for they live entirely by hunting. In the long winter when the whaling fleet are at home, these natives make all this wearing apparel to trade with the whalers as they come along on their way north. Not unfrequently they catch a whale, the bone of which is divided among those who take part in the capture, to be traded along with the ivory that they save from the walrus for the useful articles to be found aboard ship. As it was at this time,

we succeeded in trading for four hundred pounds of whalebone, since we happened to have the very articles of trade the natives who had this bone desired. The meat and blubber of the walrus and whale are used by them for food and fuel.

Plover Bay is a small settlement of about twenty-five to thirty huts. Possibly there were at this time a hundred to a hundred and fifty inhabitants. The bay is a land-locked harbor with high mountainous shores. A long sand-spit jutting out protects the bay from the seas. Upon this sand-spit is where the town is located. Like all the Siberian Eskimos, these natives are short of stature, fat and chunky. Their features resemble those of the Chinese somewhat. Although the wife and mother of the family has to do with many of the burdens of life that we think should be assumed by the husband and father of the household, yet they go about it uncomplainingly, seeming to be perfectly contented and happy.

As many of the boys and men of this place made many voyages in the Arctic as members of the crews of whaling vessels, they had become expert with the harpoon and bomb gun used by us in the capture of whales. Late in the autumn and early winter, after the ships have left the grounds and have gone to San Francisco, the whales coming out of the Arctic pass along close by this settlement to their winter haunts. The meat of the whale, being a great addition to the natives' winter stock of food, and the blubber being sought for oil, a great incentive is found to capture some of them at this time. The whalebone, too, as an article of trade, means to the natives great riches, for with that they can procure from the whalers so much of value to themselves that they would never be able to acquire under any other circumstances. Nothing that they get yields so much value as whalebone. All the tools and implements for capturing the whale they have bought from the whalemén. At this settlement



NATIVES IN THEIR SKIN CANOE COMING OFF TO TRADE

they own six whaleboats, all fitted up with harpoons, lances, and shoulder guns, which are used in summer when the whales are about to make passage from one settlement to another; also to pursue and capture walrus as they pass by going into and coming out of the Arctic. They have been very quick to grasp the big advantage a whaleboat is to them over their big skin canoe, and they will save for years articles sufficient to trade in for a whaleboat, until they number, from Plover Bay to Indian Point, about thirty miles distant, about thirty-odd whaleboats procured from the whaling vessels.

At 7 P.M. the whaling steam bark Alexander, Captain Benjamin Tilton, of Martha's Vineyard, came close by and anchored, he having just got through the ice. He has not taken any whales. The natives report the steam brig Karluk as having taken two whales and the steam bark William Baylies with four whales. At 8 P.M. got under way for Indian Point, entrance to Behring Straits. Plenty of ice about. Thick fog. We anchored at Indian Point at 11 A.M. shifting often on account of ice bothering us. We learned here that the Karluk had five whales, the William Baylies five, and the Jeannette two. The steamer Alexander came in at 3 P.M.

This is the largest settlement along the whole coast. Located as it is on a long sand-spit jutting out into the Behring Straits, it is good shelter for vessels in strong winds, the water being very deep close to the shore. I should judge there were some five hundred men, women, and children living here at this time. As it is the southwest entrance to the straits, being about thirty miles across to St. Lawrence Island, these natives with their large whaleboats intercept the walrus, seal, and whale passing through in and out of the Arctic. Whalebone, at this time selling at such a high figure, has brought valuable returns to many of this settlement. Hardly a family that comes aboard to trade but will have some

(be it large or small), showing how much they get some seasons and how general is the distribution of it. Here too, the chief is wealthy; that is, in dogs, houses, boats, and wives. He has more than any other of the settlement. Polygamy prevails here. It behooves a man to have as many wives as possible, for they, the women, make all the boots and skin clothing for trade as well as for family wear. Therefore, the more wives they have, the greater number of articles will they have to trade. In that way they accumulate their wealth. Early in life, when very young, the girls of the family learn to sew and make articles of wearing apparel for the family and to trade. They also learn the art of tanning the skins, so that the portion that is to be utilized in making the summer boots may be waterproof. The skins are fixed up in such a manner that the hair all comes off, and the hide is browned up by frequent application of seal oil while drying. This, together with the process of tanning known to them, renders these summer or water boots, as they call them, soft and pliable, and not only water-tight, but in many cases air-tight. I have many times had them demonstrate the fact of the superiority of certain boots that they would be asking a higher price for, by blowing air into them, and they would remain full of air for a long period, looking not unlike a small balloon. They show, by these articles manufactured with so much care and ingenuity, what they can accomplish. But when they come aboard with a large quantity of boots for sale, one will see many pairs that are slighted in the sewing, and, when their attention is called to the fact, they will admit it and say they do not claim those boots to be first class and they are trading them for a smaller price. For winter boot, the fur and hair are left on, to keep the feet warm, as, owing to the intense cold, the moisture is about all out of the snow, so that one is not so particular about water-tight boots.

The boys are taught early in life to be expert with

the rifle and spear, for their living is dependent upon their quickness to see their object and to bring it down. Whether it be the seal, walrus, or whale of the deep, or the caribou or moose, mountain sheep or reindeer, of the land, the boys early in life take great pains to be experts in all lines where their parents showed their skill before getting too old for the chase.

Old age among them is rather pitiful to see and listen to. They realize that they no longer are able to follow the game as before and they feel the burden that they have become to the children. When that time arrives, they seem to pray to be taken away, and about here at Indian Point I have been told by young men who have accompanied me on the cruise that it is quite frequently the case that the aged at their request are sometimes taken away from the village out into the country and left to starve to death or be killed by the wild beasts.

Having procured about three hundred pairs of boots and skin mittens and clothing sufficient for our cruise north, we left the Point and went over to St. Lawrence Island where on a small sand-spit is a settlement of about one hundred people. The steamer *Alexander* accompanied us over. Much ice was encountered in the middle of the straits going over, and now we were anchored at the American side. There was no difference in the character or looks of the natives from those of Siberia thirty-five miles away. Canoes frequently ply between the two places, trading and catching whales, walrus, and seals in the waters adjacent to either coast. As the early vessels who preceded us had been here and traded for everything of value, we found very little to lie here for.

The natives, having told us the whales had all gone north and that there were no more to come this season, we accordingly got under way and steamed north for Kings Island, but, finding much ice, were obliged to come over to the Siberian side again, where we anchored

off a small settlement of South Head, entrance to St. Lawrence Bay. At this place we made fast to the ground ice, it not having broken up, although it was the 24th day of June. Here the same type of native is found. A much better lot of boots and at a much cheaper price was obtained here. We had at the two other villages obtained all we needed for the crew, but, learning that a large influx of gold-hunters were to be at St. Michael's across the straits, to start up the Yukon early this summer, we thought perhaps there would be a chance to sell some boots and furs at a profit, so now we bought all articles of wearing apparel that were offered at reasonable prices. About forty houses and huts constitute the settlement.

June 25th we left South Head and went across the bay to North Head, where we anchored off a settlement of about twenty houses. It was at this bay that the United States steamer Rodgers was burned on Christmas Eve. By the sacrifices the natives of these settlements made to feed and clothe that crew of men, they were enabled to live through the long cold winter and were rescued in the next spring of 1882 by the steam whaling bark, North Star, Captain Leander Owen.

Two barks came in the 26th. One was the steam bark William Baylies, the other the bark Northern Light with a full load of gold-hunters bound for Kotzebue Sound. June 24th we went from St. Lawrence Bay to East Cape, the northwest point of Behring Straits. This is the nearest point of Alaska to Siberia, being about thirty-three miles directly west of Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska. A settlement of sixty to seventy houses is located on the side of the cliffs facing across the straits. The steamer Alexander was here with us. Although at East Cape the natives came aboard in great numbers, they had very little to trade or articles that we cared to trade for. Looking from here off into the Arctic, we could see that the mighty

ice-pack had not broken up enough yet to enable us to get to the north of the straits.

June 28th we went around to the west of the point of East Cape to a settlement about ten miles away. This settlement is called Whaling. It consists of quite a number of houses constructed of ship timbers from ships that have been wrecked there years before. Here the bark *Java*, Captain Barker, in cruising out of the Arctic in a blinding snowstorm, ran ashore; the crew were rescued, but the ship and cargo were a total loss. The natives took care of the ship's company until the following summer. About eight months those thirty-eight white men were housed, fed, and clothed by these natives. At this place we filled our containers with fresh water, traded for some ivory and bone, and shipped two young Eskimos to go with us as sailors for the season.

June 29th, we anchored at the large Diomedé Island, the larger of two islands about halfway across from Cape Prince of Wales to East Cape. They are very close together, but as the water is very deep close to the cliffs, there is a narrow channel between that a ship can safely pass through. The Russian boundary line passes between the islands, both of which are inhabited, the larger island belonging to Russia, while the smaller one is a United States possession. The best boots to wear and stand water are found here, and we were fortunate in securing about two hundred pairs of choice boots, tanned so nicely and sewed with such skill that all the crew were eager for a pair. Here, too, we got some walrus ivory and about fifteen fur coats; then we hove up anchor and went south about thirty miles to a small island called Kings Island. Here we made fast to shore ice, the island being completely circled by ice clinging to the shore with water of depth to permit any vessel to lie at the outside edge in plenty of water.

The natives living on this island seem to be more like

the natives of northern Alaska — taller in stature, thin and raw-boned. Numerous articles of trade, such as toys made out of ivory, are to be found here. The natives are also very ingenious in tattooing ivory, and many cribbage-boards are made from the tusks of walrus. On the great floes of ice going north up through the straits with the current are to be seen great herds of walrus being taken by the current to their summer feeding grounds. All this island lies so near in the path of the strongest current, that it is here and at the Diomedes where the largest catches of walrus are made by the natives, during the early summer. We stopped here only a few hours, but during our short stay we procured large numbers of boots and mittens, together with a goodly amount of ivory and about one hundred pounds of bone from a whale they captured last fall.

July 3d. No appearance of any whales and the ice-pack not broken up in the Arctic, so we steamed south to Sledge Island, which lies off the town of Nome, where we anchored to try to obtain some driftwood to replenish our fuel supply. Finding none there, we went to eastward along the coast and anchored to the eastward of Cape Nome. After obtaining six boat-loads, the wind breezed up fresh from W.S.W. and made it so rough on shore it was impossible to land, so we hove up anchor and went over to St. Michael's to sell some of our surplus stock of wearing apparel that we had been gathering from the natives.

July 5th we anchored at 4 P.M. at St. Michael's; the harbor was full of all kinds of steamers and sailing craft, all full of freight and passengers en route for the Klondike. Large river steamers were busily engaged taking on passengers and freight from the ocean steamers to carry up the Yukon to their destination. All was bustle, and occasionally one would see some of the miners who had come down the Yukon in the spring with their bag of yellow gold dust along with them, showing proof that gold was being found there. All

was activity both ashore and about the harbor. We stopped here until July 8th, having disposed of all our surplus boots and wearing apparel at a good price to those who were going up the Yukon, for they were very glad to provide themselves with these much-needed articles. Our whalebone we sent to San Francisco on the steamer St. Paul.

July 9th we anchored off the north coast of Norton Sound to get wood for fuel, and also to find a spar among the driftwood along the coast to make a foretopsail yard, for we found one of ours was cracked. The rough water on the beach prevented us from gathering any wood until the 11th, when we got during the 11th and 12th thirty-two boatloads, all that we desired. We then went along the beach clear to Nome looking for a spar. Not a native or live person did we see. When we got abreast of where the city of Nome was so soon to be built, we dug out of the sand on the shore a spar that was just right for our use. Little did we think that in less than three months more than five thousand people would be living on that beach and the very sand we were shoveling away to get the spar uncovered doubtless had in it many dollars' worth of gold. Yes, the whalers for the last forty years had made it a practice to come on these beaches for wood, little dreaming that upon the very wood they were burning were valuable deposits of gold. In ignorance of the immense area of valuable findings to be opened to the many in the near future, we proceeded to steam north up to the Diomed Islands again, then around East Cape, touching at the villages of Enchewing and Keshan, and at each village we collected some furs and deer-skins for clothing. July 17th, tied up to ground ice off Cape Serge. Here we obtained of natives some polar bear skins and white fox skins. Ice would not permit us to go farther to the north and west, so at 11 P.M. July 17th, we started for Point Hope, steering N.E. by N.

July 18th, calm and fine. Steering northeast, we repaired the larboard boat that was injured getting wood, and repaired some sails. Scattering ice all along. At 3 P.M. the 19th, anchored off Point Hope, one of the largest settlements on the Alaskan coast. Here we are unable to procure boots or clothing, as on this shore it is seldom that a man has more than one wife and she has all her time taken up in making clothing and boots for her own family. This long sand-spit, jutting out into the Arctic Ocean, forming the northern point of Kotzebue Sound, has always been a good place for a catch of whales in the spring and early summer. The natives, having procured from the whalers the necessary implements to harpoon and kill the whales, go out on the ice to where the lanes of water make between the pack-ice and the floe, and there on the edge of the floe they watch for a chance to shoot their bomb into a whale. It means a great revenue to have whalebone to trade and a great store of food and oil from the meat and blubber. I should judge there were more than three hundred living here at this time and a missionary station has been maintained here for a number of years. We learned that the whaling season had been barren of results, as not a whale had been taken and we were the first ship to arrive here since last November. After getting all the news possible and learning the ice was opening up to the north, we got under way the night of July 20th, with calm weather, and started to round Cape Lisbourne, thirty-two miles to the north. July 21st, it was blowing so strong from the north we came to anchor off Cape Dyer, about halfway from Point Hope to Lisbourne. Sent a boat ashore to examine coal deposits and they returned in the afternoon with two tons of very poor coal. Wind blowing gale from northeast.

July 23d, at 1 A.M., we took out anchor and steamed up around Cape Lisbourne; passed steamers William Baylies and Karluk at anchor off Lisbourne. We saw

steamer Jeannette offshore steaming to north. At 6 P.M. we anchored at the coal cliffs about fifteen miles east of Lisbourne. Strong wind from northeast made it very rough on the beach. The boat and crew that went ashore the afternoon of the 23d were unable to launch their boat to come back until 10 P.M. of the 28th. No natives living here, the crew were without food all that time, but did have shelter in an old shed found there. July 29th, calm. We took aboard ten boatloads of very good quality coal. July 30, more wind and quite heavy swell. The steamer Alexander anchored here for coal. Afternoon got aboard five boatloads. July 31st, calm and smooth. Both steamers getting aboard coal. At 7 P.M. finished getting coal, having taken about forty-five tons. August 1st, very rough; got aboard two loads of coal. August 2d, gale from south. Got up anchor at 7 P.M., steaming for Point Hope to land a man that we had brought up here that we might get some coal. At 3 P.M. anchored off Point Hope. Mr. Stein went ashore with his boat for coal. At 5 P.M. started back for more coal. August 4th, 5 A.M. anchored off the coal cliffs and started getting coal. Wind breezed from north rendering it rough boating. After getting eight boatloads, about twelve tons, making a total of about seventy tons, at 8 P.M. we got under way, steaming N.N.E. for Icy Cape and Blossom Shoals.

August 7th, wind south, stormy, with large floes of ice going by to the north. Steamer under sail waiting for better weather. The steamer William Baylies in sight. Morning of 8th anchored in nine fathoms water off a small village at Icy Cape. At 2 A.M. of 9th, steamed to north and anchored in five fathoms water off Wainwright Inlet. Steamers Alexander and William Baylies here with us. Ice-floes and the edge of the pack-ice caused us to shift anchorage frequently. August 11th, arrived off Point Franklin and found Steamer Karluk here; Captain McGregor and wife came aboard. We pumped one hundred barrels of fresh water aboard

from an ice-floe. Schooner Bonanza and steamer Belvedere joined us here.

August 13th and 14th, moved up to mouth of Pearl Bay between Sea Horse Islands and the mainland. The ice-pack would not admit us to proceed farther. August 17th, United States revenue cutter Bear anchored close by, having come from Cape Smythe, about thirty miles farther north, she having pushed ahead to relieve the shipwrecked whalers who had lost their ships the fall and early winter of 1897, and also to give supplies to those ships that were imprisoned, but were able to pass through the winter without mishap. The steamers Orca and Jesse H. Freeman were sunk by the ice in October, 1897. The schooner Rosario was lost in the spring of 1898, while the steamers Newport, Fearless, and Belvedere were imprisoned and so kept until released this last month. News of the fate of the ships that failed to get out, having reached San Francisco by the whaling fleet that returned in November, the Government sent the Bear to their relief. The Bear pushed north as far as was possible and landed the expedition under Lieutenant Jarvis. This expedition no doubt saved the lives of many and prevented an epidemic of scurvy. The third officer of the Belvedere, George F. Tilton, was sent from his steamer when it was caught by the ice, and arrived in San Francisco in March, as we have previously seen. This remarkable trip of Mr. Tilton's is one of the longest and hardest dog-sled trips ever undertaken, when the scant supply and outfit allowed him is considered, and the unknown and uninhabited country that he traveled through. The shipwrecked sailors from the Orca, Freeman, and Rosario were carried to San Francisco on the Bear, while the information received by the owners of the Belvedere, Fearless, and Newport that those vessels were safe enabled them to charter steamers and send them supplies, which they were now busily engaged in taking aboard.

We got a man for second officer who was an officer aboard the *Orca*, Seymour Joslyn by name. They had endured some hardships owing to scarcity of food during the long winter, but on the whole, owing greatly to the supplies brought them by Lieutenant Jarvis's expedition, they were able to pass the winter with few deaths and looked in pretty fair health.

August 19th, we made fast to ice at Cape Smythe, twelve miles south of Point Barrow. At this village two trading and whaling stations have been doing business for the past ten years, and it is the largest native settlement on the coast. Here was where the shipwrecked whalers and those whose vessels had insufficient food were quartered all through the winter. August 24th all steamers went around to north of Point Barrow. The *Fearless* was in collision with the *Jeannette*. The former lost head gear, and the latter had a boat smashed. The ice is so plentiful and closely packed, it is utterly impossible to go but a short distance north. No whales to be found as yet. Later we hope that the cold weather will drive them out of their summer feeding-grounds among the heavy ice-floes far north. We continued cruising off to north and east of Point Barrow until August 27th. Not having seen the sign of a whale, on August 27th we came south around Point Barrow to Cape Smythe. Then set sail to cruise along the ice-pack to the westward; three steamers and one sailing bark in company with us, the *Karluk*, *Jeannette*, *William Baylies*, and *Alice Knowles*. August 28th and 29th, thick weather with strong breeze W.S.W. August 31st we got our first observation since leaving Cape Smythe and found we were in Lat. $72^{\circ} 05' N.$; Long. $169^{\circ} 19' W.$

September 3d we sighted Herald Island, an uninhabited island to east of Wrangell Island. We lowered boats for whales, but did not get any.

September 5th the glad cry came from the lookout up in the crow's-nest of 'Ere blows!' All hands were

up and doing, eager to capture our first whale. Five boats manned by twenty sailors, five harpooners or boat-steerers, and five officers, went scudding before the breeze with all sail set in the direction the whales were seen; but, alas! before the boats could arrive they had gone under the ice-pack, coming to the surface in a large hole surrounded by the ice, rendering it impossible to reach them in boats, and, going quickly, they were soon out of sight. Boats came aboard in the afternoon quite discouraged. Herald Island in sight, about fifteen miles distant, bearing northwest by compass. We continued cruising in this vicinity until September 10th before we sighted our next whale, although we saw other vessels with their boats chasing. The morning of the 10th dawned fair, with light south wind, and Herald Island in sight. At 2 P.M. our boats were again lowered in pursuit of four large whales that were sighted by our lookout, going quickly toward a heavy point of ice that lay to the west of us. We did not see them from the boats after lowering, and presumed they went under the ice, and when they appeared again were too far away to be seen by us. We put our second engineer off duty for carelessness which disabled the engine, and put our blacksmith in as second engineer. September 12th we again lowered all boats for a whale, but could not get near enough to shoot or harpoon him. Captain Leavitt, of the steamer Thrasher, came aboard in the evening and reported the winter ships as coming out where they wintered last winter, and had taken during their voyage as follows: Narwhal, 22½ whales; Balarna, 21; Grampus, 36; Beluga, 31; Mary D. Hume, 10 — all taken to east of Herschel Island. They had all surely done well. Captain Leavitt in the Thrasher, like ourselves, was without any whales.

From the 12th to 17th we cruised in sight and out of sight around Herald Island: nine steamers in sight most of the time. The afternoon of the 17th, snow-

storm. Captain Devoll, of the William Baylies, and Captain Tilton, of the steamer Narwhal, came aboard. We are none of us seeing any whales, and the season is fast drawing to a close. September 21st, lowered boats for a whale. Same old luck! Did not get any. Captain Tilton, of the Narwhal, who was aboard with Captain Devoll on the 17th, told us of the success of the vessels who wintered with him up in Langdon Bay. They all came out of winter quarters, July 10th, and had averaged about eighteen whales to a vessel between that date and September 10th. Since this time no whales had been taken by them. They had collected quite a large amount of musk ox skins during the winter months. Several hunting parties reported seeing large numbers of herds of musk ox. We continued cruising among the ice-floes for a sign of a whale. September 29th we saw the steamer Karluk get one. September 30th we lowered all five boats for several whales that were spouting around this ship, but although we resorted to all the tactics we possessed, it was impossible to catch one. The boats remained in the water until after dark without catching a whale. The bark Alaska and steamer William Baylies each got one while the steamer Thrasher harpooned one with one of her boats, but the iron came out and they lost him.

October 1st, twelve ships and Herald Island in sight. Walrus in large numbers are to be seen now all along the southern edge of the northern pack. In some places the ice is literally covered with these vast herds. During the night, when weather is thick, one can frequently hear their grunts or barks before the ice is seen. In that way you are sometimes guided to know where the ice-pack is. They are also seen going south as a reminder, to one who is observing, that the season for any open water is fast drawing to a close; for by the birds, the walrus, and the whales, which migrate each season, one can tell how near the winter is or in

spring how near the summer-time is. The ducks, that have been flying south in large flocks all through the latter part of September, are now seen in scattering lots bound in the same direction, south, leaving only the ptarmigan in the bird line to inhabit the Arctic region during the winter months, and the seal is the only one of the water mammals to stay with us in the winter.

October 2d, saw the Belvedere take a whale. October 4th there was a thick snowstorm with a strong gale from the northeast. At 3 P.M. we got a polar bear about five feet in length. The natives had a feast from the meat, but the white men do not care much for polar bear steaks. The meat, which tastes very strong, is supposed to get that flavor from the putrid whale carcasses that they feed on in these parts. October 6th at 3 P.M. lowered all boats for several whales. The boats returned at dark without taking any. October 9th, the Karluk, Captain McGregor, spoke us, bound home.

October 10th, strong gale with snow; steaming to get away from Herald Island. The Jeannette, Thrasher, and William Baylies in sight. In the afternoon, the William Baylies and Jeannette went out of sight to south bound home. October 11th, the steamer Thrasher went out of sight bound home. All the fleet, that we know of, have gone except our vessel. Not another vessel in the Arctic but ours. Young ice is making off many miles from the pack. We have taken no whales. To start out now would mean a large loss to all owners and no pay for the crew. I resolved to go into the southwest part of the Arctic and there take my chances for the few remaining days we have to stop. In that section, late in the season, whales are sometimes found in large numbers, but, owing to the prevalence of the northeast gales this season of the year, it is hard in one of those gales to keep from being driven ashore on the coast of Siberia. The current

occasioned by the heavy northeast gales makes it exceedingly hazardous for vessels, therefore, to get so far to the westward that they cannot head out by the East Cape of Siberia in one of these long-drawn-out breezes, for when they once come on they sometimes continue for many weeks. Many vessels have been cast away on the coast of Siberia trying to weather East Cape. In most cases, where disaster has befallen the vessels, the current had set them so far to leeward that it was impossible to keep off the lee shore. I had never failed to get some whales on a voyage before, and I was willing to take desperate chances. We accordingly started off for the southwest grounds; weather fine, but cold. Our supply of coal was very limited and our storm sails were not of the best, which were two very bad features, for on one's supply of coal and storm sails is his main dependence to save ship and lives. Either of them failing us, it would prove very damaging to our chance of getting out of the Arctic this year.

October 14th, moderate wind from northeast, with snow. At 4 P.M. lowered five boats for a bowhead. The starboard boat, in charge of Mr. Sparks, of Provincetown, succeeded in harpooning and killing the whale, and got him alongside at 5 P.M. All hands were called after supper and we cut the whale in, for the weather was threatening and we concluded, although it was dark, we did not want to take any chances of losing this our first whale. One of our Eskimo boys was hit on the thigh by a heavy chain that parted, breaking the thigh-bone of the right leg. We took him into the cabin and I set his leg and bandaged it up, detailed a good man for nurse to watch, keeping them in a room in the cabin. After the leg was set and cooling applications put on, the patient was quite comfortable.

October 15th, very heavy swell; light snow and moderate breeze from northeast. At daylight we steered off to southwest. At 2.30 P.M. lowered all boats

for several whales. In loosing our upper foretopsail, an Eskimo sailor fell from the upper topsail yard, striking his head on the rail, and then fell into the sea. A boat was immediately dispatched to his rescue and succeeded in getting to him before he sank, bringing him to the ship unconscious. His head was cut badly, requiring seven stitches which I at once sewed up, bandaging the wound thoroughly to stop the flow of blood. He was then put below, still unconscious. Our attention was next directed toward the boats which had been lowered for the whales. The larboard or port quarter boat, in charge of the first officer, a Gay Head Indian, Mr. Peters, had succeeded in harpooning a noble large whale. Darkness had begun to shut down upon us, for the days were only about six hours long. With all steam on, we hastened in the direction where the boats were last seen. Setting large lights all over the steamer, that they in the boats might see same and set their lights that we might be guided to them — for each boat carries a lantern and torch, also a compass — about 6 P.M. we sighted the lighted boats, and at 8 P.M. had the whale made fast to the ship, held by the largest chain we owned. There was so much sea on, as well as such a snowstorm, that we deemed it imprudent to attempt to cut the whale in. After we had all been to supper, we went to examine the Eskimo, who had fallen overboard and was unconscious the last we knew. We found him quite comfortable, having regained consciousness. I asked him how he felt, and he replied his head felt very sore. I did not wonder at that, for I never expected he would live after receiving such a blow as that. We made him as comfortable as possible, then visited the patient with the broken leg, whom we found suffering intense pain, which we did all we knew to alleviate. At daylight the weather improved some, so we hooked on and cut in the whale and saved him.

October 17th, strong gale from northeast; thick

snowstorm; steamer under full head of steam and full speed with storm staysails set, heading about south-east as near the wind as sails would stand full. Mountainous seas came aboard and ice froze rapidly on the deck and rigging. It was now a case of get out. We knew we were the only vessel inside the Behring Straits. It made a fellow feel a little lonely when he realized that he was the only one to suffer in that storm. Every hour the sounding lead went to the bottom, and thus a record was kept of what the ship was doing. All through the day and night and into the morning of the 18th, and all through that day, the storm increased, and our soundings showed me plainly that our progress was indeed slow. All through the night of the 18th we drove our fires as hard as possible and the good old vessel was to all appearances a floating iceberg, she was so coated with ice. Our coal was fast being used up, but we must strike the shallow water sounding known to us so well over on the Alaskan shore before it would be safe to stop steaming. At 7 A.M. of the 19th our soundings gave us eighteen fathoms, having shallowed quickly from twenty-eight and twenty-five. A load was lifted from my mind. It was about an hour previous to the time we got this sounding that one of the officers approached me and said:

‘Captain, it seems impossible for you or any one to know where this vessel is, with no observation for over two weeks. No direct course have we been able to steer owing to the large floes of ice in our path’; and then added, ‘When do you think, Captain, we shall be able to get out of this?’

My reply was that I knew where the vessel was by sounding and that I expected before sunset we should be in Behring Straits.

Mrs. Cook and our daughter Emma were very much frightened, and the heavy seas made the vessel very uncomfortable. I feel frank to say that all of us felt

that it was indeed a very bad storm and that it would take all the experience and knowledge of the best of us, coupled with the efforts the engine-room gang were putting forth, to enable us to weather the storm all right. At 9 A.M. when eighteen fathoms was called, I at once called to loose the lower fore and main topsails, and steered off free from wind and sea to S.S.W. course. I then knew exactly where I was, and the way the sailors sprang to execute the order to loose those topsails showed that they were all imbued at once with the idea that the worst was over. So with our topsails sheeted home to the breeze, we then shut down our engine, as sail would speed her along before the gale without needing the aid of steam, thereby saving coal and giving the engine-room force a much-needed rest. As for myself, I felt that a load had been lifted off my shoulders of an almost unbearable weight. I told all hands to keep a sharp lookout for the Diomed Islands, bringing the vessel to every thirty minutes to sound, for one must keep his soundings near enough together or he will lose the value of such navigating, without which one can never accurately navigate a vessel in the Arctic seas. At 3 P.M. we passed close by the west side of the large Diomed Island and shaped our course for Indian Point. For about sixty hours I had not had my clothes and boots off, only long enough to change them. What sleep I got was snatched at short intervals. After passing the Diomedes, I gave orders not to call me until midnight. Then I visited the patients and found them doing well, and informed them we should have to take them with us, as the storm was too bad to admit of our going to their home to land them, and their condition was such that they could not get the treatment they required at their homes. As they are very much attached to their home, they were much disappointed, but at once consoled themselves by saying next summer they could come home well. Our course was now

S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. At 3 A.M. of the 20th, fearing we might go by before daylight we hove to waiting for daybreak. At 11 A.M. it still blew heavily. We anchored at Indian Point. No canoes or boats could communicate with us from the shore, it was so rough.

October 21st, the wind moderating some, we weighed anchor and went down the coast to Plover Bay, where we thought we would wait a few days to see if some whales would come along. Our two whales had about four thousand pounds of bone, worth about twenty thousand dollars, so we had got a little something to pay us for our work: so much the better to have this amount than to have nothing. Being in a safe harbor we blew down the boiler to make some necessary repairs before making our long passage south to Yokohama; for we have decided to go there and pass the winter among the islands to the south in good weather and come north again next season with the same crew. The whaling steamer Alexander came in to-day and reports nothing taken the whole season. They are going to stop here for a few days before sailing for San Francisco.

October 24th to 30th, we have been lying here for the last two days, as weather has become very cold, and the harbor is covered with thin ice accompanied with heavy fall of snow. It is beginning to look as though, if we stopped here much longer, we may be frozen in for the winter. So at 9 A.M., October 30, 1898, we steamed out of Plover Bay and left behind the snow and ice and all prospects of more whales this season, to refit our vessel in some of the Japanese ports and again attempt a passage north to the same scenes, but with hopes for a better reward in taking whales. October 30th to November 11th the weather was nothing to complain of. Adverse winds accompanied by heavy seas made our progress slow, but no heavy gales were encountered until November 12th, when in Lat. $50^{\circ} 10' N.$ and Long. $161^{\circ} 50' E.$, we encountered

a gale from the southeast, with snow and rain, that caused us to look sharply for the safety of the ship. We lost one of our boats, but escaped without any further damage. The steamer was hove to throughout the breeze under goose-winged main topsail. From November 12th until our arrival at Yokohama on December 5th, a succession of heavy gales accompanied with snow and sleet caused sails to be blown away, bulwarks stove in, part of main-rail broken, and other minor damages. November 30th, we washed our whalebone and December 1st dried and bundled it. December 3d, during gale from W.S.W. two sperm whales came along close to the ship, but it was too rugged to lower boats. At 6 P.M., we saw Imoboye Light, about one hundred and twenty miles north of Yokohama. December 4th, 4 P.M., we anchored in Taleyama Bay. Six naval vessels and a large number of schooners anchored here. Strong breeze northeast.

CHAPTER XII

TROUBLE AT YOKOHAMA

DECEMBER 5th, at 7 A.M., we weighed anchor and steamed to Yokohama, where we anchored at 3 P.M. December 7th we trans-shipped our whalebone to New Bedford, 3515 pounds, and 1005 pounds of trade bone that we got from the natives.

December 8th, seven seamen, the cook, and Mr. Fagelie, who came with us from Norway, we discharged and paid off; also one New Bedford man who was officer. We sailed out of Norway, hailing from Buenos Ayres, flying the Argentine flag with an Argentine register good for one year, which we were assured would be renewed each year by payment of twenty-five dollars. Knowing the time would have expired by the date we should leave Japan, I sent the twenty-five dollars from Nome last July with the request that a register for 1899 be forwarded to Yokohama. Imagine my disappointment when I received a letter stating that, owing to a change in their maritime laws, they could not issue more registers unless the vessel that wanted the same should go to Buenos Ayres and there be remeasured and redocumented under an inspector appointed by their Government. I hardly knew what to do; to comply with these requests was wholly out of the question. I must sail from Japan with a register that had expired. If knowledge of that came to the Government, I was liable to a heavy fine and imprisonment. The American Consul would have nothing to do with me and there was no Argentine Consul in Japan. I was without help and advice. Although an American citizen, as long as I was sailing under another flag I was subject to their laws and protection. I wrote to San Francisco

to procure me a Chilian register that would permit me to sail from here to the Arctic, then to San Francisco, arriving there in November, 1899.

Here we drydocked the ship and had thorough repairs made to hull, spars, engine, and boiler. Frequent desertions occurred, as many of the crew did not care for another season in Arctic waters. Any complaint the sailors made was quickly looked into by the Japanese officials ashore, but I could neither arrest nor get a warrant for the arrest of a sailor, so I was powerless to get my men back when they once got ashore, and the desertions had got to be so frequent and numerous that I was in danger of losing my whole crew. To prevent it I stopped all shore leave. January 10th, as I was passing along one of the principal streets, behold! whom should I meet but one of my sailors who had been absent over two weeks. To my request that he should go aboard at once, he answered, 'You have no authority over me. I am ashore and do not intend going aboard again.' I tried to reason with him, saying that the period of time he agreed to go would not be completed until December, 1899, eleven months yet; also that his mother was receiving an allotment monthly; that here it was impossible to get men for the work. My reasoning was of no avail. He got insulting, and we came to blows. When he was knocked out, I hired a ricksha to convey him to our boat, which was waiting, with two more seamen in it, for me to go aboard. When they saw I was accompanied by one of the long-lost ones, and, judging by his looks, that he had been roughly handled, to say the least, they reluctantly pulled the boat with all of us in it to the ship. I then called all hands on deck to listen to my future orders, that no more men were to leave the ship. We would not even have them to pull the boat, hiring a sampan from ashore for that purpose. I put this man in handcuffs until he would agree to do ship's duty. I could bear for men to desert, for I had no way to ap-

prehend them, but when they came to meet me on the street and then added insult to injury, I thought it about time the Yankee blood asserted itself, and this Norwegian will carry the Yankee's marks to a good old age. None of the others who deserted ever came in sight of me after that, for I said I would lay hold of every man belonging to my ship that was ashore without leave, regardless of where I met him. There were no more desertions this time in port.

After a long stay in port January 14th at 2 P.M., we weighed anchor and proceeded to sea. Wind breezed quickly to a strong gale during the night so that the ship was obliged to heave to. The 27th of January at 3 P.M. we anchored at Guam Island. The U.S.S. Bennington and transport Brutus anchored here. Weather delightful. Mrs. Cook and daughter went ashore, enjoying the tropical fruits and the fine breezes. We had some fear that the boarding officer from the steamer Bennington, who came aboard and examined our papers, would discover that our register had expired and would order us to make port and there stop until we had a new register. Our old one was written in Spanish. I was greatly relieved when he said all papers were correct. We stopped here until February 1st. As the weather was delightful, we employed the time making sails, painting ship and boats, in fact getting everything ready for a successful season in the Arctic, another year. At 3.30 P.M. of February 1st, the American flag was hoisted to stay on the government buildings ashore. At 5 P.M. we sailed from Guam for the Yellow Sea, that we might try for some right whales that frequent those waters.

The inhabitants of Guam were very jubilant over the fact that they had no longer to be dependents of Spain and were now a colony of the United States of America. This island, like the others of the Ladrone Group, is situated in the path of the northeast trade winds of the Pacific. Guam has a very good harbor

made by the coral reefs which afford a good shelter from all but southerly winds. Sweet potatoes and yams are raised to recruit whalers, as they always have called there to get their vegetables, their fruits, such as oranges and bananas, and also the vessels going direct to the Arctic take in a good supply of pigs. As soon as they get up into the Arctic, they kill a great number of them and hang them up, and frozen they would keep for a long time. The men would thus have fresh pork until they tired of it.

Beautiful weather prevailed all along throughout our passage over to the islands that encircle the Yellow Sea. Friday, February 17th at 6 A.M., Kakusima Island was in sight; at twelve noon we passed from the Pacific Ocean into the Yellow Sea, our passage in being between the islands Kakusima and Yerabu. One merchant sailing ship and one steamer were sighted to-day, the first vessels seen since leaving Guam. At 3 P.M., stopped steaming, and manned our lookout at the masthead with double the men, that no spout of a whale should escape our notice.

February 18th and 19th, rain and strong gales, no chance to see. February 22d the first fair day we have seen. Cruising in Lat. $30^{\circ} 40' N.$; Long. $125^{\circ} E.$, seeing nothing but Chinese and Japanese fish boats and junks. February 27th, some porpoises seen this day. March 3d, saw one finback whale and porpoises. Still cruising between Lat. 30° and $31^{\circ} N.$ and Long. 125° to 126° , without seeing a right whale. March 9th, having seen no right whales, we started out of the Yellow Sea for Nagasaki. At 6 P.M. of March 10th, we anchored in Nagasaki Harbor for coal. The authorities boarded us immediately after anchoring and notified us that no vessels but steamers carrying the mail were allowed to enter or depart from this port between sunset and sunrise. As the sun had set before we anchored, we were ordered to leave and come in the next morning. The weather being very bad outside, we did not care to

leave: as a last resort, when every influence that I could think to bear upon him to change his orders had failed, I said: 'It is impossible to comply; we are without coal, having just enough to enable us to get to anchor and we must fill our bunkers before we can go away.' This fact seemed to puzzle him. Finally asking me to make a written statement of the fact, having my chief engineer sign the same, he would let me lie there, to which I gladly acquiesced.

Nagasaki is a picturesque place. Its harbor, between two mountains with a narrow entrance, makes it almost landlocked, its shelter from storms being all one could desire. The latitude being so far south of Yokohama gives its climate that warm balmy air that is not found at Yokohama. Mrs. Cook and Emma went ashore with me on the morning of the 11th. They soon were taking in the sights, having hired a ricksha for that purpose, while I instituted search for some coal to buy. I then learned that the Governor's permission would have to be obtained before coal could be put aboard my vessel. The reason for this was given me that Japan had no treaty with Argentine, so that any business connected with that country's shipping would have to have special permission from the Governor. I asked how long that would take and learned about two days. I then applied for permission to take on three hundred and fifty tons of Taka Sima coal, bought the same, and ordered it put aboard. Lighters went off alongside with the coal before the messengers had found the Governor. All the coal is handled by young girls in baskets of about twenty-five to thirty pounds of coal in each basket, and it is surprising what a large quantity of coal they will handle in a day, keeping a steady stream of coal going down the hatchway all the time. Just before we finished, as we were unloading the last lighter, the police came aboard notifying us that the Governor was away so that I would be obliged to wait for his return before I could take coal, to which I

replied, all right, but kept on unloading, and in a short time had my coal all in, paid for same, and was away before the Governor returned.

March 12th, we proceeded to sea bound for Yokohama. Discharged while here two Norwegian firemen. At 3 P.M. March 13th, we passed out of the Yellow Sea through Van Diemen's Straits into the Pacific Ocean once more. Three steamers and one schooner were seen to-day; course E. by N. for Yokohama. At 3.30 P.M., Sato No Misaki Lighthouse bore northeast one mile distant. March 13th and 16th, strong gale from south-east; land in sight. March 18th, strong breeze north-west; coast of Japan in sight. At noon passed Rock Island, course northeast for Yokohama. Blew away the upper foretopsail; bent another. Sunday, March 19th, fine. At 2.30 A.M. saw the light at entrance to Yokohama Bay. At 8 A.M. passed in by the heads, and at 11 A.M. anchored outside the breakwater off Yokohama.

March 20th and 21st, made new main royal and main topgallant yards and sent new ones aloft. March 28th Mr. Gurney, our new chief officer, arrived from New Bedford. I was very much surprised to be waited on to-day by a delegation of government officers accompanied by the Norwegian Consul and the harbor police. Our vessel was looked all over, and then I was notified that a bill, containing signed statements from all the Norwegian sailors and the two engineers and firemen, had been presented to the Norwegian Consul at Nagasaki by the firemen I had just discharged while there, in which many complaints, such as harsh treatment, not enough food, and inadequate living room for so many people, were charged. As I had no consul to go to, I had no help but to acquiesce in whatever they ordered, which was that I should not go to sea until a thorough investigation be held. I was commanded to lie there until I had notice that I was allowed to sail. The crew, including the engineers, wanted to leave the

ship and be paid off. If I could have got men to take their places here that were as good, I would have been very willing they should go. Their contracts for which they agreed did not expire until next January and men of Arctic experience, they being what was needed, were not to be found here, so I could not part with them without subjecting my vessel and owners to a great loss. They took the above means to force me to comply with their demands.

After the delegation left, I went ashore and to the American Trading Company, with whom and through whom I had done all my business. I stated to the president what I was up against and asked for information as to how long it would take the Japanese to complete their investigation. Their reply was, 'It is likely to take them all summer. Once in their hands it will keep up as long as possible with as much expense as they can make you fork over. In short, Captain, you are without protection, no consul here. Our advice to you is to get your stores aboard on the morrow when the steamer will arrive from San Francisco, and if you can escape or have the courage to try it, get under way and leave without even asking for your ship's papers in the Custom House.'

I went aboard feeling pretty blue, for I had no time to delay here if I wished to get the first of the whaling season north this year. I had received a letter from the Chilian Consul at San Francisco giving me permission to fly their flag until I arrived at San Francisco. There was no Chilian Consul there. I had a Chilian flag made and was all ready, as far as register and flag went, to go on the high seas. My old Argentine register was what the Japs had in their Customs. I thought over carefully and minutely all the points of the controversy and determined that the only way out of it for me was to run out of port under cover of darkness as soon as my stores were all aboard.

The next morning, the 23d, the steamship Gaelic,

with our flour and other eatables aboard, came to port and we lost no time in conveying ours in lighters over to our ship. A heavy rain and wind-storm had set in. As darkness began to shut down, we landed the last of our stores aboard ship. I did not even stop to stow away stores below, but with deck filled up with everything needed for a year's cruise I gave the orders to the chief officer to weigh anchor, and when I rang for steam from the engine-room the chief answered, 'No steam, sir!' I at once jumped into the engine-room and gave him the choice of giving me the steam at once or having to do it myself and, if compelled to act as engineer, I should get steam by using his body as fuel. It was a time when no delay could be tolerated. All aboard, with the exception of the officers, were in league to keep the vessel there until their demands were satisfied. It meant total ruin to all the money invested in the ship. I had worked too hard, and faced too many dangers in the Arctic navigation for the small amount of money I had saved, to have it all taken away in this manner. This engineer had been with me on this voyage already about fourteen months so that he had a pretty good idea who was master. As I took him by the throat, exclaiming, 'Decide at once! And decide to obey my orders or you will take the consequences!' it is needless to add that my orders were obeyed, and the steam bark Bowhead swung around under cover of darkness and in the midst of a howling gale of wind and rain, pointing her prow for the ocean thirty miles away. A little way down the bay we passed between the forts, the passage there being very narrow. I was afraid, having to pass so close to them, even under cover of darkness and with the help of the storm, that our escape would be discovered in season to stop us. It was with great relief that the passage was made without being discovered. A short distance farther down I anchored in Mississippi Bay, where every man was kept busy until

3 A.M., when, all stores having been stowed safely away, we again weighed our anchor and put to sea.

When the sun rose, April 1st, it found us almost out of sight of the Japanese coast bound for the ice-fields of the Arctic. I learned years afterward, upon meeting Mr. Morse, the president of the American Trading Company, whom I had not seen since leaving Yokohama so unceremoniously, that the next morning after we sailed, the Japanese authorities came into the office of the company and demanded of them to know why we had been allowed to depart. It was very hard for them to convince the authorities that they had nothing to do with our vessel other than that we made some purchases through them. He said they were a mad lot when they found they had been outwitted on every hand. They sent orders to the forts to fire upon us if we were seen passing by, but when those orders were issued we were in the broad Pacific far out of reach and sight. A naval cruiser was sent out to bring us in, but she failed to find us. Yes, the Japs and Norwegians were well outwitted by the shrewdness and courage of the Yankee whaler. All was peace and quiet aboard, work of all kinds going along as regularly as clockwork; little was there to show the turmoil that existed only a few hours previous. The chief engineer was the first to apologize. Others followed, and when we ended our voyage the next November, this same chief expressed a desire to go with me again, even going so far as actually to implore for a chance next year, showing how quickly the song changes when they realize they are beaten at their game and that we were in the right when they were entirely at fault.

Our Argentine register, for aught I knew, is still in the Customs at Yokohama. I have never been there to look for it or written to know anything about it, as we were now under the flag of Chili. Many times a man is called upon to act when perhaps these actions, as in this case, are not within the bounds of the law. It

takes the whaleman whose whole life is one where he has to depend upon himself, having confidence, to carry an undertaking, whatever it is, to a successful end. Had I been afraid or shown the least timidity toward sailors or the Government of Japan, my vessel and I would have lost the whaling season with the result that it would have been the financial ruin of all of us who had money in the ship. There was nothing else to do under the circumstances. But I did make a resolution, if I ever lived to get to San Francisco, I would leave no stone unturned to have this foreign-built ship, which was now wholly owned by citizens of the United States, given an American registry, for I had seen all I wanted of a foreign flag. How well I kept this resolution will be shown later in the narrative.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BOWHEAD'S SECOND VOYAGE

WE are making our passage north as quickly as possible under full head of steam and sail. April 10th, in Lat. $147^{\circ} 07' N.$, and Long. $159^{\circ} 15' E.$, we encountered our first snowstorm, accompanied by light southwest wind. We are steering N.E. by N. for the south edge of the pack-ice to be found in Behring Sea. April 19th, after an uneventful passage of nineteen days we sighted the ice-pack, and steamed close to the edge of it in Lat. $61^{\circ} 03' N.$, Long. $177^{\circ} 46' E.$ At 6 P.M. Captain McGregor, of the steam brigantine *Karluk*, came aboard.

April 20th, snowstorm, Captain McGregor was aboard all day. We sent some merchandise aboard of his vessel. April 20th, the steamer *Karluk*, the steamer *William Baylies*, and the land to south of Cape Navarin on the coast of Siberia, in sight. Very heavy swell from south, too much to permit of going into the ice-pack.

April 22d, wind strong from northeast; large strips of ice coming off the pack floating to south. We are steaming north through the strips. Seal are very numerous lying out on the ice. We also saw a shoal of killers to-day. Lat. $16^{\circ} 43' N.$; Long. $176^{\circ} 32' E.$ April 24th, Captain Devoll, of the steamer *Belvedere*, aboard; from this date we are in company with the *Belvedere*. We have been trying to penetrate the ice-pack together to gain a position farther north where whales might be found. April 30th, we both started steaming to the east to see if on the Alaskan side the ice would not offer more encouragement. At 7 P.M. saw the steamer *Alexander*. Lat. $59^{\circ} 13' N.$; Long. $172^{\circ} 30' W.$ May 1st, light northeast wind, with light snow. At 6 A.M. we came to a big hole of clear water

stretching to the north, and started steaming north. At 9 A.M. we sighted St. Matthew's Island. Steaming up to north of the island, the fog became so thick we stopped to wait for clear weather. We have not seen Belvedere or Alexander since last night. Lat. $60^{\circ} 45'$ N.; Long. $173^{\circ} 06'$ W.

May 3d, 1899, we steamed to north of St. Matthew's Island and found a very heavy close-packed ridge of ice too close to penetrate; headed off to southeast along the pack at 6 P.M. and gammed the steamer Alexander, Captain Benjamin Tilton. May 4th, still going to east looking for a soft spot in the pack-ice. May 7th, sighted Nunivak Island. At 8 A.M. Captain McGregor, of the steamer Karluk, came aboard. He reports ice hard on to the north end of Nunivak with no possible chance to get through, so we retraced our steps, going back along the edge of the pack during the day and stopping at night that we may go by no place that offers chance of going north.

May 10th, blowing strong gale from southeast, with heavy sea and fine snow. At daybreak we spoke the Karluk and told them we were going into the ice, the wind being fair to go north. I concluded, with all sail set and steam, we could make good headway. The Karluk refused to accompany us, fearing to stave the vessel among the ice in such a sea. We went into the ice before a gale with all sail out and full speed with engine. May 12th, observations gave us $61^{\circ} 40'$ N.; and $172^{\circ} 30'$ W. We had made a gain, as we went into the ice in $60^{\circ} 15'$ N. and $179^{\circ} 30'$ W. The afternoon of the 12th it blew so strong from the north that we could make no progress, so stopped steaming to save coal. At 4 P.M. of the 13th, wind moderating, we started again and steamed until 9.30 P.M., when we made fast to large ice. Weather thick, impossible to see far. May 14th, at 3 A.M. the weather cleared so we let go ice and started steaming. At 8 A.M. we passed out of the pack into a lead of clear water. At 3 P.M. we sighted

southwest cape of St. Lawrence Island, and at 10 P.M. anchored off the settlement at St. Lawrence Island, Behring Straits. May 15th, it was thick fog. We traded for sixty-five pounds of bone. The steamer William Baylies came in to anchor. At 8 A.M. we got under way and started to cross the Straits for Indian Point; saw three steamers. At 3 P.M. we anchored at Indian Point. The steamer Belvedere is also here. We traded for clothing, polar-bear skins, and some whalebone. May 17th, the steamer Thrasher came here.

May 18th, at anchor, Plover Bay. The natives got some whales here last fall. Here, and at another small settlement called John Howland Bay, we got about twelve hundred pounds of whalebone. May 20th and 21st, lay at Indian Point; May 22d, at St. Lawrence Bay. May 24th, at East Cape, fast to heavy ground ice. At 1 P.M. the steamer Narwhal came in and reported Captain Buckley, of the William Baylies, had killed himself by accidental discharge of a rifle. May 26th at whaling around to northwest of East Cape; the steamer Jeannette here. At 4 P.M. we lowered boats for a whale, the first we have seen this season. The Jeannette lowered her boats, but the whales were going so quickly to the north we soon lost sight of them. The boats came back about 9 P.M. We have now discharged the two natives whom we took from here last year and who were so disabled as to prevent their being landed last fall. The one who hurt his head when he fell from aloft was on duty long before we got to Japan, while the one with the broken thigh came around all right in due season. Both were landed in good health and spirits, having lots to tell of what they had seen in civilized parts. We paid them off in articles of food and ammunition and rifles, that they might have the necessary means to get their livelihood.

May 28th, blowing a gale; at 11 A.M. lowered boats for a whale. The Jeannette and Belvedere both lowered boats; did not see the whale after lowering.

May 31st, made fast to heavy ice at Diomedes. Four steamers here with us. June 1st, blowing a gale with blinding snow. Several whales came close to the ship; lowered boats. The starboard boat, commanded by Mr. Sparks, harpooned one, which went under the ice a long way, but we still had hold of the line, and finally he came out to breathe, when all the other boats shot down close to him and fired some explosives that soon caused him to give up the ghost, and we took him alongside and began cutting in. The steamer *Jeannette* also caught one. Although the wind was blowing strongly, yet the sea was perfectly smooth, there being so much ice around that there was no chance for the sea to rise. We finished cutting the head off and gave all the blubber and meat to the natives, for we, being a foreign-built ship, would be obliged to pay duty on the oil if we boiled out any. Oil being at such a low price, and with the duty to pay, we concluded it would not be profitable to save it. So, as soon as the head containing the whalebone was taken care of, the remainder of the whale was cast adrift. It was a rare treat to the natives to get a dead whale so near their homes, and they availed themselves of the opportunity by saving the whole of this large whale.

June 2d, lying fast to ground ice at Diomedes. Sent out our boats cruising, thereby spreading chances of seeing whales. At 6 P.M. the boats returned having seen nothing to-day. July 3d, wind breezing strong from southeast, all steamers were obliged to shift around to the north side of the Diomedes. We spent the day aboard the steamer *Thrasher*, being entertained by Captain Sherman and family. They had taken no whales. June 5th, made a passage over to East Cape, where we pumped aboard two hundred barrels of fresh water, and came back to Diomedes again. June 6th to 16th, cruising up and down the straits from Diomedes Islands to Indian Point. No

whales seen by ships or natives. The afternoon of the 16th, at Indian Point, our carpenter went off gunning and shot fifty-three ducks. This species of bird, very plentiful. June 17th, bought a deer of the natives, and the 18th the carpenter shot twenty-eight more ducks so that we were getting plenty of fresh meat for the table.

June 23d, no whales being seen for weeks, we concluded they had all passed to the north, so weighed anchor and went toward St. Michael's to trans-ship our bone and sell our furs and extra boots and clothing. We arrived at St. Michael's at midnight of the 25th. The harbor was full of shipping. Among our last articles of trade we had bought and brought over from Indian Point twelve sled dogs, which we sold at good profit to the miners bound up the Yukon River. June 28th, we bundled our bone, having thirty-four bundles, weighing thirty-two hundred pounds of trade bone and twenty-two bundles weighing twenty-one hundred and ninety pounds of catch bone that we had got out of the one whale's head we caught this spring. We put the bone aboard the steamer Roanoke for shipment to San Francisco. Captain Weaver, of the Roanoke, with three ladies, passengers aboard, came and took dinner with us. All our furs and boots we disposed of readily.

An amusing incident happened while there. The port captain of one of the steamship lines approached me as I was landing some goods, and asked if I was captain of that whaling vessel (pointing to mine). I answered him in the affirmative. He then asked if he could visit the vessel, as he had never been aboard of a whaling vessel. I said, 'You and your family are cordially invited aboard and to-morrow being Sunday, we would like you and your wife to call.' He then asked if a whaling vessel was clean enough for his wife to go aboard of, to which I answered that it was clean enough for my wife and daughter, they having been there

going onto two years, and I believed the vessel, as far as cleanliness went, to be clean enough for the most exacting lady, and I hoped to see them to-morrow. Sunday being a day for visiting seemingly when in port, we always had visitors on that day. This Sunday was no exception. They started in early, and kept coming and going throughout the most of the day. About 4 P.M. the captain whom I had talked with the day before appeared, accompanied by his wife and another lady. As I ushered them into our room in the cabin, my daughter was playing a very pretty piece of music on the piano for an audience of five or six ladies. Introducing the new arrivals, I had them take seats and the music resumed. I noticed the captain seemed very uneasy. In a few moments he caught my eye and beckoned me to go on deck with him. Arriving there, he took me by the hand, and said, 'What an ass I made of myself yesterday! I owe you an apology. I inferred from books I have read that whaling vessels were the filthiest vessels afloat, and the captains, officers, and crews from the lowest type of humanity, but, sir, when I saw you from time to time ashore, you did not agree with the stories I had read, your make-up was quite different, and I made bold to ask if you were the captain. I have your answer. I want to tell you, being port captain of our line I am accustomed to look over quite closely all the vessels as they come in, particularly their general appearance. I want to say to you, sir, that your ship is the cleanest one I have seen in this port, and your quarters where your talented daughter is now entertaining callers are unexcelled by any of the vessels here. I am glad to be aboard of a whaler to inspect and see what I now see. I shall have a much different opinion in the future of whaling vessels and those that operate them.' To this I replied: 'We have over fifty men aboard this vessel who have but little else to do but keep the ship clean. True, when we are taking care of oil there is some grease about, but it

occupies so little of our time that it is all cleaned up right away and no vessel is scrubbed more than a whaler.'

He went below again, all leaving after a long tarry, much impressed with what they learned. So it would be with many who see a whaler only when she is outfitting or discharging at her home port, when she always looks her worst, for then she is under the charge of the stevedores or ships' husband. But to see the ship day after day during a voyage, one would be impressed with the discipline aboard a whaleship and the great amount of labor and time devoted to keeping her clean and tidy. Success of a voyage depends largely on the health of the crew, and paying strict attention to cleanliness is one great health-giver.

July 2d, we steamed out of St. Michael's for Unalaska for coal for our bunkers, as they were very nearly empty, not nearly enough left to permit of going north this summer. July 4th, thick fog, which continued thick until July 8th when we anchored in Dutch Island Harbor where the coal station is, being half a mile from Unalaska. July 9th, I sent two boats outside fishing while the remainder of the crew got ready for coaling. July 10th and 11th, stormy with no chance of coaling. July 12th, started taking in coal. July 13th, finished coaling, and took two hundred and five tons of coal and four hundred barrels of fresh water. We waited until the 16th for mail. July 17th, at 7 A.M. we steamed out of the harbor and stopped off Priest Rock entrance to Unalaska. We caught two hundred and fifty nice codfish. At 3 P.M. we set sail and steered W.N.W. for Behring Straits. July 18th, strong breeze southwest; passed a whaling bark; called it the Alice Knowles. Lat. $55^{\circ} 44' N.$; Long. $167^{\circ} 30' W.$ July 19th, rainy and thick, fresh breeze southwest; course northwest. Lat. $56^{\circ} 30' N.$; Long. $169^{\circ} 26' W.$

July 20th to 26th, thick fog the entire passage. At 7 A.M. anchored at Indian Point. At 8 P.M. weighed

anchor, thick fog, for the Arctic. July 27th and 28th, thick fog. Anchored in the afternoon of the 29th off East Cape. Here we traded for a few skins to make clothes. July 30th, weighed anchor and steered N. by E. for Point Hope, one hundred and fifty-five miles away; wind blowing strong from north. August 1st, 8 P.M., anchored at Point Hope. Parted the starboard cable, dragged for anchor, and got it after some hours. August 2d, started up the coast to the north. The schooner Bonanza at anchor here. Passed Cape Lisbourne, steering N.E. by E. for Icy Cape. No ice in sight. Strong breeze north. August 4th at 11 P.M., anchored during thick fog in eight fathoms water near Point Belcher, which in 1871 was the scene of the loss by ice of thirty-one of New Bedford's ships, entailing a loss of over a million and a half dollars. At 1.30 P.M. of August 5th, we took up anchor and steamed for Cape Smythe in thick fog. At 4 P.M., we made fast to ground ice off Cape Smythe. Steamer Alexander here. We traded for some bone. August 6th, at 11 A.M., started eastward around Point Barrow. A large settlement of natives formerly lived here, but, with the establishment of whaling and trading stations at Cape Smythe, the most of them moved there, twelve miles distant. The land is very low for a hundred and fifty miles east of Point Barrow until one comes to the range of mountains. August 7th, thick fog and calm. Working through ice in five fathoms water off Harrison Bay; in the afternoon heard a steamer's whistle. At 7 P.M. the fog lifted and we saw the Belvedere and Alexander astern. August 8th, working through closely packed ice off Midway Islands, made fast to ground ice in eight fathoms water, as the ice was hard onto the sand islands off Franklin Return Reef. We must wait for a change of wind to move the ice so as to give us a channel through. August 9th, for twenty-four hours no change in the ice, to which we are still fast. August 10th, the same. August 11th,



STEAMER BOWHEAD AT UNALASKA



STEAMER BOWHEAD FAST TO GROUND ICE AT POINT BARROW,
ALASKA

THE FIRST WHALE FOR THE SEASON 185

we saw the *Alexander* inside the Midway Islands. At 4 P.M. still thick fog: started east through the ice. At 10 P.M. heard steamer's whistle indicating by blasts she was either at anchor or made fast to ice. August 13th, wind fresh northeast, with fog, steering N.E. by E. through lots of ice. At 9 P.M. anchored in eight fathoms water in thick fog. August 14th, weighed anchor for Herschel Island; thick fog with scattering ice-floes. At noon we passed close by Herschel Island, course N. by E. Mag. At 6 P.M. blowing strong from ahead with heavy sea. We could make but little headway, so hoisted fore and aft sails and beat to windward with steam and sail.

August 15th, we anchored off Pelly Island in seven fathoms water. August 16th, at 5 A.M., we weighed anchor and steamed N.N.E. until 1 P.M. when we gammed the steamer *Beluga*, Captain Bodfish. He had been two winters, and this was his third summer since leaving San Francisco, having wintered at Baillie Island near Cape Bathurst. He reported a total to date of sixty-two whales, having taken twenty-six this summer. The captain stopped aboard with us until 9 P.M., both steamers steaming to north all day. August 17th we cruised all day under sail. In the afternoon there were snow-squalls. At 7 P.M. we lowered five boats for a whale, but could not catch him. The *Beluga* had her boats down, but neither of us got any. Lat. about $70^{\circ} 40'$ N.; Long. 138° W.

August 18th, fine weather, with wind northwest, sighted the steamer *William Baylies* cutting in a whale. I went aboard a few minutes and learned it was the first whale for the season. At 10 A.M. we lowered for a whale. The waist boat, in charge of Second Officer Joslyn, caught one. At 2 P.M. we finished cutting him in, as we took only the bone; about two thousand pounds in this fellow's head. August 19th, Captain McGregor, of the *Karluk*, came aboard and had taken no whales. We saw the *Beluga*

take one. Lat. $70^{\circ} 36' N.$; Long. $131^{\circ} W.$ August 20th, five steamers in sight. We lowered for a whale, but got nothing; saw the steamer Mary D. Hume get one. August 21st, saw the Thrasher and Mary D. Hume each take a whale. August 22d, fine. We saw the steamer Alexander and Mary D. Hume steering off to the southwest and the Beluga for Cape Bathurst.

August 23d, steering off to southwest under sail in company with the Karluk and Alexander, Jeannette and William Baylies. August 24th and 25th, we cruised off to southwest until the afternoon of the 25th, when we sighted Herschel Island. August 26th, we saw the Alexander take a whale close to the island; also saw the Jeannette with boats down chasing. August 27th, steering to westward, bound out. August 28th, in company with the steam brig Jeannette, we passed by Barter Island. At 9 A.M. of the 29th, thick weather with strong head wind, so anchored in six fathoms water off Beachy Head. The Jeannette also anchored. August 30th, steamed westward; calm and rainy. At 3 P.M. made fast to ground ice off Harrison Bay. The Jeannette steamed out of sight to westward. August 31st, still going westward to Point Barrow, with plenty of scattering ice around. We saw the Jeannette with boats down for a whale. We both anchored in seven fathoms water off Point Tangent.

September 1st, at daybreak we saw the Jeannette lower boats and capture a whale. We saw none from our ship. At noon came in thick fog and remained that way for the next twenty-four hours. September 2d, steamed to Point Barrow in company with the Jeannette and anchored at 3 P.M. on west side of the Point. Some scattering ice was along the shore, the heavy pack in sight a short distance off shore. September 3d, we anchored at Cape Smythe, and at 3 P.M., the 4th, in light snow left for the western whaling grounds. At 7 P.M. we came up to the edge

of the heavy pack-ice, steering off southwest following the edge of the pack. Numerous herds of walrus were on the ice. The Jeannette in sight. September 5th, strong gale from northeast. At 5 P.M. hove to under storm canvas. Lat. 71° N.; Long. $170^{\circ} 30'$ W. September 7th, cruising off and on the edge of pack, in thick snowstorm.

September 10th, snow-squalls. At 11 A.M. sighted our first whale this season on these grounds. The boats came aboard at 2 P.M., being unable to catch him. Weather very rough for boats; birds, seal, and walrus numerous. September 14th, Captain McGregor of steam brigantine Karluk came aboard and reported catching a whale yesterday. At 1 P.M. we lowered for the second whale we have seen in these waters this season: weather fine, with light breeze west. Could not fasten. The William Baylies and Karluk both had boats down. Lat. $71^{\circ} 45'$ N.; $168^{\circ} 30'$ W. September 15th we saw the Belvedere get a whale. We chased whales all day and got nothing. September 16th, very cold with flurries of snow throughout the entire day. At 1 P.M. lowered five boats for several whales. Saw the Belvedere with boats down. At sunset the starboard bow boat, in charge of Mr. Peters, struck and saved one. We cut him in. Captain Devoll, of the Belvedere, was aboard in the evening. Two other steamers in sight. September 17th, saw the Belvedere and Karluk chasing whales with boats down. September 19th, four sails in sight. September 21st, off in vicinity of Herald Island, chased, but got no whales. The Jeannette was in sight. September 23d, we saw several whales. The starboard bow boat capsized trying to harpoon one, which spoiled all our chances for the day and the steamer had to go up there and take care of boat and occupants: nobody injured or drowned. Five steamers in sight. September 24th, lowered for several whales. The starboard bow boat struck and saved one which we took to the

steamer and cut in. Herald Island in sight bearing W.N.W. magnetic, twenty miles distant. Latter part of day, snow. Saw the steamer Jeannette get a whale. The Thrasher and Alaska had boats down chasing whales. Lat. $71^{\circ} 18' N.$; Long. $174^{\circ} 19' W.$ September 25th, at daybreak lots of whales showing; lowered all boats. The waist boat struck and saved one which we cut in. At 5 P.M. we lowered for several more. The larboard boat, in charge of Mr. Gurney, chief officer, harpooned one that went away carrying all the line and harpoon with him. We lost him, as it soon came on dark and we could not keep run of him. Doubtless he died, as a bomb exploded in him from the darting gun when he was harpooned. Herald Island in sight, twenty miles distant. There is so much ice between us and the island, that it is impossible to get nearer to it. September 26th dawned with a gale of wind from the northwest. Vapor on the water half-mast high. At 11 A.M. a whale came close to the ship. Weather was so bad and cold, I hesitated about lowering boats. As the wind was blowing directly off the ice, it was smooth water, we being close up to the edge of the pack. We finally lowered the larboard waist and starboard boats. The waist boat harpooned him with two darting guns, the bombs of which killed him instantly. We took him to the ship and cut off his head, a noble, big head; about twenty-five hundred pounds of bone, I should estimate. It was the worst weather in which I ever saw boats lowered, and the coldest I was ever on a cutting-stage cutting in a whale. September 28th and 29th, blowing a gale from northwest; bitter cold; ice all about. We saw two whales the 28th, but it was too rough and cold to lower. The afternoon of the 29th it began moderating, and we sighted the Alexander and Karluk. We spoke the Karluk; four whales. September 30th, calm. We steamed off to southwest: Thrasher, Alexander, and Karluk in sight. Lat. $70^{\circ} 09' N.$; Long. $175^{\circ} 15' W.$

October 1st and 2d, we saw no whales; spoke the Belvedere who got a whale the first day of the month; also spoke the steamer William Baylies, with five whales, who reports seeing a body of whales to the northeast in Lat. $71^{\circ} 30' N.$; Long. $166^{\circ} 30' W.$ We both started steaming N.E. by N. October 4th, lowered four boats for a whale, but did not get him: saw the William Baylies get one. October 5th, cruising along edge of ice: spoke the Karluk; the William Baylies also in sight; saw her lower for a whale. At 3.30 P.M. we steered off southwest for Herald Island. Lat. $71^{\circ} 22' N.$; Long. $167^{\circ} 10' W.$ October 6th, steaming through young ice until 8 A.M., then set sail, having got out into clear water. October 7th, at 3 P.M., spoke the steamer Thrasher, who reports six whales, and reports the Alexander with seven whales. Lat. $70^{\circ} 05' N.$; Long. $174^{\circ} 53' W.$ October 8th, lowered for several whales; the Thrasher and Alaska in sight. The starboard boat harpooned one, but the harpoon came out, so we lost him. The Alaska and Thrasher both chased whales, but got none. Lat. $69^{\circ} 45' N.$; Long. $174^{\circ} 30' W.$ October 9th, we saw the Alaska with boats down.

October 10th, the Alaska in sight. October 11th and 12th, we saw the Alexander chasing whales. Seemingly it is impossible for us to get sight of any. October 13th, the ocean is beginning to be covered with ice, so we started in company with the Alexander to steam out of the Arctic. October 14th, spoke the Karluk. October 15th, calm, with snow, steaming S. by E. after sounding and getting a depth of twenty-one fathoms. The latter part of the twenty-four hours, a fresh breeze northwest. At 4 P.M. hauled to under the lee of Big Diomedé and landed two Eskimos that we took from there last June; paid them in trade for their work. Then we steered S.W. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. for Indian Point, where we anchored at noon October 16th. The steamships William Baylies and Belvedere

are here. At 5 P.M. steered for the Aleutian Islands. October 17th to 27th, crossing Behring Sea: all kinds of heavy weather, gale after gale. The morning of the 27th dawned and found us just entering Unimak Pass bound out of Behring Sea into the Pacific Ocean. Weather fine, with light northwest wind. We steamed and sailed out through the Pass. At 3 P.M. passed Ugamok Island, the southwest point of the Pass. Wind quickly changed to southeast, with threatening weather looking like a southeast storm, and as that wind was right ahead for us and having no sea-room, we just turned around and steamed back into Behring Sea again, and before we got halfway back it was blowing a heavy gale accompanied with rain and sleet. At 1 P.M. hove the ship to under goose-winged main topsail about thirty miles to the north of Unimak Pass. It was the first and only time I was ever obliged to run back after going through one of these passes, but I was glad enough to be on the leeward side rather than on the windward side of the land in this howling gale, for if we had not run back we surely would have been tossed upon the rocks long before daylight. October 28th, strong gale from west with snow. At 4 P.M. the wind veered to northwest and we were forced to go around on different tacks every two hours. October 29th, we had been drifting toward land all night, knowing we had not sea-room to permit of another twenty-four hours drifting. At daybreak it was still blowing heavily and driving snow. We steered S.E. by S. for Unimak Pass under two lower topsails. I put three men aloft on the fore yard to watch for land and breakers, while two more were put on the topgallantsail. At 8 A.M. the lookout on the fore yard reported breakers on the port bow. A little later breakers were reported on the starboard bow. We changed our course to S.E. by E. and soon we saw land on each side. We were nearly in the middle of the Pass. At 10 A.M. it cleared and stopped snowing, although

THE SEASON'S CATCH OF BONE 191

still blowing strong from northwest. At 2 P.M. we passed Ugamok Island into the broad Pacific again steering E.S.E. The wind moderated at sunset. October 30th to midnight of November 15th, we kept on until we saw flashing in the dark vault of the heaven the light of the Farallone beckoning us back to civilization again.

All our bone being bundled, washed, and dried, we weighed the same, which totaled twelve thousand and twenty pounds of catch bone and four thousand nine hundred and fifty-five pounds of trade bone. The valuation for this season's catch is about sixty-five thousand dollars. At 8 P.M. we took a pilot and passed in through the Golden Gate, anchoring in San Francisco Bay. November 16th we sent the bone to New Bedford by rail.

CHAPTER XIV

AMERICAN REGISTRY BY ACT OF CONGRESS

I NOW had more trouble over foreign flags. Depositing my papers with the Chilian Consul, I asked him to pay off my crew or allow me to pay them before him. He examined my crew list and went into a great rage. I was at a loss to account for such a tempestuous outbreak until informed by his interpreter that I had been breaking the laws governing Chilian ships, inasmuch as their laws required fifty of the crew to be Chilians. Also my representative, who had obtained this permit from the consul, deceived him, as the permit was issued for a vessel loading in Yokohama bound for Valparaiso *via* San Francisco. As we are not intending to go farther and never intended to, it was a gross deception, and I was subject to a large fine, as under no circumstances can a consul of Chili give a permit to use their flag and have their protection under such circumstances as ours. I asked what the fine was, pleading my ignorance of the law, but the more I made excuses, the more overbearing he became; to end it all he agreed to accept sixty-five hundred dollars as a fine and not prosecute further if the money was paid within thirty days. My reply was that I would see him the next day.

I departed leaving him in a great rage. Our crew had to be paid off before the consul, and I gave it a great deal of thought as to how I was going to appease him and satisfy him I was innocent of any intentional wrong. If I had committed acts while flying the Chilian flag that rendered me liable, it was through ignorance. I had no copy of the regulations or laws and requirements of masters or agents of Chilian vessels. I concluded to try the next day to see if

pleading ignorance of the law would not cause the consul to take a calmer view of the situation and reach an understanding without being obliged to pay such a sum of money.

The next day I went and humbly asked the consul to consider matters in this light and related the circumstances attending my voyage while under the Chilian register, for I believed when he weighed carefully the whole matter he would be more considerate. My disappointment was great, for, instead of listening to my appeal quietly, he raved, shaking his fist in my face and calling me, through his interpreter, a 'damn Yankee rascal.' Seeing there was no chance of doing anything with him by seeming to apologize or plead ignorance, I resolved at once upon a bold stroke. I turned suddenly upon him, walking right up to him with clenched fists and demanded my papers back, and then said, 'You discharge my men at 10 A.M. to-morrow, and for your work I will pay you the sum of two dollars for each man you pay off. When that is finished, you will have finished all work with me, and I will take from you a receipt showing that all claims from the Chilian Government have been paid you as their representative. Unless you do at once agree to this, you, sir, I will expose to the Chilian Government as one who has given a register to a ship or rather has accepted pay for one which he never had the right to give' (for he had said so to me, and I believe the money for it went into his own pocket). I closed with these words, 'You Spanish rascal, I will break every bone in your body if you ever make mention to me of any fine, much less try to collect the same.'

What a change took place as I made these remarks! He meekly returned my ship's papers and promised to devote the entire day on the morrow after 10 A.M. to paying off my crew and doing for me the things I desired. I then left him with these words: 'I shall have forty men here to-morrow at ten and you pay them

according to their agreements, and when you have finished you must give me the receipts I have asked for and as soon as I pay you the discharging bill. Any failure will bring my wrath on your head and that of all the influence I can command to get you out of the consul's office.'

At 10 A.M. of the morrow all were on hand. The consul detailed the interpreter to look out for the work and the men were all discharged and paid off, going away satisfied. When I paid the bill of eighty dollars for discharging forty men, receipts that I desired were forthcoming, and so a consul's bluff was called and found him wanting. I resolved then that no more foreign flags would I sail under if it were possible to obtain an American registry. The outrage which was tried at Yokohama and another one here, and two whole years without a bit of help in a foreign port, were enough to make me go to the depths of desperation to get out of that mess and not to get in any more. I began at once to form a bill or draft one that I might take East with me, and I intended to go to Washington that winter to try to have passed a bill which was to give an American register to the foreign-built steam bark Bowhead.

The law operating then was that no foreign-built vessel shall have an American register unless such vessel has been wrecked in the waters of the United States and all repairs made in a port of the United States, and her cost, when so repaired, shall be two thirds of her cost and she shall be owned entirely by citizens of the United States. This being the law, the only chance for me was to have my bill granted by a special act of Congress. It was also necessary to set forth in the bill why a special act should be given this foreign-built ship and why she did not come directly under the law against this very act. In the bill I finally prepared, I set forth that this vessel, being specially constructed to cope with the ice pressure of

the Arctic for which she was designed, and being engaged in the whaling business, was of a type and class that could never be advantageously or profitably run in the merchant marine. Also that this law was made to protect our shipbuilding industry in which the building of whaling vessels had long since been discontinued, for the last one for Arctic work was built in 1892, some seven years ago. Besides all this, the United States Government oftentimes may need a vessel of this type to go in search of vessels and citizens entrapped there, as was the case of the rescue party sent to the help of General Greely. The United States had no vessels fitted for such work; hence an appeal was made to Great Britain, and the two sealing steamers, the *Bear* and *Thetis*, were gotten for that work. The United States needs vessels of such description for this work and does not want to be obliged to appeal to other nations for vessels to do her work. On the line that shipbuilders of our country were not anxious to construct such vessels, that owing to the excessive cost for such building and that Arctic whaling was declining and owners were not building, I dwelt at length, and also that it did not look now as if a steam whaler for Arctic work would ever be built again by private citizens of our country.

After much trouble and anxiety, I finally got the bill in shape in which I could see no loophole, and was about ready to start on my Eastern journey, when a great friend of mine heard of what I was intending to do and called me into his office. He asked me if I was going to try such a foolish job. My answer was, 'I am.' He then said, 'Captain, you have sailed for me for four years as master. You were one of my best ones. I want to tell you, in the interest I have in you, to abandon at once any such foolish project. It is an utter impossibility. Years ago I had a whaling bark of foreign build. I expended over twenty thousand dollars trying to get an American register and failed,

and was obliged to give it up and sell the vessel, which I would advise you to do. For you see it is impossible to operate without many difficulties a foreign-built ship in the whaling business. You can have a good steam bark to go, Captain, any time you want it, of me.' His opinion and advice, I must confess, caused me to think more deeply and earnestly of the task before me, but did not lessen my determination to try it. Friends in large numbers talked with me, and, as they had tried themselves, were interested, but their vessels were merchant vessels. I listened to all and made careful inquiries as to the methods they used and sought to change mine so as not to meet the same stumbling-block as they fell down over. I noticed one thing, particularly; that was they laid great stress on the attorney who represented them and how much influence he had, etc., but could not make an impression even. I said, 'I am too poor to employ an attorney. I will represent myself. The only cost then will be the difference in the cost of my living expenses in Washington and Provincetown.' Letters of introduction having been secured to Senators, Congressmen, and to John D. Long, who was then Secretary of the Navy, and having put the good old ship, safely moored, in Oakland Creek, I, with my wife and Emma, my daughter, started for the East. Emma had been with us now a two-years' voyage. Thus, a girl of eighteen, she had put aside her school for a more practical knowledge of the world and life. She had seen the different nations and their mode of living and their work. She had also seen the natives of the torrid, temperate, and frigid zones in their original ways and state, had observed also the great rush of miners that went to the Klondike, witnessing their return, many of them, the next year. Thus her voyage gave her a fund of knowledge of the ways and customs and habits of a class of people she would never by any other means have acquired.

Leaving San Francisco on the 30th of November, I parted with my wife and daughter at Chicago. They went to our home at Provincetown, while I went to Washington, D.C., where I arrived in due season. As I walked up Pennsylvania Avenue on that winter afternoon just as the sun was setting, gazing at the stately buildings, I had a feeling creeping over me that the task I was here to do was worse even than bucking the ice in the North. Indeed, it was a lonesome feeling as I registered at Hotel Raleigh, and I began to realize I was a stranger in a strange city with the object of accomplishing something in direct opposition to the amendments to the Constitution. I thought of what older and wiser heads had told me and they were backed by influence I could not possibly get. As I looked over the bill that I had prepared, not much larger than a missionary tract, I said, 'I wonder if it is folly to try.' Then the thought of what I had endured sailing under a foreign flag and the complications which might arise, the terribly vivid experience of the past two years, made my resolve the stronger to persevere, leaving no stone unturned to sail with the Stars and Stripes at the peak of the steam bark Bowhead, the next year, 1900.

One of the owners, a Brockton man, came to meet me the next day, and through the acquaintance and friendship of his father years ago with John D. Long, we had a very pleasant talk with that honorable gentleman, and he gave me letters of introduction to several Senators and Congressmen who might assist us in our work. When I outlined to Mr. Long what I wanted, he wished me success, but could not give me much encouragement, as it was against our laws, but he did aid us materially by the kind words and encouragement and his endorsement of me contained in the letters of introduction. My next move was to go to another hotel, by name of Hotel Hamilton, as many of those Senators and Representatives to whom I had

letters of introduction stopped there. I reasoned I would be more likely to get a better acquaintance in living where they did.

The first Senator I approached was William Frye, of Maine, who was then acting Vice-President in the place of Hobart, deceased, presenting my letter of introduction which he looked over carefully. When he looked up at me, he said, 'I would do anything I could consistently to favor a man whom Mr. Long favors or one of his friends, but do you know, sir, that I stand for protecting the shipbuilding interest of our country against foreign competition, and this bill, sir, lets down the bars in a measure. I do not see how I can give you any encouragement.' My reply was, 'Senator Frye, I realize your position and, as you are Chairman of the Senate Committee on Commerce, I know it is useless for me to hope to secure favorable action on this bill of mine unless your committee will consider it and report favorably' — for I had determined to make this a Senate bill and have it acted on in the Senate before going to the House. I then said: 'My dear Senator, this vessel is engaged in the whaling business exclusively. It has been eight years since the last vessel was constructed for that business; the cost of such and the difficulties to-day to get the right material for such vessels, added to the high cost, such work is far from being sought by shipbuilders to-day. As this business is declining, owners or people who are at present engaged in pursuit of this industry will not in my opinion ever have reason to or will ever build another vessel for Arctic whaling. So this bill, sir, if it does receive favorable action by Congress, will not, in any way, shape, or form, injure the shipbuilders of the United States, but will give them work each year in repairs that they always need.' The aged Senator eyed me very closely while I, as earnestly as I could, put these facts and arguments before him. At the conclusion he said, 'You ask Senator Perkins, of

California, to write a letter or come before the Committee of Commerce and state that there is no opposition to this bill from the State of California, as it is from the port of San Francisco she will sail and do her business. If Senator Perkins will do that, I will consider the bill before my committee, but I will never introduce your bill.' I thanked him very much for his frankness and patience, for I said to him that the fact that he would not oppose the bill I considered gave me encouragement to persevere.

I came out of that interview much encouraged. Stepping into the room of the Senate Building occupied by the Committee on Philippines, for the purpose of presenting a letter of introduction to our Honorable Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, I met him and passed the letter to him. He quickly asked what he could do for me. I replied, stating my mission here. After listening attentively to all I had to say, he, very much to my surprise and delight, said, 'Captain, there ought to be no trouble about this. I will introduce it for you in the Senate, thus making a Senate bill of it. You must at all times be within call, ready to explain any question that might arise and I will do all I can to secure the passage of the bill.' To say I was pleased is expressing it mildly. The satisfaction I experienced at the progress made on this my first day in Washington was immense. I next interviewed Senator Perkins, whom I had sailed for in the whaling business or for the firm of Goddall and Perkins, he being the junior partner. His recollection of me was very pleasant, and he volunteered to do everything that was possible before the Committee of Commerce to secure a favorable report on my bill, which I am able to say he fulfilled to the very letter. I next asked and got the Honorable Julius Kahn, of San Francisco, to introduce the bill in the House. He also was very kind, but as this was his first term he advised me to get some one who had served longer to champion the bill and argue

it out before the committee to which it would be assigned. Acting under his suggestion, I got William Greene, Congressman from Fall River, Massachusetts, to father my bill that Mr. Kahn was to introduce.

Time went on, Mr. Lodge's Senate bill was reported favorably from the Committee of Commerce back to the Senate, and was unanimously passed by that august body. It was now the one main point to be brought out to get the Committee on Marine and Fisheries, to which the House bill had been assigned, to act upon it, as it came so far down in the calendar that, if I had to wait for the time to come in rotation or when its turn would come for consideration, there were so many bills ahead of it that I should not be able to get action on it for three years, while I must start away on my next voyage not later than March. Mr. Greene, being a member of the Committee on Marine and Fisheries, worked hard for me, and I was fortunate at this juncture to make the acquaintance of a man who had been Congressman from Ohio and who had held many political offices under McKinley. He became interested in my stories of my experiences and offered to introduce me to the Chairman of the committee. After listening to my story of what I was in pursuit of in Washington, I availed myself of the offer and next morning I was introduced to Congressman Grosvenor, of Ohio, Chairman of the Committee on Marine and Fisheries, to whom I pleaded that action might be taken on our bill, pointing out the fact as strongly as I could that we could not wait for it to come in regular rotation, that we must be up to the ice at the usual season, as the ice would not keep intact later this season than any other. If we were to get any good out of a favorable action by the committee as we had already done in the Senate, such action must come at once. To General Grosvenor's questions, which were many, I answered promptly the best I could, and gave him briefly an outline of the difficulties of pursuing

farther the business under foreign flags. When I was through I shall never forget his last remark, which was that Senator Lodge had written him in regard to the bill, 'but, sir, you cannot run bills through Congress as one can catch whales. Your bill is so far down the calendar, it being over three thousand numbers, meaning that there are over three thousand bills to be considered by our committee before yours reaches us, and here, now, you have struck a red-tape machine, and you will be very fortunate if you hear from that bill in three years.'

I answered him, after listening quietly and apparently at ease to the above (in reality I was trembling with nervousness while he made those remarks). I thanked him for the cordial interview he had so kindly given me and the interest he had manifested in my mission. As I bade him good-day, I said, 'I expect, my dear sir, at your next committee meeting, after giving due thought to what I have said, and when you realize the importance and vital necessity for us to have action taken at once before your committee, that you will act on the bill which calls for the granting of an American register to the foreign-built steam bark Bowhead.'

I then went away, bidding him good-morning, well pleased with the result of our interview, although nothing had been promised. I had succeeded in presenting the facts of my bill before the Chairman of the committee upon whose action so much was at stake. My friend who had introduced me to the General had known him from boyhood, and he encouraged me by telling me that I had made an impression on the General and it was his opinion that some good results would be forthcoming. Anxiously did I in the next few days try, by interviews with Senator Lodge and information from my friend, to get some line when and what would be the next news regarding my bill. Our good Senator Lodge had exerted all the influence he pos-

sessed, which was mighty, and up to this time everything had gone along rapidly and smoothly. We could not do anything but wait. Judge then of my surprise the afternoon of the first meeting of the Committee on Marine and Fisheries, as I stepped into the room of Mr. Chamberlain, the Commissioner of Navigation, who had been very courteous to me. He, upon seeing it was I, jumped from his chair and grasped me by the hand, exclaiming, 'You are the most fortunate man I ever knew to get favors from the committees here in Washington!' I asked him to tell me quickly what had transpired to cause him to make these remarks. He said: 'Don't you know? Why, I was before the Committee on Marine and Fisheries to-day while they were in session, and to my surprise the Chairman called first for the consideration of the bill calling for an American register for the foreign-built steam bark Bowhead, now owned wholly by citizens of the United States. Upon the bill being read, one of the committee offered some objections to the bill being considered favorably. The Chairman asked what was his objection, when he confessed he had no special or specific objection, but thought that on general principles it was not wise to pass such a bill. After listening to what he had to say, Mr. Greene, of Fall River, made some remarks in favor of the bill, and it was put to a vote and passed unanimously.'

As the Commissioner finished telling me his experience, he said, 'Tell me, Captain, how did you do it? Men of influence and I have been before that committee with bills to get them to consider ever since Congress convened, and have not yet succeeded in getting them to act for us. And behold! You come along and they give you the preference. Tell me how you do it!'

I replied: 'I am unknown here and have no influence at all. All the legislation on my bill has been through the influence of Senator Lodge, who was the father of

the bill in the Senate, and ably assisted by Congressman Greene, of Fall River, who took charge of the same in the House after its introduction there by Congressman Kahn, of San Francisco.'

'Well,' he said, 'you are about through; the House will no doubt concur with the committee report and pass the bill.'

I could hardly go fast enough from there to Senator Lodge, whom I found at his committee room and had been apprised of the favorable consideration of the bill. Knowing that I wanted no time lost in getting it through, the Senator had already made arrangements to have it acted upon the next morning in the House of Representatives. The next three days had been set apart for the debate on the Roberts Mormon case to determine whether he should be allowed to take his seat. But about thirty minutes, as I now recollect, was to be given to consideration of small matters right after the reading of the journal in the morning, and Senator Lodge had secured the recognition of Congressman Greene by the Speaker, that he might ask for the passage of my bill. The Senator said smilingly, 'You will be quite interested to see how this works and you had better be in the gallery, as it will be interesting.'

The next morning I was on hand in the front row of the gallery. As soon as the prayer and reading of the journal were finished, up jumped Congressman Greene and about forty others, each claiming recognition by the Speaker. Mr. Greene being recognized, the others sat down. Greene then called for action on the Senate bill which had been unanimously passed by that body and now was before the House for final consideration, it having been reported favorably by the Committee on Marine and Fisheries. He began his remarks by giving a brief outline of the bill and then closed with an earnest appeal to the members to pass the bill by a unanimous vote. It then looked as though everything

was favorable for a quick passage and a favorable vote. But Mr. Greene had hardly seated himself when a member rose from the Democratic side, who made an earnest speech to the effect that the bill should be postponed or they should have more time for consideration before the final vote was taken. At the close of this speech, a different color was put on the face of the matter. It then looked as unfavorable as it had been favorable a few minutes before. I sat in the gallery anxiously watching the outcome. I know I said to myself that I would like to have the opposition member out of sight of land in blue water for six months or so, or with me on my last voyage in foreign parts where no consular help could be gotten under the flag that I had sailed under. He would have sung a different tune before he got back to the good old U.S.A. again. While these thoughts chased through my mind, the Democratic member finished and General Grosvenor arose, and in a few words he answered the arguments that came from the opposition and then gave briefly the consideration the bill had received before his committee, after which he asked the Speaker to put the question for a vote on the bill, with the result that when the nays were called not a voice was heard. Almost before I realized it, the Speaker's voice was heard saying it was passed unanimously. I could hardly contain myself when I came to realize the great thing had been done. I rushed out of the House over to the Senate Chamber. There I found Senator Lodge and asked him if it were true that my bill had got through. He answered with one of his smiles in the affirmative, adding, 'I have just telephoned to President McKinley who has assured me he will sign same as soon as it reaches him. Now, my dear Captain,' said our great Senator, 'you can go home and I will send you the bill duly signed when same shall be done.'

Yes, in twenty-seven days from the time Senator Lodge introduced the bill in the Senate, it had been

before the committees of both houses and passed by both houses and signed by the President. I am told it was the first bill of its kind ever passed by our Government, and the Bowhead was the first vessel to receive an American register under similar circumstances; that is, being privately owned, and not having been wrecked. It was, indeed, a great victory for me and my owners, and now we could go unmolested all along our shores, and we could once more sail under the flag of our country. Oh, how surprised all were around among the shipping circles when the news came out that we had succeeded in getting our bill through the legislative body at Washington! When I called around to thank the public men who had helped me secure the passage, I shall never forget the remark that General Grosvenor made: 'The great secret of your success in this measure was the fact that you did not hire an attorney, but presented your case yourself. If you had been represented by some one else, it is very doubtful if you ever would have been able to secure consideration of the measure, but as you at all times were ready to answer our questions intelligently and, as we believe, truthfully, you secured recognition which was crowned with success.'

CHAPTER XV

THE BOWHEAD'S THIRD VOYAGE

HAVING finished my business in Washington, I went to spend a few days with my family and aged mother in Provincetown. February, 1900, found me again at San Francisco outfitting the bark for another voyage to the Arctic. We started this voyage of 1900 to be gone just one season. Mrs. Cook accompanied me. Sailing from San Francisco at noon March 28th, we steered N.W. by compass for the Aleutian Islands, thence to the ice in Behring Sea. Only the ordinary work of getting ready the boats and sending the canvas house aloft for the protection of the men while standing aloft on the lookout for whales was our daily experience until April 29th, when the couplings on the tail-shaft worked loose and we had to stop steaming for two days. All the engine-room force was busy trying to effect temporary repairs. May 1st, we got the couplings tightened enough to permit of using the engine.

May 3d, after a stormy passage with strong head winds we anchored in Onimak Pass to catch some cod-fish. Weather conditions being against us, owing to the strong breeze and rough seas, we found it almost impossible to lie at anchor with any degree of comfort, so, when we had caught about a hundred and forty nice cod, we hove up anchor and steamed through the pass into Behring Sea, with course W.N.W. by compass bound for the ice. We all enjoyed our suppers of these fine, fresh fish, as we had been so long without any. Our shaft, which had been troubling us so much back along, began again to bother, so that we were forced to stop steaming and set sail to give the engineers a chance to fix it.

May 5, 1900, weather fine, with light northerly wind. Engine-room force still at work on tail-shaft couplings. Sailors at work getting everything ready for whaling. May 6th and 7th, still repairing engine. We put up the large blocks and falls for cutting in whales, at the mast head, where they would be ready for use. May 9th, wind light northeast; weather clear. At 4 A.M. we came up to strips of ice. At noon, started steaming to north through ice. At 4 P.M. ice so heavy we could make no further progress by steering to north, and we started eastward hoping to find a channel near the Alaskan shore. May 10th, strong breeze from north. Worked ice until 11 A.M. when wind became so strong we could make no headway through the heavy ice, and we made fast to a large floe. At 2 P.M. we sighted the Alexander stuck in the ice about ten miles to southwest. At 3 P.M. we let go of ice and worked up to the south side of Nunivak Island and anchored in thick snowstorm.

Saturday, May 12th, we started north in company with the Alexander and a passenger steamer bound to Nome. At 6 P.M. got as far as we could make progress, but could see mirage of clear water over the ice. It is such sights, the mirage that exists in the ice-covered regions reflecting objects in the sky and above the natural horizon, that enables the Arctic navigator to choose a route through the ice to the nearest point of water, which, without the mirage, would be so much beyond his natural vision that it would be quite impossible to know of it or to take advantage of the nearest leads of water. Many a time by the mirage ships are seen whaling that without that aid would never have been seen. So this watery-looking sky we knew meant easier going if we could get through about twenty miles of ice which now hindered our further progress.

May 13th, at 6 A.M. we started to buck the ice with full head of steam. At first small headway was made,

but the farther we went, the faster our progress became, until at 11 A.M. we got into a lead of clear water. The Alexander and the other steamer were out of sight. There were lots of large floes, scattering. Thick fog came down on us at 9 P.M. forcing us to make fast to ice until it cleared up. At midnight it cleared, and we again steamed through the ice. May 14th, at 3 P.M., ice closed on us so tightly that we could make no more progress. May 15th, we bucked the ice from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., with land in sight. May 16th, we steamed until 6 A.M., then thick fog stopped us and we made fast to ice. May 17th, a strong breeze from the north came up and we lay fast to ice until 7.30 A.M., when we started bucking a way through the ice to the north and west. At 3 P.M. we got out of the close-packed ice to ice that was slacked up some (that is, more water with it), where greater headway could be made. May 18th, we steamed through heavy ridges of ice. At 1 P.M. we sighted southwest cape of St. Lawrence Island. May 19th, at 5 A.M. the steamer off the west side of St. Lawrence Island in Behring Straits cruising in leads of water among heavy ice. At 7.30 A.M. we saw a whale going too quick for us to catch. At 11 A.M. we lowered boats for the first whale, but he went under a large floe before the boats could get to him.

At 7 P.M. we anchored at Indian Point, Siberia. Natives came aboard and report us the first ship that has got into the straits this season. As we needed clothing and boots, we traded for a supply, exchanging ammunition and firearms for their articles. They seemed to be short of fixed ammunition. Sunday, May 20th, the ice being close-packed to the north in the straits, we left Indian Point at 1 P.M., cruising along the coast to the southwest to Plover Bay, whence we took two Eskimos to go with us as sailors through the summer. May 21st, in the afternoon, we anchored off the settlement at East Head, Plover Bay. A small number of natives have settled here who live by hunting seals,

walrus, and whales during the season, and when winter closes in they make long journeys into the interior with articles of trade taken from whaling vessels and such skins that they save which cannot be procured inland. They love to trade, and they are very sharp at it, knowing full well the worth of all articles that we carry as well as the worth of theirs. Among the other articles of trade they brought some bone that they had got from a whale a few weeks ago. We managed by barter to get some of it.

May 22d we sailed to southwest about fifteen miles to John Howland Bay, named after a whaling bark that caught quite a number of whales off there at one time. Here live about fifty natives who have six whale-boats equipped for catching whales. Every settlement along this coast, from East Cape to John Howland Bay, about one hundred and twenty-five miles, is fitted with boats and gear traded from the whalers to enable them to catch whales the bone of which they trade to us, while the meat and blubber they keep for food and oil.

May 23d we went north as far as South Head, St. Lawrence Bay, where we were stopped by the ice. We made fast to heavy ground ice off a small native settlement consisting of fifty families. Some boots and deerskins were procured here. Natives do no whaling at this settlement. Hunting seal and walrus are the occupations. May 24th, at 3 P.M. a lead of water opening up to the north, we let go ice and started for Diomedes. Our natives who joined us at Indian Point left us at South Head, having got enough of a sailor's life pretty quickly. At 10 P.M. we made fast to ground ice at the Diomed Islands. May 25th, the natives were aboard all day trading boots and ivory tusks taken from walrus. The boots that are made here are superior to any that can be had, and their tattooing of ivory is indeed artistic, being the best of any of the Eskimos. May 25th and 26th, we lay fast to the

ground ice called 'floe' ice, consisting of heavy ridges left when the pack-ice breaks up in the spring. Blowing heavy gale, with snow, from the north. At 4 P.M. of the 26th, sighted a whale coming from south going quickly to north. Lowered all five boats, but could not succeed in harpooning him. May 27th, with strong breeze from N.N.W., at 9 A.M. we let go of ice and steamed across for East Cape, sixteen miles west. We saw six whales going quickly, but the wind was so strong we could not lower. At 3 P.M. we tied up to ice off the settlement at East Cape. The natives here pursue the whales in their skin canoes. They harpoon a whale and have a long line attached with pokes made out of sealskins blown up, about the size of a full-grown seal, and tied about twenty or thirty feet apart on the line, perhaps six to ten in number. When the harpoon is thrown, the pokes are hove overboard and they retard the progress of the whale to such an extent that the canoes are able to paddle close to him and shoot their bomb lances, which they buy of us, into the whale until he is dead. They, of course, lose many, but yet they save enough to make the pursuit profitable. Here we traded for some bone and ivory. Natives report whales seen two days before going into the Arctic.

May 28th, blowing strong from northwest; lying at ice off East Cape. One sailor by name of 'Manzey' very sick. May 29th, at 5 A.M. we let go of ice at East Cape, and at 9 P.M. made fast again to ice on south side of Big Diomedé. The steamers Karluk and Belvedere are also here; two other steamers in sight to the south. May 30th, light variable winds. At 8 A.M. the starboard boat harpooned a calf and the larboard boat harpooned the cow, a large whale with a little baby with it. Took the large whale alongside at 3 P.M. and cut off the head and let the body go. We then steamed up to ice on north side of Diomedes and made fast. We gave the steamer Jeannette some flour we had brought up for her. The steamers Beluga, Belvedere,

Karluk, and Jeannette are here. May 31st to June 12th, we cruised about the straits, the whole fleet of whalers being here. June 12th at 1 P.M. Neal Grant, who was nicknamed 'Manzey,' died after a sickness of sixteen days. A gloom spread over the ship's company, as is always the case when death claims one who has been of the company since we sailed. We never were able to diagnose his case, but tried everything that our books prescribed for sickness such as his, but none did any good. He faded gradually away and we buried him at East Cape, Siberia.

June 13th we steamed down to St. Lawrence Bay off the north head where a settlement of not more than thirty families live. This settlement is memorable for being the people that took care of the U.S.S. Rodgers crew when that vessel was burned on Christmas Eve in December, 1881. There seemed to be very little trade among them, for they seemed very poor. We filled some fresh water and steamed back to East Cape; some devilfish around and six whaling steamers in sight. June 16th we sealed up the hatches and built charcoal fires to kill rats by smoking them out. At noon we lowered all boats for a whale, but did not see him after lowering. At 5 P.M. we opened the hatches and found several dead rats. June 17th we started filling fresh water for cruise north, and at 3 P.M. finished, and started to S.S.W. In the evening, thick snowstorm. June 19th we touched at Indian Point for short time, then started across the straits to St. Lawrence Island in company with the Belvedere.

June 20th, heavy gale from northeast, hauling to northwest later in the day, rendering it impossible to communicate with the shore at St. Lawrence Island, so we kept away in the middle of the straits among the scattering ice. In the afternoon, steered N.E. by E. by compass for Nome. June 21st we employed washing the head of bone from the whale we caught off Diomedes. At 9 A.M. we anchored at Nome; weather

fine. A boat-steerer and sailor deserted here. June 22d, at noon we started for St. Michael's to obtain our coal and trans-ship our bone. June 23d, at 5 P.M., arrived at St. Michael's and found many vessels here, employed drying and bundling bone. June 24th to July 1st, we waited at St. Michael's for the arrival from San Francisco of our coal vessel. The crew were employed painting ship when weather permitted. July 1st we put bone aboard the steamer San José for San Francisco, two thousand and fifty pounds of catch bone from the whale we caught and twenty-nine hundred pounds of trade bone. We had many furs of all kinds that we disposed of while here, as well as many more boots than we needed for a cruise north, the surplus of which we readily disposed of at a good profit for the use of the miners bound up the Yukon.

July 2d, fledged out close to the coal steamer, she having arrived. July 3d we took coal from the steamship Bristol. July 4th, finished coaling at 5 P.M. July 6th we sailed for Port Clarence; steamed to north with fine weather, smooth sea, and a light north wind. Afternoon, blowing strong, we anchored between Nome and Sledge Island, as we were using too much coal for the progress we were making. July 7th, we got under way early, as the weather had moderated, and arrived at Port Clarence at 8 P.M. We and all the fleet were obliged to wait until July 22d before the ice admitted of our going into the Arctic. Leaving Port Clarence on that date, we passed Cape Prince of Wales in the afternoon, steering N.N.E. for Point Hope. Wind north, light.

July 25th, the shaft couplings again troubled us, so that we were compelled to anchor off Point Lay to repair. July 28th we were steaming northerly following the coast along between Ice Cape and Point Belcher. We passed the schooner Penelope at anchor. July 29th, it was thick fog, with ice plentiful. We anchored off Wainwright Inlet waiting for clear weather. July

30th we arrived at Cape Smythe, where we made fast to ground ice at 11 P.M. One sailor deserted that night.

August 1st we steamed around Point Barrow, to the eastward; wind northeast and moderate. Through fog and ice we worked our ship from Point Barrow to Herschel Island where we arrived August 5th. We were detained until 8 A.M. of the 7th at work on those tail-couplings. During the whole passage we were unable to go at full speed at any time, being compelled to go under one bell all the time. At 10 A.M. of the 7th we weighed anchor and steamed N.E. by N. for Cape Bathurst, two hundred and forty miles away. August 8th we sighted three steamers going to westward. August 9th, in company with the steamer William Baylies, steaming to northeast, wind fresh northeast. August 10th, at noon we arrived off Cape Bathurst, where we found the steamers Balaena, Grampus, and Fearless, who had wintered here. Plenty of ice, impossible to go farther east yet.

August 11th, we saw the Narwhal lower boats for a whale. Up to the 14th we cruised off Baillie Island and Cape Bathurst. On the afternoon of the 14th one of our Siberian natives committed suicide by cutting his throat. We buried him ashore at Cape Bathurst. August 20th, the last steamers that were bound home this year left this day.

August 22d we lowered all five boats for the first whale we have seen in here this year. The third officer succeeded in harpooning him, but got the boat rolled over on top of the whale plunging all the crew into the water. The other boats, close to, succeeded in saving all the men, none being injured beyond having quite a chilly experience. The other boats harpooned the whale, which we got. Now we hope for a few whales to cheer us up before we go to winter quarters. We steamed alongside the whale and started cutting in, which we finished at 11 P.M. We got, I should judge, about twenty-two hundred pounds of bone from

this head. The Beluga in sight. August 24th, the Narwhal and Beluga in sight; fine weather; plenty of large floes of ice drifting about. Cruising off the high lands east of Cape Bathurst, at 9 A.M. we lowered for a whale. The first officer in command of the larboard boat succeeded in harpooning him. We finished cutting him in about 3 P.M.; another two thousand pounds, more or less, of prime whalebone. August 28th we chased one whale the greater part of the day without getting him. Weather fair; wind very light northeast. The steamers Narwhal and Beluga in sight. August 29th for the most part thick fog; wind strong from northeast; steamer lying around among the ice-floes. At 3 P.M. a whale passed close to the ship, but we lost run of him in the fog.

August 30, 1900, strong northeast gale. Too rough for whaling off here so we ran to westward off Baillie Island. We saw one whale, but had no chance to lower for him. Anchoring at 5 P.M. to west of Baillie Island, Captain Bodfish, of the Beluga, and Captain Cumiskey, of the Narwhal, both came aboard.

September 1st we steamed to eastward to cruise off Horton River and Smoky Cliffs; wind northeast, fresh. The Narwhal and Beluga in sight. September 3d we sailed to westward, as we found no whales to east. September 4th we were about forty miles west of Baillie Island among heavy ice-floes and saw a whale too far to windward to lower. September 8th we lowered boats at 10 A.M. for a whale, but lost sight of him after lowering. At 2 P.M. lowered for another whale, but did not see him after lowering. At 6 P.M. we lowered for several whales. The first officer in charge of larboard boat succeeded in catching one. We got him alongside and finished cutting in at midnight. The Narwhal and Beluga in sight. September 9th moderate wind from northeast; fine and clear. We lowered at 8 A.M. for a whale. At 10 A.M. the starboard bow boat struck and saved him; boat in charge of Mr.

Santos. We finished cutting in about 1 P.M. At 2 P.M. more whales were seen. We lowered all boats, but did not see them after lowering. The steamers *Beluga* and *Narwhal* in sight.

September 10th, light variable winds during the forepart. We saw a whale and lowered at 7 A.M. and chased until noon. The waist boat went alongside, but the boat-steerer failed to fasten, so missed him fair play. The *Beluga* and *Narwhal* in sight during forenoon. September 11th, a gale from W.N.W.; thick snow. In the afternoon we started for Baillie Island where we arrived at 6 P.M. and anchored at the south-west sand-spit. The *Narwhal* here. September 12th, we got under way at daylight and ran off to west; fog and squally. In the afternoon we cruised off Cape Brown under sail among large fields of ice. Plenty of young ice also about. September 14th we were down off Horton River in company with the *Narwhal*. Wind east, light. We chased one whale all day without being able to catch him. September 15th we cruised all day off the high land east of Cape Bathurst — about five to ten miles offshore. September 16th and 17th we lay behind the sand-spit at Baillie Island, where we have decided to winter; rather an open roadstead, but it is so much nearer the whaling grounds that it offers an opportunity not to be ignored, as in the short summer being within a few days of where the whales feed means sometimes a year's profit. Winter is fast setting in. Gale from the west with snow.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BOWHEAD'S FIRST ARCTIC WINTER

SEPTEMBER 18th the Beluga joined us here having taken seven whales. The Narwhal had two, and we, with four here and one we took in Behring Straits, have five to our credit, and ten thousand pounds of bone. September 19th we went to north of the island, but saw nothing. All went up to northeast sand-spit in boats, about twenty miles, to get our dogs, and came back at 5 P.M. with thirty-five dogs belonging to us.

September 20th, a northwest gale with snow. Our natives were ashore hunting ptarmigan and got forty-five. Crew employed bundling bone, in hundred-pound bunches. September 21st, finished bundling bone. The hunters got thirty-two ptarmigan. September 24th, light breeze northwest. We sent four boats down to northeast sand-spit so as to be in position for spring whaling off the floe ice. The carpenter is employed housing over the deck for the winter. The steamer swung around in the afternoon and got ashore. In about two hours we got her afloat again. September 25th, young ice making very fast. We are getting ready for wintering. September 26th, gale from northeast. The schooner Sophia Sutherland, that Captain Bodfish brought up here for some natives, rolled over and sunk, being a total loss: no one lost. September 27th, two of our natives went after ptarmigan and returned with seventy-seven. Wind east and very cold. September 28th, hunters got eleven ptarmigan to-day.

Sunday, September 30th, we sent boat's crew to fresh-water pond four miles away to get some clear ice about four inches thick, to freeze on the outside of our windows to prevent frost from gathering. They got nineteen ptarmigan.



NATIVE WITH DOG-TEAM GOING OVER THE ICE OFF EAST CAPE, SIBERIA
TO SHIP

October 1st, ice all about the bay was three inches thick. We steamed into position for winter, ship heading northeast by compass. Ship all housed over and five stoves set up and ready for use. In fast, the ship is now all ready for winter. October 2d, ice crushing up on sand-spit forty-five feet high. October 5th dog teams with natives came over from the mainland on the ice and brought a few grouse and fish. All the crew went to cut ice for fresh water from the pond four miles away. October 11th we cut ice around the rudder. This, you remember, is a duty that must be attended to every morning, as it is inadvisable to let the propeller freeze in solid, or the rudder, as in case of a sudden jar it might snap off the tail-shaft or rudder pintles. Two natives' sleds arrived with deer meat. We blew down the boiler and lighted fires in all the stoves, to save fuel. October 13th we outfitted two sleds for natives to go after deer, to be gone five or six weeks. Two native boys came to ship with fish. October 14th we set watches for the winter. One officer and his boat-steerer detailed to look out for ship in the night, that is, from 6 P.M. until 6 A.M. No other duty is required of them but to stand watch in the night. October 15th we got aboard two loads, on sleds, of wood. Officers employed in making a new jib.

October 17th we got a load of ice that we cut for water to drink, when, behold, it was so full of alkali as to render it unfit for drinking purposes. We now must economize our supply of drinking-water, as it is important to the health of a crew that the water is pure. Snow water we whalers never like to give our crews. Neither do the natives use it unless no other can be found. Two large floes drifted into the bay. They being about thirty feet in height, we cut from them ice for washing purposes, but it was brackish to drink. We tried everywhere to find good drinking-water without success. This fact troubled us not a little, for time went on and our supply diminished all

the time. October 19th we sent some of our ship's natives to a lake about ten miles distant to set nets through the ice for fish. Every day we send about ten to twelve men over to the mainland, about eight miles distant after wood, to economize our fuel supply. October 22d the steamer Narwhal had a sled arrive with deer meat. Thermometer 7° below. Thirty-one fish came in from the lake fishermen. October 23d, 16 below; barometer 29.30; light northeast wind. Received twenty-one fish and two white fox skins. October 25th a sad day for this small colony, as Andrew Look, first officer of the Beluga, died. He was a middle-aged man whose home was at Martha's Vineyard. One to go from so small a company is missed greatly.

October 26th, thermometer 9 below; barometer 29.30. Polar bear skin and three white fox skins brought in to-day. October 27th, funeral and burial of Mr. Look. His grave was in the highest point of the island. October 29th, Jack, a native from East Cape, died. He was buried close by Mr. Look. October 31st, thermometer 10 below; barometer 29.95. One polar bear skin and twenty-five small fish brought in to-day. Calm.

November 1st, thermometer 8 below. Our couplings to shaft, that had given us no end of trouble, we now determined to fix properly. Oscar Prosh, chief engineer of the Beluga, kindly consented to supervise the work. We knew that we were now so solidly frozen in that we could safely strip the engine and shaft so far as needing them before next June was concerned. So, taking off the couplings, they put a thin shim of iron around where the coupling went on the shaft, and then built a charcoal fire and heated the coupling, putting same on to shaft over the shim. When it shrank by cooling, it was so tight as to make a cracking noise where it went on and never after did it bother us. It took about all the week to complete the job. November

6th, thermometer 20 below and barometer 30.3; light E.S.E. wind. Seventy fish and one white fox skin were brought in. November 8th, thermometer 18 below; barometer 30.1. Three sleds arrived with one hundred and five pounds of deer meat and one hundred ptarmigan. November 9th, a native named Tagarcok arrived with seventy-eight fish and one white fox skin. Thermometer 14 below; barometer 30.1; wind E.S.E., light, and light fall of snow.

November 15th the sun has disappeared for this year. November 18th, colder weather; strong northwest breeze; thermometer 26 below; barometer 29.40. One native sled arrived with no fish or meat. Two white fox skins was all it contained. These two islands, called Baillie Islands, are separated from Cape Bathurst by a narrow boat passage or for light-draft vessels. A long sand-spit, extending southward from the high bluff at the west side of the western island toward Liverpool Bay, affords a small shelter for two or three vessels from ice pressure. The water is too shallow, excepting near the very end, to admit vessels drawing the water that the whalers do. Lying here were our three vessels within one hundred feet of each other and within twenty feet of the beach. Across the bay, some four miles, the land is low, and a little hilly as one goes back. No settlement is near, only those natives that follow the whalers to trade and work for them by going out with sleds hunting meat and furs during the winter and catching some whales during the summer season. A dreary waste it is. Mrs. Cook is the only white woman of record who ever wintered so far to the north and east on the Pacific side, coming in a vessel through Behring Straits.

November 25th, thermometer 28 below; barometer 29.80; fine and clear; wind southwest, light. November 26th, crew have been employed banking the ship with snow, which consists of placing a banking about ten feet thick at the base covering the whole of the ship

outside, even up to the top of the houses; also they have been engaged in freezing ice about four inches thick on the windows, skylights, and deadlights, leaving an inch of space for air between ice and glass and thoroughly cementing all apertures with slush, which, when hardened by freezing, will keep the inside of the glass perfectly clear from frost. If frost gathered on the windows, we could not get any light. All these little things add very much to the comfort and cheer of a company wintering north. Native families are now coming in large numbers to build their snow-houses around the ships. They show great ingenuity in construction. A family will start to build: the husband or father will lay the blocks of snow one upon the other, while the wife and children will fill up all the crevices with loose snow. So perfectly will each block fit that when the house is completed the last block made in the shape of a keystone will wedge the whole business and make a safe habitation of it, against the winds and storms of an Arctic winter. Through an alley twenty to forty feet long you must crawl on your hands and knees to get in. The dogs are usually sleeping in this entrance. Mrs. Cook started into one to see what it looked like inside. She had not ventured in far before I heard the dogs barking, and she backed out as fast as possible with the dogs barking and snarling after her. The family inside, hearing the commotion, came out and escorted her safely into the snow igloo. The thermometer was 32 below to-day; barometer 29.70. A native came in to-day with twenty-five white fox skins. The white foxes seem very plentiful about here. Their tracks show them to be numerous, but hard to trap.

The snow igloos are very comfortable for about six weeks, after which they must build a new one. The material is always plentiful, however, and it is no great work to construct one after you know how. About thirty are to be seen now around the ships, all occupied

by families, with the exception of the large one which is used exclusively for dancing, or it is their theater, dance-hall, and play-house combined. In every small village of snow igloos one will always see, as near the center as possible, the large igloo for the use of the people for the above purposes. Music consists of skins drawn tightly, when green, over a small wooden or iron hoop the size of an ordinary drum. The skin when dried shrinks so as to become very tight, and to the beating of these drums the dance goes on nearly every night of the winter. Instead of with the feet, time is kept with motions of the body, for the snow floor underfoot would not be very good for dancing as we do it. Thus, they dance at night; during the day they enjoy blanket toss and kicking footballs. As Mrs. Cook was the first and only white woman to winter as far north and east, the women of the natives were very curious in observing her clothes, examining how they were made and evincing great interest in everything that was to be seen about the white woman's ways, work, or dress. As winter advanced, the Eskimo women became more acquainted with Mrs. Cook and used to come aboard asking her to teach them how to sew calico, or cloth, for they call all cloth 'calico,' and they in turn would teach Mrs. Cook to sew skins and furs, to make rugs and clothing. Although they quickly acquired the art of sewing clothing, Mrs. Cook could not seem to stitch furs equal to them; and when her sewing of furs was examined by them, how they would laugh! They are very skillful in tanning all kinds of furs; also artistic in putting them together, making rugs to trade or garments to wear.

November 29th, thermometer 29 below; barometer 29.80. We obtained thirty fish from the lake on the mainland. In the evening our sailors gave a musical entertainment which was attended by the crews of the other ships and some natives. All pronounced it a great success.

December 4th, weather has been on the average very good; very light fall of snow for the time of year. Thermometer 35 below; barometer 29.90. Natives brought in four hundred and twenty-five fish and twelve ptarmigan. All birds but ptarmigan have left for the winter. December 5th, 6th, and 7th, thermometer 30 below zero; barometer 30. There were twenty ptarmigan and five white fox skins on the load that came in. The afternoon of the 7th, a blizzard from the west with a heavy fall of snow. December 11th, it has been snowing since the 7th continuously until this morning. One native dog team arrived with ninety-four ptarmigan and twelve white fox skins. December 28th, fine and clear; wind north, light. A sled came in from the country with twenty-seven white fox skins. Thermometer 30 below; barometer 30.

January 2, 1901, a sled arrived with forty ptarmigan and thirty white fox skins. Wind south, light; thermometer zero; barometer 29.70. January 4th, it was 12 below; barometer 28.90; wind northwest, light. January 6th and 7th, thick snowstorm with west wind. Thermometer 12 below; barometer 29.60. January 10th, coldest for the season. Thermometer 45 below; barometer 29.80. January 12th, thermometer 54 below; barometer 29.70. A sled came in with one hundred and sixty-one fish, twenty-nine white fox skins, and seventeen ptarmigan.

A rather amusing incident occurred in connection with this sled's trip into the interior in quest of game. It is always customary for the ship to outfit the natives for this hunting. All game they bring in is credited to them, and when the season is over they are told how much is due them, and then receive their pay in such articles as they desire; such as tobacco, rifles, flour, shot, powder, cartridges, and calico. When this sled was about to depart, the old lady asked for some whiskey. When she was refused, she said more flour and molasses were needed, so they were supplied with more

flour and molasses and departed. We heard nothing from them until their arrival to-day, January 2d. They had been gone about eight weeks. As is usually the case after their sled is unpacked and a good meal eaten by them and their dogs, the natives are ready to tell the trials and tribulations that they have met on the road, and, as they were telling about how cold it was and how scarce game appeared to be, the old lady suddenly said, 'Cook, what is the matter with your molasses?' I asked the reason for such a question and got the following story: After they got to their camping place, the old man and the two boys went out to look for game. It is not unusual for them to be gone several days if they are unsuccessful. In this case, she said, Kneac and Itkak, the old man and boy, were gone a long time and she thought to have a great surprise for them when they returned, so started to make whiskey by cooking the molasses mixed with flour and tobacco in a closed kettle, catching the steam therefrom in an old gun-barrel through which it dripped into a pan. Natives are quite skillful in making rum in this way, and she had been called a good old woman for making rum. But, she said, she cooked and cooked this molasses, adding more tobacco and more flour, but failed to make rum, and, after using all her ingenuity and failing, she exclaimed, 'Cook, —— ——! Molasses no good!' So she wanted to know what kind of molasses that was. It was the first she had ever seen that would not make rum. It was beyond me — I could give her no information, but I said I was very glad, for molasses was to eat, not to make rum. Then she told how disappointed they were when the hunters realized they were to have no rum on that trip. The natives, while having a good many excellent traits, do like to get drunk occasionally. The reputation of my molasses went far afield, so that I had but little call for that article the remainder of the voyage.

January 16th, thermometer 58 below; barometer 30;

wind west, light. Our water was getting very short, and, in seeking for a place to get water, we found that the ice that had grounded in the bay in the fall, about twenty feet high, where we had got our wash water, since the intense cold weather set in had separated so that it lay in distinct strata, parts being very white and full of salt, as salt as salt could be, while other layers were clear and blue and as fresh as any one could desire. This was a discovery that none of us had ever seen before and which was very much appreciated by us, for we not only melted that ice for drinking-water the remainder of our stay here, but we stowed eight hundred barrels below for our summer use, sufficient to bring us to San Francisco in the fall. Whether the intense cold caused condensation or separation of the fresh crystals from the salt, I am unable to say, but I do know that this same ice we had tried repeatedly before and were unable to drink the water from it because of the extreme salt. In telling this story to a group in San Francisco after I returned home, one of the hearers asked me if there was any of this same water aboard. He was connected with the California University. I replied that there were several barrels aboard ship, and at his request I got him a bottle of it, which he afterward reported to me as testing out all right. I know we used no other water to drink from January to November and had no ill effects either among the crew or officers and all were in good health. Natives will not use water from snow if any other can be found. My experience with trying to use water from snow is that it produces a burning sensation in the throat and chest of every one who drinks any quantity of it.

The weather is fine and clear. A sled of Itkiliks came from Fort McPherson with letters that were sent in July. Although they were written so long ago, yet they were very acceptable to us who had heard nothing from the outside world. Weather was very

cold for these few days with the thermometer from 56 to 60 below, up to the 19th, when we had a sudden rise of temperature to 36 below, followed on the 20th by a drop to 58 below. Two ship's natives came in from a short sled trip with five white fox skins each.

January 21st, strong east wind with snow. Thermometer 45 below; barometer 29.80. January 23d, temperature somewhat warmer, 22 below. Onuluruk, a native, arrived from a trip and reported no deer seen. He brought in thirty white fox skins. January 23d to February 1st, sleds came in for more outfit; bring nothing to eat but a few ptarmigan. All had a few white fox skins. We are very anxious, however, to have some fresh meat of some sort, so we offered extra inducements to all the natives to get us some deer or moose meat, for the sun is just beginning to show again after an absence of sixty-four days and the natives will have a better opportunity to look for game as the days lengthen. February 4th, thermometer 9 below, with strong northeast wind; barometer 29.50.

From February 6th to 20th, it was exceedingly cold weather. The thermometer registered 63 below one twenty-four hours. Snow fell most of the time. With the exception of a few seal and an occasional polar bear killed in the vicinity of the ships, there was no other kind of fresh meat brought in during the month of February, until the 25th, when Targarook came in with one deer and seven rabbits. The next day, 26th, a sled came in to the steamer Narwhal with four saddles of deer meat and another to the steamer Beluga with one saddle. This small lot was a blessing to us, for it is the fact that game and fresh meat are indispensable to a crew's health that are wintering in this cold clime. The dread disease of scurvy, so prevalent with men wintering in the extreme North, is kept away by supplying them with fresh meat. In my six winters with a crew of fifty to fifty-five men wintering in the Arctic, I have had but one case of scurvy aboard of any vessel,

and one of my voyages covered a period in the North of over forty-four months: another covered thirty-five months. I attribute the extreme good health of the crew to a plentiful diet of game of all kinds that the natives brought to us when we were frozen in. You will readily see how anxious we were becoming over the scarcity of game through the month of February and how glad we were at the arrival of these small lots and to learn that the men had seen the trail of quite a number of deer and thought soon deer would be plentiful. Captain Bodfish, of the *Beluga*, had equipped and sent out several hunters to go to the barren lands after musk ox.

February 28th, 42 below; barometer 29.90; wind fresh southwest, snowing. March 1st to 11th, thermometer varied from 38 to 52 below. All the game we have received was one hundred ptarmigan. Last night two polar bears were shot among the snow-houses on the sand-spit and caused quite a commotion among the natives when they learned they were prowling about. The natives soon ended their careers, however, by putting into them some 45/70 bullets. While the natives seem to enjoy eating polar bear meat, I never have had any white men with me that could eat it, and I certainly found it too strong.

March 13th and 14th and 15th, thermometer 52 below and 50 below. One sled with ship's natives came in with ninety ptarmigan and ten white fox skins with one polar bear skin. March 18th, thermometer 25 below; barometer 30. Captain Bodfish's musk-ox hunters came back with twenty-one heads and skins and two young calves, which they captured alive and harnessed to the sled and brought them to the ship — a great sight for us. The expedition was a success in that they caught a number of oxen, but the distance to cover was so great that they used up all the meat to feed themselves and dogs before they got back. The two young musk ox were tethered on the island and a

native put in charge of them to care for them. They grew fast on the moss that grew on the island. Along in the month of June, a lot of dogs killed one of them. The other was brought to San Francisco on the steamer Beluga the following November. March 20th we got a rising temperature, 20 below; wind northeast and light snow. All of us gladly welcomed the warmer weather. Mrs. Cook had been deprived of the sport she so enjoyed on previous winters, that of coasting down the hillsides, for this place had no hill conveniently near, and the weather had been so extremely cold that she had but few opportunities of getting out-of-door exercise at all. Notwithstanding all these difficulties she enjoyed perfect health. With no companionship at all except that of her husband, she seemed bright and contented, never a murmur from her. On the contrary, she busied herself in helping administer to the sick and encouraged the natives, who seemed devoted to her, to do all they could to get fresh meat for us all. In outfitting the families for a hunting trip, she would gladly help the native women sew, so that all their clothes would be ready with as little delay as possible. In fact, it was quite remarkable that she could so interest herself with the success and welfare of the voyage and all about us, to such an extent that, although she had not seen the face of a white woman since July 5th, and had no prospects of seeing another until next August, not a sign did she show that her lot was a hard one or that she was at all discontented. All aboard, from chief officer to sailor, admired Mrs. Cook. I feel that her example was a great help to the others of the company. Whatever her thoughts were, none knew but her. Her deeds, however, for six long years wintering in the Far North and twelve years whaling with her husband among the ice-floes of the Arctic, with different crews each voyage, persisted, and none ever were heard to say but that her presence aboard the ship was a great help in many ways.

March 21st to April 1st, the thermometer varied from 30 below to 14 below. No deer were brought in until April 2d, when two sleds came in to the Beluga with fourteen deer. April 4th, thermometer 10 above zero. The mail sled from Fort McPherson came with letters written in January. What a sight to see their anxious faces as the names were called who had letters! How sad it made one feel — that look of disappointment on the countenances of those who got none! It is a great day with us when the mail arrives. Something new to think about, to talk about, and this will be the last mail by this route. Our next mail will be brought in by the whaling steamers who have left 'Frisco in March and whom we shall expect to see in here about August 15th.

April 6th, thermometer 26 below; April 7th, 30 below. April 10th we began to remove some of our snow-banking away from the side of the ship so that the frost would have plenty of time to get out of the wood before we start to paint. April 13th, Mrs. Cook forty-six years old this day. Thermometer 16 below. We had three deer and five white fox skins brought to us to-day. April 16th, strong gale from northeast and heavy snowstorm. Thermometer 4 below zero; barometer 29.40. April 24th, sled came in with two hundred and fifty pounds of moose meat, a treat highly prized by us. Thermometer 2 below. April 25th, sled came in with two deer. This fresh meat was quickly made ready for cooking up to serve with as little delay as possible to the whole of the crew, for they had been long without this much-needed diet.

April 27th, another sled came in to us having three hundred and thirty-three pounds of deer meat and three white fox skins. Now we were well supplied with fresh meat and prospects for the next four weeks were that deer meat would be quite plentiful. April 29th, thermometer 16 above zero; light wind, east; barometer, 29.80. The banking of snow is all removed from the

side of the ship. Ice about six feet in thickness around the ship. Weather has been fine for the past few days. This winter resort does not afford the same safety of the ship from ice pressure as at Herschel Island. I have grave fears that we will have trouble when the ice breaks up in the early summer, for there is no protection from ice coming out of Liverpool Bay. We received fifty pounds more of deer meat and eighty ptarmigan.

Sunday, May 5th, various games were participated in by the ships' companies, such as tug-of-war, baseball, running-races, this being the first pleasant day in May; thermometer 2 above; barometer 30.20. May 6th we took our bone from the fore peak to get ready for washing. May 7th we employed ditching the north side of the ship. This is done for the purpose of having both sides of the ship clear at the same time. If one did not cut a trench around on the north side, the south side would thaw away from the ship leaving the north side frozen firmly to the ship. Through the long winter months much fuel and many provisions are used, causing the vessel to be much lighter draft than when frozen in, so, as soon as the ice thaws away from the south side, which receives the most of the sun's heat and would therefore in the nature of things be the first to melt, the south side of the ship would rise, and as the other side is still fast to the ice the ship would have a very uncomfortable list. Hence the ditching of the north side so that they would thaw alike.

May 6th to 11th, thermometer varied from 2 below to 12 above. We scraped ship outside and in. All houses are removed off the deck. Snow is disappearing from off the land. May 12th, a sled came to us with two hundred and fifty pounds of deer meat. Thermometer 20 above; barometer 29.80; light southeast wind. May 15th, a sled came in with two hundred and eighty pounds of deer meat.

May 16th the first bird from the south was seen, a

black crow, flying northward. Thermometer 22 above. May 18th, the first seagull seen. May 19th, two seagulls seen. Thermometer 22 above; barometer 29.80. May 22d, the sun has been above the horizon since the 12th continually without setting. Thermometer 31 above zero. The first ducks were seen this day. May 23d, numerous flocks of ducks flying northward. May 25th, received our first lot of ducks, about fifty. May 30th, sent three boats and crews about nine miles to the northeast sand-spit to look for whales along the floe ice, where the pack breaks off from the shore ice. In years previous, natives have caught some whales in this manner before open water was found to enable ships to get out among the ice. Thermometer 57 above. June 2d, sent across the ice to Dalhousie, thirty miles away, in quest of deer.

CHAPTER XVII

FROM BAILLIE ISLAND TO SAN FRANCISCO

JUNE 5th, Tutrach, a native hunter, arrived with four hundred and sixty pounds of deer meat. Saturday, June 8th, a native came with forty-five geese, twenty-seven brant, and fifty-nine ducks. The crew painted spars. June 10th, light rain. Thermometer 45 above. A native came in with twenty-three geese. June 14th, a native, Inuluruk, came in from the Dalhousie hunting-grounds with fifty-five geese and fourteen deer — two sled loads. June 15th, we received seventy-nine geese, and June 21st, ninety geese eggs and eighteen geese.

July 1st we cut out the ice between the steamer and the beach and hauled the steamer up against the bank of the sand-spit, the water being deep close up to the shore. The steamers are all cleaned and painted, making such a change in their appearance that it led to the exclamations of the natives, 'Oraga!' (Very good!) 'Pumaski pechock.' (The old has passed away.) 'Mutook catch a me.' (The new has come to take its place.) Yes, the transformation of the ships was very noticeable and interesting to the natives.

July 2d the three boats' crews who went to the northeast sand-spit to look for whales off the ice-floes returned, not having seen any. July 4th, rain, and squally. All three steamers were decked out with flags. Baseball games were played by the different crews. July 5th, the steamer Beluga made fast to the beach. Very little open water to be seen. No appearance of watery sky to be seen in the distance. July 11th, the ice made quite a move. Large floes moved off the outside of the sand-spit. At 2 P.M. we lighted the fires under the boiler for the first time since October.

July 12th the steamer Narwhal attempted to go out. Quantities of small fish were caught in nets between the ice and shore. We got about four hundred, which much resemble our herring. July 14th the Narwhal came back. The ice closed in and prevented her getting out. Wind breezing from southeast forced big pressure of ice from Liverpool Bay, ice piling up on the sand-spit over forty feet in height. This kept us very busy taking care of our ships so that they might not get pressed up on the beach. In spite of all our efforts, the Bowhead was pressed ashore hard and fast and the Beluga was pressed on even harder than the Bowhead.

July 17th the ice had all moved out of the harbor, but there was as yet no chance outside to go anywhere. July 18th we succeeded in floating the Bowhead; then, as the Beluga was still hard on the beach, we ran a hawser and tried to haul her off. We pulled her for four hours without making any headway, and then the Narwhal came and pulled with us and we succeeded in getting her off. We had escaped serious injury, but it looked at one time as if the ice would claim all three steamers as its victims. July 21st, season getting very late, and no appearance yet of open water outside to any extent. About 4 A.M. a large polar bear walked leisurely down the sand-spit until he got near the ship, when he stopped, snuffing, and looking at the ship apparently without the least thought of fear, when a native belonging to our ship, coming from Siberia, shouldered his rifle and soon got within shooting distance and killed him at the first shot.

July 23d the Narwhal went out again, this making her third attempt. The Beluga also started, but was forced to come back again. July 24th at 7 A.M. we steamed out of the harbor that had held us captive since October. The Beluga also started out. We went about seven miles to the northwest end of the island and made fast to ground ice. Gazing at our winter quarters, which

we had just left to engage in the pursuit of the whale again, truly we should be thankful that our ship's entire company of fifty-two men had gone through the long dark Arctic winter without a mishap to a single person aboard. All were in health, but all were delighted that they were through with the monotony of winter life, and that soon our prow will be pointing homeward. In the meantime we must look anxiously for whales in the few weeks remaining, that we may be rewarded for our long work here. It has come — the time for action — and our ship, our boats and gear have been put in the best possible condition. Now we must put them to the use they were sent here for and from which we hope to be paid for our labor.

July 28th we steamed around the island off to the northeast of Cape Bathurst and made fast in eight and a half fathoms water to ground ice.

August 2d we went down off Horton River. The steamer Narwhal went to Langdon Bay: thick fog. August 8th, no such season was ever known. Not a whale of any description has been seen by either vessel. Being satisfied there are no whales here, we started west and at 10 P.M. made fast to ground ice in nine fathoms water off Cape Dalhousie. August 9th we proceeded as far as Toker Point. Ice in close to shore: no way of getting offshore, as ice is too close and heavy. We made fast at 11 P.M. to ground ice off Toker Point in eleven fathoms water.

August 10th the steam bark Alexander, having left San Francisco in March, came alongside. Captain Tilton stopped aboard of us all day. None can realize how good the news and people seem to those who have seen nobody from civilization for over a year.

August 11th we saw the steamers Karluk, Belvedere, and Jeannette, all from San Francisco. From the Belvedere we got thirty boxes of potatoes and four boxes of onions. Mrs. McGregor, wife of the captain of the Karluk, came aboard. She was the first white

lady Mrs. Cook had seen for over thirteen months. We had a gala day exchanging news. All were disappointed, however, at there being no whales seen, yet such was the case. Although the ships had come away in here for nothing, still it was not nearly as bad for them as for us who had wintered in expectation of getting a goodly number of whales before the ships that went home could possibly get in. Yet here they were just as far along as we and had passed the winter at home in comfort. August 13th we anchored at Herschel Island. Another steamer, the Fearless, Captain McKenna, from San Francisco, is here. August 14th we steamed out from Herschel Island bound west, satisfied there will be no whaling in here this season.

August 19th we rounded Point Barrow at 9 P.M. and anchored off Cape Smythe, the whaling station. August 21st at 6 A.M. we steamed to west from Cape Smythe steering southwest along the edge of pack-ice. We have now about six weeks at the longest to get a season's work. The sun has just set below the horizon, the first time since May 12th. Summer is ended and winter is fast approaching. Over to the north of Siberia in the western part of the ocean, we must get what there is to be got in the shape of whales. Steamer Karluk in sight all day.

August 24th, strong gale with snow; steamer hove to on starboard tack. August 26th, weather better; sailing along the edge of the northern pack to westward; afternoon course W.S.W. for Herald Island.

August 27th we sighted Herald Island, the small uninhabited island to the west of Wrangel Island. Lat. at 3 P.M. $72^{\circ} 10' N.$; Long. $175^{\circ} W.$ August 28th, snow and squally; fresh breeze northeast. Nothing seen to-day. August 29th, strong breeze northeast. We spoke the steamer Jeannette, who reports seeing one whale, but did not get him. Lat. $71^{\circ} 18' N.$; Long. $173^{\circ} 30' W.$

September 1st we sighted our first whale going quickly to windward. We lowered four boats after him, but he was going too quickly. The boats, after a fruitless chase of four hours, returned to the ship. Wind northeast, fresh, with snow. Lat. $71^{\circ} 35' N.$; Long. $170^{\circ} 30' W.$ September 2d, fine weather and smooth sea; afternoon calm. Sighted a steamer's smoke to N.N.E. We steamed from 7.30 A.M. until afternoon. Plenty of birds, feed, and seal seen, but no whales. Lat. $71^{\circ} 25' N.$; Long. $169^{\circ} 35' W.$

September 3d, calm. Steamer lying close to edge of northern pack-ice. Plenty of walrus; shot two. Lat. $71^{\circ} 37' N.$; Long. $168^{\circ} 10' W.$ September 5th, a gala day for us. At daylight a fresh breeze from southwest. We saw a bowhead whale going off to leeward, and lowered four boats. The waist boat, in charge of second officer, succeeded in fastening and saving him. We got the whale alongside at 9 A.M., when it began snowing heavily. We cut him in and he yielded one hundred barrels of oil and two thousand pounds of bone. Lat., dead reckoning, $72^{\circ} 30' N.$; Long. $169^{\circ} W.$ September 6th and 7th we boiled out oil. September 10th, Herald Island in sight. We saw a whale and lowered boats, but could not fasten. At 4 P.M. saw another and lowered, but with the same results. Lat. $71^{\circ} 32' N.$; Long. $173^{\circ} 31' W.$

September 13th, blowing, with snow, from northeast. Herald Island in sight, bearing west ten miles. We lowered boats with close-reefed storm sails for two bowheads. The starboard boat, in charge of boat-header Haywood, succeeded in catching one, and took it to the ship after a long hard job owing to the heavy sea running; we parted about all the cutting gear but saved the head with about twenty-four hundred pounds of bone, but we lost the body: very thankful to get the head. September 15th the wind was light northeast, and Herald Island was in sight ten miles to west. At daylight we lowered boats for several whales. The

waist boat, in charge of second mate, got a whale. We cut in the head and body, which yielded about nineteen hundred pounds of bone and ninety barrels of oil. We have made a little showing this month. Here's hoping it continues!

We cruised until September 22d without seeing a ship or any more whales. At 5 P.M. we spoke the steamer William Baylies; Captain Cottle reported nothing seen or caught so far this year. September 30th we sighted our next whale, several of them in sight. That day we lowered all the boats. The waist boat, with second mate in charge, caught one and we cut in both head and body, twenty-two hundred pounds of bone and one hundred and ten barrels of oil. Lat. $73^{\circ} 10' N$.

October 1st we sighted numbers of whales, but failed to catch any. The air was full of snow, and it was difficult to see and very cold. The ocean is partly filled with young ice. October 2d, a strong breeze came up from southwest, accompanied with snow. At daylight we saw several whales and lowered all boats. The starboard bow boat, in charge of third mate, Santos, fastened one which ran with his boat out of sight of the steamer, while the steamer was engaged in saving the waist boat and crew which a whale upset, throwing all the occupants into the icy waters. The first officer in the larboard boat picked up the men and brought them to the ship. Many of them were badly frost-bitten. After getting the boat and men aboard, we started to look for the boat which was fastened to the whale, and the starboard boat which was chasing after to render all possible assistance. For hours we steamed looking as best we could through the drifting snow until late in the afternoon it cleared up, and we found the two boats a little short of a mile away with the whale dead. With full head of steam we were soon alongside, but the crews were terribly frost-bitten, while Mr. Santos had all of his fingers frozen on one hand. It was

lucky that no worse mishap had befallen. It was so rugged and such a heavy gale we could not cut in, so we made the whale fast with a hawser to lie for the night and attended to the afflicted boats' crews. Altogether it was one of the worst times in my experience of capturing a whale.

October 3d was very cold with a moderate wind. We hooked on at daylight and cut in the whale. At 11 A.M. we sighted the steamer William Baylies and some more whales; lowered boats. The larboard boat captured one which we cut in. At 3 P.M. we lowered for more whales, but the boats returned at dark without any. Lat. $72^{\circ} 57' N.$; Long. $165^{\circ} W.$ October 4th the boats chased whales from daylight to dark, with fine weather and a smooth sea, but got none. The William Baylies and Beluga in sight. October 5th was a repetition of the day before. We chased whales all day and got nothing. We saw the William Baylies get one. Snow-squalls with a light wind and large patches of young ice on the water. We cruised in this vicinity until October 8th seeing no more whales, so steered S.W. by S. for Herald Island. The boiling of the blubber from the two whales was finished, and we got a little over two hundred barrels of oil and four thousand pounds of bone. We saw nothing about Herald Island Shoals October 11th, so steered S.E. by E. for Behring Straits. October 13th, thick snowstorm. We sounded our way into Behring Straits. At 10 P.M. of the 14th we anchored at Teller to land some natives who had been with us on the entire voyage. We paid them off for their services and the morning of the 15th sailed out of Teller for San Francisco.

We steered south by east for Unalaska. October 16th, with a light northeast wind our course was south by east. At 5 P.M. we passed East Cape, St. Lawrence Island. October 17th, with light N.N.E. wind and course S. by E., we started to scrape gum off the whale-bone. Lat. $61^{\circ} 41' N.$; Long. $168^{\circ} 40' W.$ October

19th the morning was squally with fresh north wind. At noon we passed St. George, Pribilof Islands. October 20th at 3 P.M. we anchored at Dutch Harbor, Unalaska, and found four whaling steamers here. We were employed scraping bone.

October 22d, fore part was snowy with strong east wind. At 11 A.M. got under way and steamed out through Unalga Pass into the Pacific once more. Wind hauled to north and we shaped our course east by south for the Farallones. No more fear of ice. Boat-steerers and officers were much relieved of the necessity for such sharp outlook as is necessary in Arctic waters, now that their places are taken by sailors, as the only thing now to look out for is a collision, and the officers have nothing to care for but wind and weather for the remainder of the voyage. October 28th, being in Lat. $44^{\circ} 54'$, Long. $149^{\circ} 30'$, we took up a lot of bone and put it on deck and filled the deck about half full of water, plugging up scuppers so that the bone would have about fifteen to twenty hours soaking in order that it might wash easily. October 29th we were washing bone; also the 30th and 31st. We finished at 2 P.M. of the 31st, and the eleven heads weighed about twenty-three thousand pounds. November 1st and 2d we employed drying and bundling the bone, about one hundred pounds to the bundle. We made two hundred and twenty-two bundles, and that with nine hundred barrels of oil constituted our entire catch for the voyage.

November 5th we anchored in San Francisco Harbor, having been absent nineteen months and eight days.

CHAPTER XVIII

NORTH WITH AN UNRULY CREW

OUR oil found a ready market in California. Tanners used all they could get of this kind. The whalebone was packed in freight cars and sent to New Bedford, where it was recleaned and rebundled. Our lot was sold during the winter, mostly for export, at an average price of four dollars and fifty cents a pound. The oil averaged fifteen dollars per barrel. The ship being discharged was put in Oakland Creek for the winter and officers and men went to their respective homes.

Mrs. Cook and I came across the continent to our home at Provincetown, where my aged mother and our daughter Emma awaited our coming, looking forward to a happy reunion on Thanksgiving Day. We were fortunate to arrive in time to partake of the Thanksgiving turkey. With old friends in my home town the winter passed pleasantly, but all too quickly for us. Among the most important events to us during the winter months was the marriage of my daughter to a young man living here, who was a schoolmate of hers, and we looked forward to a happy life for both of them.

February, 1903, came all too soon for us, and brought with it my notice that I would have to resume my work again to prepare for another Arctic cruise. How different this one was to be, even at the start! In the last eight years Mrs. Cook had accompanied me. What a lot of responsibility she had taken off my shoulders I had never fully realized until I started to get ready for this trip, this time without her aid. She had been with me so long that she knew the requirements, particularly in the small things, better even than I, for I had left all that to her; and when I came to make out my requisition alone in my room in San Francisco, I real-

ized as never before how much I would miss her helping hand. This voyage was to be the most trying and the very hardest I had yet experienced in fact, either before or since. Had I realized at the time, or could I have looked into the future and caught a glimpse of what I should be called upon to do, I never would have been tempted with all the riches in store. Though they were promised me, I never would for one moment have undertaken to carry my part through to the end of a forty-four months' sojourn with the worst set of men in the forecabin it was ever my lot to see. Into the future I could not see. I trust, however, that each problem was met in a way that every master should meet such, and I came back as I sailed away, captain of the ship, although many of the crew tried to take it out of my hands, but failing in every move. Therefore some of them, failing to have the captain do as they should dictate, got rather roughly handled, because some of the jailbirds, which composed my crew in part, were handled without gloves and kept in complete subjection. So, failing to get satisfaction aboard ship, they swore out false charges at the end of that disastrous voyage, the result of which was a lengthy trial, during which they succeeded in keeping the newspapers busy with the stories they circulated in the behalf of the crew, to none of which I replied, but I did succeed in winning my case before the courts and all indictments were discharged. The events which brought about so much trouble I will try to give in full, taken from my diary that I wrote up every day for the forty-four months we were away.

The steam bark *Bowhead*, having been thoroughly overhauled and refitted with everything necessary for the voyage to spend one winter and two summers in the Arctic, sailed on March 18, 1903. I had personally supervised all repairs and outfitting, and the requisition for supplies, both for the use of the company and for trade, was in every particular the most complete

outfit I ever had. Moreover, I was fortunate in securing for my first officer Mr. Long, who had been with me in the same capacity on my two previous voyages. My second officer, Mr. Joselyn, had been with me twice before, and Mr. Haywood, who went in the capacity of boat-header and head of the port watch, had also been with me one voyage in the same capacity. The third officer, Mr. Hansen, had never sailed with me before, but had had long experience as a third officer in Northern ships and came to me well recommended; while the fourth officer, Mr. Lee, was promoted from boat-steerer or harpooner, having served in that capacity on the previous voyage, and had then showed ability that led me to feel that he was qualified for fourth officer's position, a selection wisely made, for he was the very best officer in that capacity that I ever had. The voyage bid fair to be a success and a fairly pleasant one.

As I thought this voyage was to be my last, and past experience had taught me how little dependence there was to be put in the different seasons North, and feeling that at the end of our second summer we might fall short of what we would consider a profitable catch, I had all agree and sign papers for thirty-six months, so that if in my judgment it would mean a loss instead of a profit to come out at the expiration of the time contemplated, I could stop yet another winter and summer and then be back in from thirty to thirty-two months and everybody would be bound by his agreement to stop that length of time with me. This was all understood and agreed upon before starting out. Our five boat-steerers were all first-class men, and in the selection of our two engineers we were particularly fortunate, as we got two who had years of experience and were well qualified.

Having such an unusually good company of men aft, I used all the care and caution a man could use in securing sailors for the forecastle, but here was where we failed. At the port of San Francisco there were many

tramps and jailbirds, eager to get aboard of vessels bound to Alaska, for that was their only chance to get to the gold fields of Nome and the Klondike. They would sign for a whale voyage and desert as soon as the shore of Alaska was reached, either by crossing drifting ice or in any manner they could scheme to get off the ship. Knowing such men were giving bounties to sailor boarding-houses for chances such as this, I was very particular and selected a nice-looking class of men, most of whom were Scandinavians. After signing a full list of twenty-six sailors, I ordered them to be aboard the next morning at 10 A.M. so that we might get to sea without any delay, as that was the hour we were to sail.

Accordingly, on the morning of March 18th my officers and engineers went on board early and I waited ashore until word was sent from the chief officer that all hands were aboard. Then I went off to the ship to start for sea. To my surprise after getting under way, in looking over the crew as they were engaged in getting everything secure about the deck before getting outside, I could distinguish hardly a face among that crew that I had signed on the day previous. As my attention was taken up more with guiding the ship safely out of the Golden Gate and by the Farallones, shaping my course for the Aleutian Islands, I never thought more about the matter until when eating supper, the first officer made the remark, 'We have a big proportion of our men forward who never were on a deck before.' His words caused me to recall what I had noticed earlier in the day. So when supper was finished, all the sailors were called aft and ranged along the deck, first to answer to their names, next to divide themselves into two watches, starboard and port. I learned that most of the men I had signed on had been substituted for those whom I had previously mentioned, as doing everything toward securing passage to the gold fields, and these were the men who were destined to give us trouble throughout the voyage. I told them plainly I

was fully aware of their motive in engaging as sailors on this ship, but, as it was impossible to obtain more men up there, I should take extra care that none deserted. Our passage for the first ten days was uneventful. Two days out we found one of our firemen was incapable, and he was disrated and sent to the forecandle as a sailor and our blacksmith was put in as fireman.

March 29th, with strong breeze from the northwest, while furling jib one of the boat-steerers, named George Cathcart, went out on the jib-boom to assist the sailors in securing the sail properly and in some way unknown he was knocked overboard. A boat was lowered at once, but he sank just before the boat got to him. The weather being very cold and he heavily clothed, these prevented him keeping upon the surface as long as otherwise would have been the case had he been less heavily clothed. This disaster cast a gloom over the company. None but those who live a seafaring life can realize the sorrow that is manifested at such an occurrence as this. It is to be hoped that we have no repetition of such an event.

April 3d, while steaming in a calm at midnight, without warning the crank shaft to the engine in No. 2 journal broke in two. Here was an accident that would necessitate our going to port for repairs, as it would be utterly impossible to go farther with this damage and there was no means of fixing it at any of the ports North. Accordingly, the next morning I called all the officers and boat-steerers and engineers together, and informed them we should be obliged to go to Victoria, as that was a foreign port and I could hold all the crew, in fact, the officers and all, while repairs were being made. Our advances to all crew including engineers and officers were about six thousand dollars. If all hands left, as they could do in an American port, we would lose all the advances; besides, we should have to put up about six thousand dollars more to secure another crew. So this made it imperative on my part to seek a

foreign rather than a domestic port. Having told them my determination, one of the engineers said, since he knew Victoria well, 'Captain, you could have this done in much quicker time at San Francisco than at any near-by port,' and further remarked that he would guarantee for himself and his department, if I would go to San Francisco, that not one man of the engineering department would ask to go ashore or for one penny, for he deemed it for the interest of all on board to go to 'Frisco. I thanked him for his information and expressed myself very grateful for the promise given. Then I said to my officers that, if they would attend to the duties aboard ship without asking or expecting to go ashore, look out for the crew, and see that nobody deserted, and keep all shore boats away from the ship day and night, I would go back to 'Frisco instead of Victoria. The officers, boat-steerers, and steward, without hesitating for one moment, said they realized my position and they would do in port exactly as though at sea, see that all orders were duly executed, and work carried on as customary at sea. After impressing upon each and every one that I should hold them strictly to their promise, I ordered all sail put on and shaped my course for San Francisco again. Lat. 45° N.; 152° W.

How fortunate it was that this vessel, while depending greatly upon her steam power while among the ice, was so constructed, being propelled by a two-blade propeller instead of three or four blades, that, when not using steam or wishing to make progress under sail, the propeller blades could be put in an upright position so that they would be right behind the sternpost and so did not retard the progress of the vessel as an ordinary propeller would do; so now, with our steam power absolutely useless, the bark would make fine headway under sail alone.

On April 14th, just ten days from the time we started back, we sighted Point Reyes Lighthouse. Owing to adverse winds, we did not anchor in the har-

bor until 10 A.M. of the 17th, thirteen days coming about fourteen hundred miles. Knowing that steps would be taken at once to get the crew out, as many vessels were lying in the harbor for foreign ports waiting for crews, and that the men had got just enough of sea to long to get ashore again, I repaired at once to the custom-house and entered my ship, saying I came in for repairs. As soon as the form of entering had been gone through, I cleared again for another cruise with the same crew aboard to sail as soon as repairs were completed. There being no time limit as to how soon a whaler or fisherman must sail after she clears, as is the law with merchantmen, I could, according to our laws, complete my repairs, and the crew, being all aboard when I cleared, had made no legal protest, so belonged to my ship. Having got that part legally arranged, mechanics went aboard and started work. Seeing the boldness and activity of shore boats around the vessel, which totally disregarded orders to keep away, I ordered two officers and a boat-steerer stationed night and day, one aft, another amidships, and the third forward, each armed with a loaded 45/70 Winchester repeating rifle with orders to shoot a hole through the first boat that attempted to come alongside after being warned to keep away.

What a howl was put up by these shore parties that were accustomed to get their living by furnishing crews for foreign voyages! It was circulated through the daily press when they found their plans were foiled to obtain any of the Bowhead's men. Threats of habeas corpus were sent me. Stories, without one vestige of truth therein, were freely circulated that the public might act in some way to force me to discharge these men. Exaggerated stories of the treatment of the men aboard were spread. In fact, nothing was left undone to intimidate me and awaken a more unrestful spirit among my crew. I paid no attention to threats of the daily items, confident that I was acting strictly

in accordance with the agreement that each man had signed: to go on a whaling voyage not to exceed thirty-six calendar months, for which all, according to their stations aboard, had received a substantial cash advance and were to receive a percentage of the catch for their services while on board, the aggregate of which amounted to forty per cent of the whole, while the owners furnished steamer and all supplies of every nature for the voyage, looking for their profit out of the other sixty per cent realized from sales of bone and oil caught. As we were compelled to return to port to repair damages without even having reached the waters of the Arctic Zone, much less to have engaged in catching any whales, I could not see that legally or morally any part of the crew had performed their part of the agreement, and it remained in force the same as though the vessel was still on the high seas at her occupation.

After many delays in securing the necessary repairs, at 5 A.M. of April 28th, just eleven days from the time we anchored, we proceeded to sea again, and at 11 A.M. of the same day, when we passed the South Farallone Light outward bound, such a feeling of relief came over me that I could hardly contain myself, for our crew was all intact with the exception of two men who put on life-preservers and jumped overboard the night before we sailed. It seems they went into the water with the tide running into the bay and drifted up the harbor. As they neared a ship, they shouted and were taken aboard. So we were short but two of the full complement and the places of those two were filled later by two Eskimos. While awaiting repairs, Mrs. Cook communicated with me from Provincetown, saying it was her desire to join me again for this our last voyage. The fact that there was a possibility of having her with me more than atoned for all past anxieties, for in her I had experienced help that was of great benefit to the voyage. We could not delay sailing to await her coming, as it was now very late to sail and have the

benefit of the whole season's whaling, so I wired her to be at 'Frisco about June 1st to take passage on the steamer St. Paul. I arranged for her passage and to call at Nome for her on June 20th. My last wire from her was, 'Meet me Nome June 20th.'

So after all I was to have the companionship of that one I so prized and my long trip North would be much more speedily and pleasantly passed than I expected. But could I have realized all she would be called to pass through, the disappointments, the complete wrecking of her nervous system from which she will never fully recover, I would rather have endured alone all the monotony, all the trouble, and more, that she might have escaped this fate. The events, however, which brought this sad realization were too far distant in the future for any mortal to have the faintest conception of them, and since she had spent nine years previous to this voyage North and had not the slightest fears as to embarking upon the present voyage, I was glad to have her with me.

So out in the broad Pacific I shaped my course with full head of steam and all sail set when wind and weather favored, and the old Bowhead was making fast time for the ice-floes of the North.

May 14th at 3 P.M. we passed through the Akutan Pass and stopped off Priest Rock to catch codfish, and got sixty fish. At 7 P.M. we anchored at Unalaska. May 15th we put all boats in their places and took aboard twenty-three hundred feet of boards and thirty-nine tons of coal. At 8 A.M. of the 16th we took out anchor and proceeded off the Cascades where we caught three hundred codfish. At 7 P.M. we steered N.N.W. for the ice.

May 18th at southern edge of ice in Lat. $58^{\circ} 30' N.$; Long. $168^{\circ} W.$ May 19th, going through strips of ice. Lat. $60^{\circ} N.$; Long. $168^{\circ} 20' W.$; calm. May 20th, wind northeast and snow. We steamed until noon through ice, when it got to be heavy. At 4 P.M. Captain Tilton,

of the steam bark Belvedere, came aboard. Southeast Cape of St. Lawrence Island just in sight. Lat. $62^{\circ} 19' N.$; Long. $169^{\circ} 10' W.$ Captain Tilton reports no whales; all ice to north and west, very close and heavy. May 22d, strong northerly gale. We tried several times to make headway, but the ice was too close and heavy. We saw the Belvedere take a whale.

May 27th we succeeded in working through the heavy ice and got into strips off southwest end of St. Lawrence Island, and finally worked our way through and anchored at the settlement at the Northwest Cape, St. Lawrence Island. Here we obtained a Portuguese boat-steerer who had previously been with me, since we were short since the loss of Cathcart. Antone, the name of the man we got, had been here for a year engaged in shore whaling with such poor success that he was glad to go on a ship again, and, as he had been with me before and was a good boat-steerer, never failing to fasten when chance offered, we were indeed fortunate to obtain his services. The natives here reported but two ships ahead of us, the Alexander and Jeannette. Again we consoled ourselves that, though very late in getting away the last time, yet we were the third ship to reach the straits. A repetition of past seasons now presented itself. Across on the Siberian shore we obtained a supply of clothing and boots, and bought forty dogs to carry in for wintering.

June 1st, off the Diomed Islands, Captain Newth, of the Jeannette, came aboard and reported the steamer Alexander with two whales. June 8th, we lowered boats for the first whale we have seen, but he went north among the strips of ice so quickly that the boats never got near him. June 11th, did the same thing. June 12th, we lay fast to ice on the north side of the Diomedes together with twelve whaling steamers.

June 19th we started for Nome, but in the afternoon we made fast to ground ice at Kings Island, in thick

fog with plentiful ice-floes. On the 20th we anchored at Nome and found many steamers here. Lots of heavy strips of ice drifting by. Seeing among the steamers the St. Paul, I lost no time in clearing away my boat and going over to the steamer where I learned that Mrs. Cook was ashore. To the shore I next went, and at the Golden Gate Hotel I found her in perfect health and spirits after her long trip from home. We immediately went aboard the Bowhead, as the large floes of ice drifting northward with the current might necessitate our moving at almost any moment. Arriving on board, she received a most cordial and enthusiastic welcome from her old shipmates, who were officers on this voyage, for each and every one of them appreciated what a benefit her presence had been in the past and felt that she would add to the voyage by her administering care to the sick and her encouragement to all to persevere toward the accomplishment of a good voyage. Surely I was rejoiced to have her with me again, yet I knew it was indeed hard for her to leave her only child again for so long a time.

June 22d we sailed from Nome. Two men tried to desert the night before by jumping overboard. They evidently conceived the idea that they could reach a large floe of ice that was drifting by and get on to that, and eventually drift near enough to land and get ashore, a very mistaken idea, for that ice, sweeping by Nome going northward through the straits, increasing its momentum as it goes northward, sweeps through the straits into the broader waters of the Arctic Ocean, giving no chance for one to land from its surface. The attention of the officer of the deck was directed to some one shouting for help, and looking in that direction he saw two men in the water trying to stem the current, but were unable, and getting weaker from their exertions and chilled from contact with the icy waters. A boat was quickly lowered and they were rescued, realizing that these waters were not so inviting

as those of warmer latitudes. To prevent another occurrence from the same men, they were confined when in port after this.

June 24th we anchored off the mission settlement at Cape Prince of Wales, the ice being too plentiful to go to Port Clarence. June 25th we anchored at Port Clarence, where we are to await the arrival of a ship with coal and provisions for us. Steamer Thrasher here with us; harbor full of thin ice. June 30th we blew down the boilers for cleaning same.

July 3d we got up steam in boilers; and the 5th, all the steam whalers bound north for the season came in to-day. July 13th the ship Elwell, from Nanaimo with coal and supplies for the fleet, arrived. The steamer Thrasher went out and towed her in. July 15th we took from the Elwell our potatoes, one hundred and ten boxes; of onions, nine boxes; eggs, six cases; butter, fifteen half-barrels. The Thrasher took coal.

July 16th we took ten cases of evaporated potatoes and two cases of evaporated onions. The Jeannette took coal, and the Thrasher finished coaling.

July 18th we took the Elwell in tow and anchored her in a smoother part of the harbor, after which we went alongside and took aboard sixty-five tons of coal. July 19th we also took coal. We were delayed about an hour until the settlement of a quarrel between the crew of the Elwell and the second officer, which resulted in the captain of the Elwell being obliged to discharge the officer or lose the crew. As no crew could be obtained there, he was obliged to discharge the officer, as the only way to adjust the differences, but the captain expressed himself very emphatically when he said it was a piece of injustice to the officer who was not at fault, but the crew were bound to run him out, and took these means to do it. July 20th at 11 A.M. we finished coaling. We took in three hundred tons, which with what we had gives us a total to date on board of four hundred and twenty-seven tons.

July 21st we hove up anchor and bid adieu to civilization and steamed out into the straits. At 6 P.M. we steered N.½W. for Point Hope; strong breeze south; heavy sea running washed one dog off the deckload of coal and we lost him. July 22d at 10 P.M. we passed Point Hope with course N.N.W. for Cape Lisbourne. July 23d, calm, with thick fog; lay at anchor just north of Cape Lisbourne. The steamers Morning Star and Jeannette here. We got aboard sixty barrels of fresh water. In the afternoon the steamer Morning Star went about fifteen miles to east and anchored off the coal veins to dig coal. The Jeannette and we steamed N.N.E. for Point Lay.

July 24th, encountering ice, we anchored in seven fathoms water off Point Lay. July 25th, fog and wind, southwest. We steamed to N.N.E., up off Icy Cape, and anchored in five fathoms water. Steamers Alexander and Jeannette here with us. Ice hard onto the land. We can go no farther yet. July 27th, John Ramsay, steward, was disrated for stealing and put in cook. The cook was put in steward. July 30th all the fleet of whaling steamers here at anchor in five fathoms water just north of Icy Cape. The pack-ice being hard onto land to north, we are stopped from farther progress until a change occurs in ice conditions.

August 1st we moved north along the land about fifteen miles, where we anchored off Wainwright Inlet in six fathoms water. August 5th, light airs, all quarters. All steamers lay fast to ice. Two sailors asked to go aboard the steamer Alexander, lying close by. I gave them permission to go. Later in the day ice began breaking up and we all started to move; meanwhile fog had changed into cold drizzling rain. Just as we were casting off our lines, it was reported to me that the two men had not come back from the Alexander. I at once hailed the captain of the Alexander and asked him to send my men aboard. In a few minutes he informed me my men were not there. Looking all around over

the ice from the crow's-nest where I was then standing, I thought I could see, as far away as I could discern objects, what I made out to be two men running over the ice. Miles of water intervened between the ice and the land, and, added to this fact, this ice was fast breaking up, and those portions that broke off were being swept northward by the strong current at a rate of not less than four miles an hour. This led me to have the gravest apprehension as to their fate, for all the steamers were going northward and soon nobody would be in that part of the country to rescue them. To send a rescue party now was to send men where it would be likely to end disastrously for all concerned, for between the ships and the men were great lanes of water where an hour or so before all had been solid ice. It was quite impossible to do anything to save them, and they were quite unconscious of their danger, only being intent on putting as great a distance as possible between themselves and their ship, to avoid being taken back. So they ran on until they came to smaller pieces of ice, and, jumping across the small lanes of water they found from piece to piece, until at last they found themselves on a comparatively small piece of ice with so much water around it that it was utterly impossible to get to any other piece, so they were obliged to stay and be swept into the Far North by the current that was then rushing on at a rapid rate. Their end was near unless we could render them some aid. The only way I could see to aid them was to work the steamer into the north as near as possible to where I had last seen them, and in through some of the lanes of water until in a position when they might drift near enough to us to hear their shouts for help; for I knew, before we could get near enough for that, they would realize their position and be shouting for help more loudly than the two who tried to desert by jumping overboard at Nome.

Taking bearings by compass and judging distance as

near as possible, we worked the steamer as near the vicinity as we could tell amid the darkness and sleet, for the weather was indeed terrible for an adventure of this kind. Blowing blasts from our steam whistle at frequent intervals, we went among the floes for hours before we heard a sound, but at last we were rewarded by hearing a human voice, a voice crying, 'Save us!' We went as far in the direction of where the sound came as it was possible to get, then lowered a boat with the fourth mate in charge and told him to go to their rescue as their voices could be plainly heard now, imploring aid. It was a long and dangerous trip that the boat made, but human life was endangered, and, whether it was by their own acts or otherwise, life was at stake, and a whaleman never shrank from such a duty as this, the saving of life when called upon; so through the difficulties that beset him and his boat's crew he never paused until he brought his boat alongside the small piece of ice on which they were. It had broken in two so many times that when he got them they were on a piece, as he described it, not much larger than the large hatchway of a ship; and they were wet and shivering and numb with cold, almost frightened out of their senses. In this condition they were brought back to the ship. Their wretched condition when brought before me excited my sympathy, for I thought they had been punished enough without any more being meted out to them, so with a few words of caution I let them go to their places in the forecastle. A day or so after I asked them where they thought they were going, and their reply was that while on board the *Alexander* one of the men who had been up aloft said that the ice extended right into the land, and that it would not be difficult to run over the ice and get on the land and down to Nome. Acting on this advice, being desirous of getting to the gold diggings, and realizing if they did not get away they were in for the whole voyage, they took this chance which came so near being the end of them.

August 9th, we made fast to ground ice off Cape Smythe at 6 A.M. At 7 P.M. we steamed out north of Point Barrow and made fast to heavy ice aground in twelve fathoms water, current running to north at the rate of five miles an hour. All the fleet of steam whalers are here.

August 10th, wind northeast, quite fresh. We let go of ice and started to eastward through scattering ice, going along in six fathoms of water. At 10 P.M. we passed Cape Halkett in five fathoms water. August 11th, thick fog; made fast to ground ice off Return Reef. The steamers Karluk and Alexander are here with us. August 12th, off Cross Island, all the fleet of steam whalers together. This island is one of the small islands named by Franklin. Franklin Return Reef was so named from his having here turned back from trying to find a passage around Point Barrow, on his trip west from the Mackenzie River, no passage being known to exist at that time. Franklin with his party in boats came down the Mackenzie exploring the coast to westward, while another part of the expedition, under command of one of the lieutenants, went east. The season getting late, Franklin having reached as far west as these islands and still having over a hundred and fifty miles more to go before reaching Point Barrow, and finding the coastline trending northward all the time, believed, I am told, that no passage could exist and returned to the Mackenzie River. Since this time this line of sand islands has been named Franklin Return Reef. The coastline from Point Barrow east to this point is very low, hardly above the level of the sea. But from here east it is hilly, and in the background is the range of mountains called the Franklin Range and visible many miles out at sea.

August 14th we started east and went in between ground ice and Cross Island in three fathoms water. The steamer dragged hard through the mud in places, but finally got off into deeper water. At 3 P.M. we made

fast to ice off Lion's Reef in thick fog; plenty of ice around in six fathoms water. Aug. 15th, strong north-east wind and fog. It cleared at 4 A.M. and we started breaking out through ice to a lead of clear water. After quite an effort we got through, thus making a channel through the ice for all to follow. In the afternoon we steamed E.N.E. among scattering ice.

August 16th there was thick fog. At 10 P.M. we ran aground on the north side of Herschel Island. After lightering the deckload, putting aboard the Belvedere, that came to our assistance in response to our whistles, the Belvedere, joined by the Beluga, ran a hawser to us and pulled us afloat without any damage being done. August 17th we employed landing lumber and winter supplies, including the dogs, at Herschel Island. The steamers William Baylies, Belvedere, and Beluga here with us. August 18th we steamed to eastward from Herschel Island at 5 A.M.; wind northeast, fresh, and fine weather. At 9 P.M., abreast Hooper Island off the mouth of the Mackenzie River. August 20th at 3 P.M. we anchored off northeast sand-spit of Baillie Island. Here we were visited by many of the natives among whom we had wintered the previous winter, and who were very glad to see us all, having made many articles out of fur which they presented to Mrs. Cook.

August 22d, off Nelson Head, Banks Land in sight. There were many whales and we lowered all boats. The wind was blowing strong from northeast and very rugged. We got nothing. Three steamers in sight. August 23d, with wind east and rain-squalls, at 7 A.M. we lowered five boats for a whale. After lowering we did not see him. Captain Tilton, of the Alexander, came aboard and reported catching three whales on the 21st. August 25th we sighted three whales off Nelson Head. Banks Land bore thirty miles north. The steamer Narwhal in sight. We lowered, but got nothing.

August 27th in the morning it rained and was calm.

At 2 P.M. we lowered for a bowhead, but the boats came aboard without sighting him after lowering. We also lowered four boats for another, but thick fog set in and it did not clear until 10 P.M. At 11 P.M. we started to southwest, passing Cape Parry.

September 2d. All steamers have left for the westward except the Narwhal, Captain Leavitt, who is wintering in company with us at Herschel Island. We cruised off among the ice-floes about five miles north for Baillie Island. We sighted two still whales and lowered boats, but since there was no wind there was no chance to get near enough to harpoon them. The Narwhal came along at dark and anchored under the northwest part of the island. September 3d, morning light northeast wind. We steamed off about fifteen miles among the ice-floes to northwest of Baillie Island in company with the steamer Narwhal. At 9 A.M. we both lowered for several whales. The Narwhal got one, but our boats came aboard with nothing. At 3 P.M. we lowered again, and the waist boat, in charge of second officer, Mr. Josselyn, struck and saved one. The wind breezed strong from west, with snow. We took the whale alongside and cut in the head and let the body go. We got about twenty-one hundred pounds of bone. We steamed in to anchorage inside southwest sand-spit at Baillie Island where we wintered last winter, the Narwhal with us. We lay here until the 6th, when we went to Herschel Island, where we anchored September 9th.

CHAPTER XIX

ANOTHER WINTER AT HERSCHEL ISLAND

SNOWSTORMS are prevailing now with strong winds and show us plainly that winter has set in. No more chance for whaling. We must be content with only the one whale for our year's work; small and discouraging as it is, we must bear with it and get busy preparing for winter quarters. We made two trips with our steamer to the mainland for wood, getting a total of eighty-six boatloads, for I had thus early conceived the idea of prolonging our voyage to two winters instead of one, as our first summer had turned out so poorly, and, in order to make it possible, we must save our coal, as no more of it could be procured here.

October 4th, ice about four to five inches thick all over the harbor and we steamed into our winter berth, heading northeast by compass. Our anchors are put upon the bow and the ship lies securely frozen in.

October 8th we cut ice, nine inches thick, from the pond two miles away for our fresh-water supply. October 9th we sent a sled into the country in charge of Peterson, one of the boat-steerers, for deer meat.

October 10th we finished cutting ice at the pond. October 13th a gale came from the southwest, with the thermometer at zero, and brought such a sea that it broke up the ice to a great extent all over the harbor, and also blew our house that was being constructed over the deck almost to pieces, many of the boards being found far away. One whaleboat that was turned bottom up on the beach, the wind caught and rolled over and over for more than a mile until it was completely demolished. We had no wind gauge, but estimated the velocity at not less than eighty miles an hour, perhaps ninety. It was accompanied by thick

snow, which made it altogether a disagreeable day. This gale lasted until the 18th of the month, when the thermometer fell to five degrees below zero.

October 19th, Peterson arrived with dogs and sled being forced to make a cache of his five saddles of deer meat and one hundred ptarmigan for which he had traded with the natives. The ice being all broken up, it was not to be trusted to hold the additional weight that the sled contained. Thermometer 7 below; wind west, light.

October 22d, Peterson brought in his deer meat, one hundred and fifty-three pounds. October 25th we started Peterson and two other sleds for the mainland, in charge of two Siberian natives, with nineteen dogs, the names of the natives being Tom and Riley. October 26th we covered all windows and skylights with fresh-water ice four inches thick to prevent frosting the glass inside. October 28th one of the native hunters, Tutrach by name, came in with a few ptarmigan and ten white fox skins. Thermometer, 12° below.

October 29th the crew brought the first load of ice from the pond. The men were now all divided up into separate gangs. Four were detailed to saw and split wood, while the others cut out the ice from the rudder and propeller every morning. These same men were also detailed to keep the ship supplied with ice from the pond, and they were also to bank the ship with snow when the ice got thick enough to permit holding the additional weight of the thick banking of snow. In short, the crew went to work at 8 A.M. At 12 noon they had dinner for which one hour was allowed them. At 4 P.M. all work was finished for the day. Thus seven hours each day with the exception of Saturday and Sunday, the men were expected to work. Saturday was for them to wash their clothes and bathe, warm water being in readiness for those purposes. Sunday, no work whatever was going on. Any day when they wished to play football or baseball on the ice, or any other games,

work was dispensed with for half a day, that they might enjoy the exercise and pleasure of these games. November 5th, Itkak arrived with two saddles of deer meat, Queernga with eight saddles and one deer; total, four hundred and seventy-one pounds. They were two natives who lived near here, whom we employed to hunt for us, paying them at the rate of six cents per pound for the meat in trade at cost price paid for the articles in San Francisco. November 6th we started to bank in the port side of the ship. November 7th we bought ninety-six pounds of meat of a native. November 8th a native arrived from Mackenzie River with fifteen large fish weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, and some rabbits. Thermometer, 17° below.

November 9th, Kogmulik, a native, traded twenty-five fish to us. November 12th, Peterson came back: no deer. He went out again on the 13th. November 15th, three Itkilik sleds came in from Rampart House with meat. One came to us with two hundred and thirty-one pounds of deer meat, ten mink and three marten skins. We paid them for the same in tea, tobacco, powder, cartridges, lead, primers, matches, flour, and hard bread. November 18th, Sergeant Fitzgerald and Corporal Munroe, of the North-West Mounted Police, arrived to stay here for the winter. November 20th we sent mail to Fort Yukon by Itkiliks. November 27th, Peterson arrived with his sled loaded with seventeen saddles of deer and mountain sheep meat, weighing six hundred and thirty-one pounds. It is very gratifying that we are getting such a good supply of fresh meat before the dark days set in. November 29th we bought eighty-seven pounds of moose meat and forty-seven pounds of fish of an Itkilik sled.

November 30th, 14 below; thick weather. The sun has been gone for about one week. Sleds are arriving with meat and game so that we have plenty of fresh meat for our daily use. A native hunter, Ohalla,

brought in to us with two sleds nineteen saddles and two whole deer weighing eight hundred and sixty-nine pounds.

December 3d, Peterson left for the country to-day with eleven dogs and one sled. December 14th, 30 below. Peterson returned with no meat on this trip. December 18th, Peterson and Ohalla started westward with two sleds and fourteen dogs. Tutrach and two boys with their sled and eight dogs started for up-river. Thermometer, 38° below.

December 24th we finished banking the ship with snow. December 25th, Christmas Day, Captain Leavitt spent the day and evening with us. December 26th, Peterson came in with fourteen saddles of mountain sheep meat weighing two hundred and fifty-six pounds, shot by a native hunter by name of Omigloo.

January 3, 1904, thermometer 20° below. Itkak arrived with one sled and eight dogs with five saddles of deer meat, two hundred and thirty-seven pounds. He also brought with him an Itkilik who had one hundred and thirty pounds. January 8th, 36 below. The steamer Narwhal had concluded to winter without banking, but, finding the ship much colder, started to put snow banking around this day. January 13th, 36 below; a light wind from the southwest with snow. Peterson and a native started out with two sleds deer-hunting. January 17th, 38° below. Saw the sun for about ten minutes, the first time since November 24th.

January 20th: My daughter is twenty-five years old to-day. Two Itkilik natives, Robert and Elias, came from Fort McPherson with letters, written as late as November 12th, from San Francisco. January 23d, Robert and Elias left for Fort McPherson. January 29th, Peterson came in with no meat. Eguana, a native hunter, arrived with seven saddles of mountain sheep weighing one hundred and twenty-four pounds. Thermometer, 34 below. On February 1st there was a blizzard from the southwest; 39 below. We worked getting

tanks ready for fresh water; also took account of coal and stores. We find we have three hundred and two tons of coal left.

February 2d, it was still snowing thick with strong S.S.W. wind. Otoyuk and Koringuk, two brothers, came in with ten saddles of deer meat for us, weighing three hundred and twenty-seven pounds. Thermometer 36 below. February 8th: We melted this week fifty barrels of surplus water and run the same into tanks below for summer use. We bought four saddles of deer meat, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Ohalla left for Richard Island.

February 11th a raging blizzard came on, it being so thick that Captain Leavitt, who came aboard to spend the evening, was obliged to stop with us all night. His steamer was lying only one hundred and fifty feet away from us, yet such was the ferocity of the storm that it was impossible to make even that short distance.

February 18th, it was the coldest yet, 44 below. Mr. Jacquet from Red River arrived. February 19th, Montulik and Elucina arrived with five saddles of deer meat, one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. February 24th, Montulik and Elucina started out hunting. Mr. Jacquet started for his home at Red River. Thermometer 28 below. February 28th, Jimmie and Diomedes, two natives of the ship's crew, arrived from Omigloo's hunting-grounds with twelve saddles of mountain sheep and six white fox skins. Eguana and Itkak went out hunting. Having determined to pass another winter, I am endeavoring to get a surplus of fresh meat stored in the ice-house that we may have no lack of that much-needed article of diet. March 6th was fine weather; 30° below. A portion of both steamers' crews engaged in playing baseball. Peterson arrived with three hundred and twenty pounds of meat from one hundred miles up Herschel Island River. March 10th, Itkak came in with ten saddles of moun-

tain sheep, one hundred and ninety-seven pounds. Thermometer 10 below.

March 11th, the first snow birds made their appearance this day; 22 below zero; weather fine and clear — quite a change from the continual fall of snow we have had through some part of the twenty-four hours since November. March 15th we removed part of the banking from ship. Thermometer 15 below. March 19th a blizzard struck suddenly at 8 A.M. with the strongest of any wind for the winter, accompanied with a blinding snowstorm. Thermometer 15 below.

March 21st, Koringuk came in with nine saddles of deer meat. Thermometer, zero, west wind and cloudy; barometer, 29.50.

March 25th we removed all the banking from the ship and shoveled all the snow off the houses and poop-deck. March 26th, 20° above zero, my forty-seventh birthday. March 28th, 25 above, with light south wind. Peterson arrived with twelve saddles of deer meat, three hundred and eighty-four pounds. Barometer 29.20.

March 30th it was cold and clear; wind strong from west. Barometer 29.80; thermometer 25 below zero. Peterson started out with two sleds and sixteen dogs for deer meat. April 4th, 28 below with wind northwest and light; weather cloudy; barometer 29.80. We took aboard some coal we bought of the North West Mounted Police, about four tons.

April 13th, Peterson arrived with two sleds loaded with meat, thirty-four saddles of deer meat, ten hundred and twenty-five pounds. He reports the natives made a big killing of deer near the source of the river running south from the island, which we named the Herschel Island River. Barometer 29.75; thermometer 5 below; snow squally, with fresh breeze W.S.W. We gave the dogs a rest until the 15th, when we started Peterson with two sleds and twenty dogs for

another load. Thermometer 10 above; barometer 30; wind northeast, moderate, and clear.

April 17th the sailors challenged the officers to a game of baseball. The officers won the game. April 18th light breeze northeast, with thermometer 5 above; barometer 29.70. Otoyuk arrived with seven saddles of deer meat and three deer, five hundred and sixty-nine pounds. Paddy Ryan, a sailor, had his little finger amputated by Captain Leavitt. April 24th, baseball game between officers and sailors. The sailors won. April 26th we can see plenty of open water to the north of the island. Thermometer 18 above.

May 1st, 20 above; barometer 30; fine weather, with light air from northeast. Peterson arrived with two sleds loaded with deer meat, thirty-two saddles weighing ten hundred and eighty-nine pounds. In a baseball game between sailors of steamer Narwhal and Bowhead, the Bowhead's sailors won. May 2d at 6 P.M. Peterson left with two sleds and twenty dogs for more meat. Thermometer 12 above, and cloudy; light wind northeast.

May 14th, light air northeast. We employed sailors overhauling blocks. At 8 P.M. Koringuk and Eguana came in with nine whole deer and eight saddles, eight hundred and sixty-seven pounds. We are now stocking up quite lively with fresh meat, storing the same in our ice cellars or houses dug under the ground, where the meat will keep frozen the year around. All the deer-hunting for the ships is done by the Noonatama tribe. The Kogmallicks, who live principally on fish, are not expert deer-hunters. The Itkiliks are good hunters, but live so far inland that we get very little of their game. On the Noonatamas we depend for the greater part of what we get fresh to eat. They seem to have more ambition to hunt and get things useful from civilization than any of the other tribes.

May 5th, wind light, all quarters; thermometer, 15°

above zero; barometer, 29.70. Eguana went out again at 3 P.M. May 9th, wind light northeast. Peterson arrived with two sleds, loaded with sixteen whole deer and fifteen saddles, thirteen hundred and eighty-two pounds. May 10th, 20° above, foggy and cloudy; wind light, all quarters. Employed overhauling foot ropes to yards. Peterson with two sleds went away for deer.

Monday, the 16th, we took all stores from shore aboard the vessel. Thermometer, 30° above; barometer, 28.80. A sailor, who deserted from the schooner *Bonanza* last winter and returned some time ago with one of his feet badly frozen, had it cut off yesterday above the ankle by Captain Leavitt.

May 18th, 25° above zero. Peterson came in with two sledloads of meat, fourteen deer, eight saddles, weighing thirteen hundred and ninety pounds. He also had thirty ptarmigan. May 19th: Peterson went out to-day for more meat. The hunters are killing lots of deer. The only question is how long the snow and ice will permit transporting the meat to the ship. May 23d, light northeast wind. We took the forward house off the ship, worked on rigging and measured the thickness of the ice around the ship, and found it five feet and four inches thick. Thermometer, 32° above; barometer, 30. We received seven saddles of deer meat, two hundred and sixty-eight pounds from Sam Kogmallick.

June 1st we painted ship. Peterson arrived with seven deer and four saddles, six hundred and seventy-nine pounds. June 2d we filled boilers with fresh water and painted the boats. We put the bone to soak for washing. Jimmie and Diomedes came in with thirty white fox skins. At 10 P.M. Otoyuk came in with four deer, two hundred and sixty-five pounds. Peterson went away for another trip.

June 4th we washed the bone — twenty-one hundred pounds. This is all the return we have received for all the expenditure and labor of fifteen months. Surely if

the voyage was to end to-day, it would show a big loss to owners and nothing for the crew. Such, however, is the gamble one takes in embarking in this most perilous and hardy pursuit.

June 6th we painted ship outside and bent all square sails. Thermometer, 26 above; weather fine. Flowers are blooming upon the hillside of the island. The snow is all gone off the lowlands. Open water, apparently of large area, is visible to the north and northeast of the island. All indications point to an open season which always makes profitable seasons of whaling. It is the west and northwest wind prevailing in some summers that keeps the ice close inshore preventing the ships from getting off to the feeding-grounds of the whales. This is the greatest reason for poor catches, in here to the eastward. I never knew a season when the pack-ice was well to the north but that the catch of whales was large. It is to be hoped that this season will be favorable, as but two steamers are here, the Narwhal and ourselves, so if whales can be found we ought to make a good catch.

June 7th, Peterson returned with eleven saddles, three hundred and fifty pounds of meat. Omigloo came with forty-five brant. Rivers have all broken up. There is no more chance to transport deer. Hunters have all come in and have begun to catch fish. Peterson went over to the mainland fishing, taking ten dogs and sled and a small skin canoe. It is truly remarkable how many trips the boat-steerer Peterson has made with sled during the winter, and the amount of meat he has brought in with his teams. Living constantly in the country or on the trail, he seems as fresh and healthy as when he started out last fall. Having to sleep in snow houses or in his small tent made of cotton drill, it is almost inconceivable that one could be exposed as he has been without being frost-bitten badly, but beyond the skin peeling from face, ears, and nose, no other indications of frost have

appeared. The sleeping-bag made of deerskins of course served the purpose of keeping his body warm when in camp. But he had long tramps in fierce snow-storms and cold weather, yet he never complained, going cheerfully to his work of caring for his dogs and bringing in meat for his ship's company.

June 10th: Robert Hansen, who has been off duty sick since March 15th, has grown worse of late. His affliction has developed into consumption and he has been put on diet and watchers are attending him.

June 12th, Otoyuk arrived with four deer, weighing three hundred and ninety-eight pounds. June 13th we hauled our port anchor off on ice with sixty fathoms cable. We cut the ice away so that the anchor would go to the bottom. Otoyuk went away to catch fish. June 14th, snow-squalls, fresh southwest wind. Peterson came in with three geese and twenty brant, ten ducks. Thermometer, 25 above; barometer, 29.60.

June 15th, fresh west wind, very cold, squally. Thermometer, 21 above; barometer, 29.70. We started fire under the boilers to try the engine, so that all parts may be tested before they are required for use. Peterson went away again. June 16th we tried the engine. Everything O.K. We let the fires go out. Thermometer, 20 above; barometer, 29.70.

June 20th, fine and calm. All boats and the ship have received a thorough overhauling and painting. They look fine. Jimmie and Diomedes went out with Peterson, quite a number of fish being caught outside the sand-spit. Thermometer, 55 above; barometer, 29.60. Robert Hansen very low. He can eat nothing. He is living entirely on condensed milk.

CHAPTER XX

THE WHALING SEASON OF 1904

JUNE 22d we rove off our cutting falls and guys all ready for whaling. Thermometer, 25 above; barometer, 29.60; light variable winds. June 23d a sailor deserted, and was last reported by the natives who saw him crossing the ice to the mainland. June 27th the steamer swung around, the ice having released its grip. Thermometer, 40 above zero. At 6 A.M. Robert Hansen expired. We dug the grave and built a coffin. June 28th the funeral services were held aboard the steamer conducted by the missionary, Mr. C. Whitaker. A wreath and cross and anchor were made of flowers gathered by the crew from the island and were laid upon his grave, and a tombstone of wood, with the name and date made of lead letters, was put up to mark the resting-place of the first one of our crew who had passed from among us. One cannot know what a gloom it casts over such a small company to have one pass away. Throughout the remainder of the voyage the event is talked about. They were sincere mourners at that funeral, for he was a good shipmate.

July 4th some stunts were indulged in. Jim Hill, of the schooner Bonanza, won the prize for shinning a greasy pole. July 10th open water was to be seen offshore as far as eye could reach from the bluff. There was, however, too much ice hard onto the spit to admit of our going out. July 12th the Narwhal started out. At 10 P.M. she had made about half a mile. We lighted our fires for steam in the morning. July 14th, calm. At 6.30 A.M. we passed out around the sand-spit heading for the northeast, and went to three fathoms off Ellice Island. We put the hose overboard and took all the fresh water we needed. At 10 P.M.

we spoke the Narwhal. No going any farther yet. We went back to Sabine Point in four fathoms water. At 7 A.M. we started getting in wood. We got four boatloads and finished at four o'clock, and steamed N.N.W., burning wood. We made the ice and followed into three and a half fathoms water, where we anchored. Wind northeast, light. July 16th we followed along the edge of the ice in three and a quarter fathoms and at 11 A.M. made fast to ground ice in four fathoms. It is impossible to go farther. Geary Island bore E. by N. (mag.) and in sight. The steamer Narwhal was close by fast to ground ice. It has always been our custom, and it is the only safe way, to wait for the ice to leave the land and go between ice and shore. Then in the gales that drive the ice in, one can get into shallow water, and when the large ice comes in, it will ground in deeper water than the ship will require. As soon as one or more of these pieces ground, the vessel can make fast to it, which will prove a barrier against any of the smaller pieces forcing the vessel on shore. In looking at the formation of the ice-pack this year, I told Captain Leavitt I did not believe we could afford to wait for the ice to move off the shore, but, hazardous as it may be, I was going off in the pack and try to find a way to get to Baillie Island by going up between the pack and shore ice. To be sure, if the current or winds brought the pack in onto the shore ice, we being between the two would very likely fare hard, but it looked to me as if we must either take that chance or lose much valuable time. I was poor enough off with only one whale and almost eighteen months from home to feel like taking desperate chances. Captain Leavitt said he would go with me and have a look at it, but doubted very much the practicality of the scheme.

July 19th, both the Narwhal and Bowhead proceeded to southwest around the point of the shore ice and then steamed N.W. by N. (mag.) along the outside edge of the shore ice, with the pack close, until 11 P.M.

when we hauled up N.E. by N. (mag.) around the point of the floe ice. July 20th began with fine weather. Wind southeast, light, with heavy mirage. At 8 A.M. thick fog came in. There was too much ice to navigate in the fog so we made fast. About 1 P.M. the fog cleared and the wind hauled to the northwest, which wind tends to haul the pack shoreward, so we started steaming to the northeast. The Narwhal came astern. We sounded and had eighteen fathoms water. At 4 P.M. we got along to where it was better going, more clear leads and less drifting ice. We saw Pullen Island southeast, about fifteen miles distant. The Narwhal stopped. At 7 P.M. thick fog came in and we made fast to ground ice in fourteen fathoms water.

July 21st it was foggy with a light breeze from north. At 1 A.M. we let go of ice and went to northeast until 8 A.M., when we made fast to ground ice in ten fathoms water. The fog and ice were too thick to go farther until it cleared up. We judge we are off McKinley Bay. At 1 P.M. it cleared some and we let go and steered to north until 7 P.M., when we made fast again in thick fog. We judge we are off Cape Brown, in sixteen fathoms water. A polar bear was seen swimming close to the ship, and we shot him, a big fellow.

July 22d we had fog squalls; wind light northwest. At 6 A.M. we let go lines and started steaming to north. At noon we sighted a whale and lowered boats, but the steamer startled him and he went off among the ice and we lost sight of him. Afternoon clear, with light north wind. We steamed northeast until 11 P.M., when we made fast to ice to north of Baillie Island, ten miles offshore. This was as near as a ship could get to the land, for it is solid flaw ice from here to land and outside of us is the pack. What will become of us if the pack comes in, no one can tell, for Liverpool Bay and the whole coast is ice-bound, so there is no refuge for us, but we are here on the whaling-

ground and let us hope the pack will keep away. If not, we must do the best we can. We are here and must make the best of it. I must confess, though, that I never saw the ice conditions as they are now. The Narwhal, no doubt, gave it up, for we have seen nothing of her since she stopped on the 20th. July 23d at 1 P.M. we lowered boats for several whales, but there was so much ice around it was impossible to do anything. We chased until 7 A.M., then the boats came back and had breakfast. Whales are in sight spouting, but there are no leads of water where boats can get to them. At 2 P.M. three whales were seen where it looked promising for the boats to get through, so we lowered all five boats. The waist boat, in charge of the second mate, Josselyn, struck and saved one. We took him alongside and cut him in, then came in thick fog and we made fast to drifting ice about twenty miles off north of Baillie Island.

July 24th, calm; ice closing together fast; very little water to be seen. We worked steaming all day trying to get nearer the land. We gained inshore about five miles, when we came to such heavy ice that it was impossible to get nearer or make any more headway. We scraped the gum off the bone and put it below. July 25th, seeing that the current was carrying us to the northeast quite rapidly, we again got steam on the old Bowhead and after repeated efforts succeeded in smashing a ridge of heavy ice so that we could get through, and late in the afternoon made fast in a little nook of the flaw ice, behind which we were protected from the pack-ice as it went grinding by. But we were anxious lest that point which sheltered us would break off with the great pressure there was on it at times.

We could only hold on as long as the ice did, and then we must look for some other shelter. In about two hours a large floe of pack-ice hit the flaw and broke off the point. We were forced to let go at once to prevent being crushed, so away we went drifting with the



CUTTING IN: SHOWING BLUBBER BEING HOISTED ABOARD SHIP

ice to the northeast along the flaw ice until we had gone about fifteen miles at a point to east of Whale Bluff. Here there was a sharp turn in the flaw which would completely shelter the ship, and with full speed ahead the way the old Bowhead knocked the scattering ice from her prow was a caution, and we soon had strong lines fast to the flaw ice near the land, completely sheltered from the drifting pack.

What a relief it was, the reader may guess. We had our ship once more in a comparatively safe place, although we had run a great risk, but we were at the summer whaling-grounds much earlier than we could otherwise hope to be, and had taken one whale that yielded over two thousand pounds of bone and a hundred barrels of oil. Had the ice kept open instead of closing up, so that there were no leads of water for the whales to feed in and no chance to work the boats, we no doubt should have had good whaling every day since we arrived. Luck or fate has worked, and is continuing to work, against us. Never mind how we have tried or what risks we have run, it seems something unlooked for happens and we are obliged to submit.

July 26th some leads of water showed offshore, the wind having got around to northeast. We steamed as far as the ice would permit and saw one whale among the ice, but no chance to get to where he was. In the afternoon the wind died out calm and we steamed back to the flaw off Whale Bluff and made fast. The steamer Narwhal came along this evening. July 28th we steamed to eastward toward Booth Island in company with the Narwhal. At 7 P.M. we made fast to large floe ice off Cape Parry. The ice was very close and heavy. July 29th, wind northeast, very light. We let go lines and steamed to S.S.W., the Narwhal with us. At 6 P.M. we made fast to drift ice off the high land of Cape Bathurst. July 30th, light northeast wind. At 5 A.M. we let go lines and set square sails and run off to the west between pack-ice and flaw.

The Narwhal steamed offshore. At 11 A.M. we lowered boats for a whale. The waist boat, Mr. Josselyn in charge, struck and saved him, took him alongside, and cut him in; northwest of Baillie Island bearing south by compass, twelve miles distant. We made fast to a large patch of drifting ice after finishing cutting in, the Narwhal lying to another large floe about five miles away.

July 31st came in with calm and fog. At 4 A.M. we saw the Narwhal get a whale. The latter part of the day, light east wind, fog, and squally. At 10 P.M. we lowered boats for a whale. The starboard boat, in charge of Mr. Hayward, gallied (as we term it), meaning that the whale was scared and driven off. It is useless to say that Mr. Hayward, when he got back to the ship, got his full dose for driving him off.

August 1st we still lay fast to drift ice in thick fog. At 7 A.M. a whale came close alongside the ship. We lowered all five boats. The waist boat, Mr. Josselyn, was again the lucky boat, being fortunate enough to fasten and save him. We cut him in, yielding fully twenty-one hundred pounds of bone. It really looks now as if we may make a good summer's work, having already secured three whales with a yield of bone of about six thousand pounds, worth five dollars a pound. It would take but a short continuation of our good work of last week to show a profit on this cruise.

August 2d, light northwest wind. At 3 P.M. we steamed to southwest in company with the Narwhal. At 7 P.M. we turned back: ice too close to west. At 9 P.M. we lowered boats for two whales, but they came aboard at 12 midnight, not being able to get hold of any. We made fast to drift ice.

August 3d Captain Leavitt came aboard. Thick fog. The steamers lay near each other. At 4 P.M. the fog cleared. The Narwhal lowered boats for a whale, but failed to get him. August 4th we went to southwest in company with the Narwhal thirty miles, and stopped

at 7 P.M. in twenty fathoms of water north of Cape Dalhousie. August 5th, strong breeze blowing from west; ice closing in fast. Captain Leavitt spoke us and said he was going to look for shelter around the shoals off Dalhousie. That place looked unfavorable to me. I told him I was going to try for shelter around Baillie Island, although much farther to go. I felt sure we would have a much safer shelter if we could find the island in the fog. The Narwhal went toward Dalhousie while we went northeast for Baillie Island. It was very thick weather and blowing a gale from the west. The ice was coming inshore fast.

August 6th we steamed slowly to E.S.E. through heavy ice. At noon we made fast to drift ice in nine fathoms water. It was so thick fog that we could see nothing. It was still blowing a gale from W.S.W. At 2 P.M. we started again to find shelter and at 4 P.M. it cleared and we caught sight of the northwest point of Baillie Island about five miles away. We sounded along until we got to the southwest sand-spit around the point of which we ran steaming head on to the beach, where we made fast solid amid sleet, fog, and wind. We have a safe shelter, and it looks as if we would need it, as the storm is increasing hourly. Heavy ice is passing outside and being pressed upon the outside of the sand-spit. Now that we are all right, we wonder about the Narwhal, for we know he could find no such shelter around Dalhousie.

August 7th, fog had been succeeded by snow-squalls, the wind veering to the west and filling everything full of ice. The boats' crews went fishing and caught one hundred and sixteen fish, like herring. August 8th it still blew a gale with snow. Among the ice drifting to the east we saw the Narwhal coming along with the ice, driven by the gale. As they neared us, they tried to get in where we were, and after hours of smashing ice they succeeded. Captain Leavitt came aboard and told us his experience of making fast to

ground ice on the shoals of Dalhousie, but, as is always the case with westerly gales, the water rose and soon the ground cakes were all adrift, and he had to come along with the current and the ice, not knowing what destination would be his until he saw us. He was, indeed, relieved when he got alongside of us behind the sand-spit at Baillie Island. We remained here unable to go out until August 12th. At 7 A.M. of the 16th we hove up anchor and set off for the northwest point of Baillie Island, where we made fast to ground ice in seven fathoms of water. The Narwhal anchored close to the island. The ice was moving quickly to the west — plenty of it.

August 13th the schooners Bonanza and Penelope arrived from Herschel Island. August 14th the ice closed up so quickly that the Narwhal and we went in behind the southwest sand-spit for protection and the schooners went to the northeast sand-spit. We could not get offshore until the 17th, when the Narwhal and ourselves steamed up to the northwest point of the Island and anchored in five fathoms water. It is impossible, on account of the ice, to get to where the whales are; thus, but a few days ago the prospects looked bright, and now, owing to the unseasonable weather, it looks as if our season will of necessity be very poor.

August 18th, the steam whaling bark Alexander, Captain Tilton, arrived from San Francisco, having sailed from that port the latter end of March. He came aboard with letters and papers and reports fleet catch, coming up, as follows: Jeannette, four whales; William Baylies, two; Belvedere, one; Thrasher, two; Alexander, one.

August 20th we bundled our bone, fifty-four hundred and fifty-four pounds that our three whales yielded. We calculate on sending bone down by the Alexander. At anchor off northeast sand-spit, Baillie Island. August 21st four steamers of the fleet steamed up by

the high land of Cape Bathurst to the smoking sulphur hills, three craters along the coast whose smoke is seen daily ascending into the air. As we saw nothing but ice with very little water, all set sail and came back and made fast to floating ice in forty-five fathoms of water off Baillie Island. The steamers Karluk and Thrasher and Beluga have arrived.

August 23d, strong breeze and rain; also foggy: at anchor off northeast sand-spit, Baillie Island, in five fathoms water. At 10 A.M. we saw the Alexander and Narwhal lower their boats for a whale. At 2 P.M. the Jeannette and we lowered boats for a whale. No one got any. August 26th: Four steamers started west today. August 27th, fog. At 2 A.M. we took out anchor and steamed to W.S.W. At 2 P.M. we made fast to floating ice off Dalhousie in twenty-five fathoms water. At 4 P.M. the fog cleared and we lowered five boats for several whales. The larboard boat struck, but the iron came out and we lost him. The Karluk, Narwhal, and Alexander in sight; the Narwhal got a whale.

August 28th, five steamers in sight all with boats down chasing whales. Captain Cottle, of the William Baylies, came aboard and reports three whales. We lowered all boats for two different whales, but got neither of them. August 29th, wind southwest to west. We took aboard twenty-five tons of coal from the Baylies, eighty-seven boxes of potatoes, five cases of onions, and two cases of eggs. Afternoon, fog and squally. Steamed inshore and saw the Narwhal and Jeannette cutting in whales. Four steamers in sight.

August 30th, light snow-squalls. We are cruising in sixteen to twenty-two fathoms water off Cape Brown. The Jeannette lowered, but got nothing. August 31st, fog with fresh breeze northeast. At 6 A.M. we lowered five boats for a whale. The larboard boat had one, missed by George Connover. We took him out of the boat and disrated him as a boat-steerer. Later the waist boat struck and saved one. We took him to ship

and cut him in, during which time we saw another whale and lowered the waist boat and starboard bow boat and starboard boat for him. The bow boat, in charge of Mr. Lee, drove him off accidentally. Later we anchored in thirteen fathoms of water at 7 P.M.

September 1st and 2d we lowered boats several times for whales, but it was impossible for us to get any. Something would happen every time. The waist boat was just going to fasten on the second when it capsized, scaring the whale away and emptying the whole crew into the icy waters. We saved everybody. At 8 P.M. made fast to ice. We saw the Karluk catch a whale.

September 3d a gale of wind came from the west. We lay fast to ground ice in fourteen fathoms of water. The Alexander, Karluk, William Baylies are all fast with us to the same piece of ice. We bundled our last head bone, eighteen hundred and fifty pounds, and put it all aboard the Alexander to be shipped to H. Lieves & Co., San Francisco, California. September 4th, blowing heavy from the west; still holding fast to ground ice which, owing to the pressure, had been forced into seven fathoms water. Four steamers are hanging to this piece of ice. September 5th the weather moderated and all steamers started west. The Alexander got a whale.

September 6th went northeast in company with the Alexander and Karluk. At 3 P.M. made fast to ice in twenty-one fathoms water and had seen nothing. We shot a polar bear. September 7th, morning, fog; afternoon, clear, light northeast wind. The Alexander went out of sight steaming to the west. All steamers have now left with the exception of the Karluk, which is to winter at Herschel Island. Captain McGregor is master and has his wife with him.

September 8th and 9th we sailed off to westward in company with the Karluk until 10 P.M. of the 9th, when we anchored off Stokes Point in five fathoms water. The Karluk went to Herschel Island. Plenty of young ice.

CHAPTER XXI

ANOTHER YEAR IN THE ARCTIC

SEPTEMBER 10th we took aboard twenty-six boatloads of wood. The 11th we got aboard fifty-six loads of wood, and came to Herschel Island. We are getting fuel for winter use. September 13th we went to the mainland with the ship for more wood and anchored in three and one half fathoms water. We got fifteen boatloads of wood. September 14th, thick snowstorm. At noon we quit 'wooding,' and had twenty-six boatloads. September 15th we finished 'wooding' and went to the island with a total of one hundred and seventeen boatloads of wood. This large amount will give us fuel sufficient for the winter without having to use coal. September 19th the harbor was coated with young ice. We hauled the boats ashore and banked them in for the winter. Light snowstorm. We started to build our houses over the deck. September 24th we cut ice four inches thick from the pond to cover the windows. At 11 A.M. we steamed into our winter quarters through young ice three inches thick, heading northeast by compass, this being the best way to lie. We are now freezing in again for the second winter, having concluded that, by strict economy, we have supplies sufficient to last us, and as for fresh meat we have a large surplus in the ice-house, left over from last season. Our catch to date totals five whales, yielding about ninety-five hundred pounds of bone, a very small catch indeed, but the price has advanced to about five dollars per pound and will help us out. We hope that next season we may make up the past, so we are willing to put in another winter.

September 26th the natives brought in twenty ducks. September 27th, Sergeant Fitzgerald and Cor-

poral Sutherland, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, took dinner and stopped the evening with us. September 28th we blew down the boiler and hauled the fires from under it. No more fires under the boiler until next July. Stoves are all set up, six in number. September 30th, Mrs. McGregor and Mrs. Cook took a long ride on dog sleds. October 3d we received our first invoice of deer meat, three saddles. October 6th Peterson started out for deer meat. Thermometer 13 above zero.

October 17th, thermometer 11 above zero. Employed putting ice on windows. We got two loads of ice from the pond. Plenty of snow has fallen. The ground everywhere covered with snow. October 19th we cut four hundred and fifty cakes of ice ten inches thick from the pond on top of the island. Thermometer 10 to 14 above zero. October 20th we finished cutting ice and had a total of seven hundred and forty cakes, averaging twelve inches thick. Eguana came in with eighty-five pounds of deer meat. October 31st, the first day that the thermometer has fallen below zero; to-day six below; barometer 29.80.

November 1st to 4th, thermometer seven to fourteen below; barometer 29.70 to 29.80; fresh breeze from west and snow. November 5th, Iacci Nunatama, a native hunter, came in with ten saddles of mountain sheep, two hundred and five pounds. November 11th, strong blizzard from southwest; thermometer 24 below. November 13th, light breeze, north, and cloudy; thermometer 22 below. November 16th was fine and clear. Peterson arrived with fifty saddles of mountain sheep, eight hundred and fifty pounds. Thermometer 32 below zero; barometer 29.40.

November 19th, light snow; wind northwest, light. Peterson, with twelve dogs and one sled, went out. Mr. Walker, a corporal of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, arrived from Peel River — nine days coming. The usual routine duties have been performed

right along aboard ship. All seems going on well aboard ship.

December 14th, thermometer 42 below. A heavy fall of snow this year, much more than in any of our previous winters to date. December 21st a native sled came to the ship with two hundred and twenty-three pounds of mountain-sheep meat. December 22d, Peterson arrived with two sleds having fifty-six saddles of mountain-sheep meat, weighing eleven hundred and twenty pounds.

December 24th, fresh west wind; thermometer 32 below zero. Montulik, a Nunatama native, came in with two saddles of deer meat and four saddles of mountain sheep, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. December 25th, Christmas; aboard the Karluk to dinner. December 26th we received eight saddles of mountain sheep, one hundred and fifty-one pounds; also one hundred and nine pounds of fish. Thermometer 41 below. During the dark days but little meat was brought in, but, as we had so much in store from last winter, our rations of fresh meat were kept up without any interruption. We were getting more mountain sheep and less deer meat than formerly. Much milder weather than in former winters, thermometer higher.

January 16, 1905: The sun was seen this day for the first time since November 24, 1904.

February 15th, Peterson came in with twenty saddles of deer meat, weighing six hundred and twenty-four pounds. Thermometer 24 below; February 28th, 44 below: the coldest day thus far for the winter.

March 4th, thermometer 24 below. Some of the men engaged in clearing away the snow, the surplus drifts that had accumulated around the ship. Among them was one who signed as Woodland, but better known among the crew as 'Big Jim.' He joined us at San Francisco with a record as having served in our army during the conflict in the Philippines, was confined in the guardhouse on several occasions, and

finally dishonorably discharged from the army, and for some crime unknown to us served a sentence of twelve months in Alcatraz Prison, and signed to go on this voyage the second day after leaving prison. He was very secretive in all his methods, but I had earlier in the voyage detected him as the cause of trouble and warned him of the consequences to him should trouble arise of his making. He was a large, powerfully built man, but a downright coward at heart. Woodland became very intimate with a German named Faber, who was always looking for trouble and ready at any time for a quarrel, many of which he had with his shipmates. I noticed for some time that Faber had appeared sullen and sometimes insolent to the first officer, whom I warned not to attempt to strike Faber; but when cause justified we would put him in confinement with handcuffs on his wrists. Since Faber was a much stronger man than Mr. Long, our first officer, I knew that if he should turn on Mr. Long he would be apt to get the best of a fight. In conversation with Mr. Long, I pointed out the fact that Woodland was spurring Faber to make trouble for us all. If trouble came, let it come to me, 'but do not, Mr. Long, undertake to settle it yourself'; for I knew then that discipline would be unsettled for the rest of the voyage, without which no ship's business can be conducted successfully. About 10 A.M. of the 4th there came to my ears loud talk and cursing. Upon opening the door from the deck, I saw Faber about a hundred feet away from the ship in a fight with fists with Mr. Long, and, as I expected, Faber was fast getting the best of the fight. I immediately started for them, upon which Faber fled. I ordered him to go aboard ship, which he refused to do. I simply said, 'I am not going to chase you. I will settle with you when you do come'; for I knew he would come back before long. Mr. Long came aboard with me and he told me that Faber had been sullen and insolent all the morning, not doing his work

in any kind of manner, which so enraged Mr. Long that he attempted to strike Faber, but Faber anticipated what was coming and struck first. The other officers then told me more: For more than a week Faber had been trying to pick up a quarrel, and Woodland, the coward and sneak, was back of it all. Mr. Lee, the fourth officer, who was by far the strongest man in the ship, was the only man that had no complaint to make, for both Faber and Woodland knew their case would be hopeless in his hands. At noon Faber came aboard, and I gave to the first officer a pair of handcuffs and ordered him to put them on Faber. As Mr. Long started toward him with the cuffs, Faber jumped and knocked Long down, but he had hardly struck Mr. Long when I grasped him in a shorter time than it takes to write it and the handcuffs were on him before he realized it. He was a very subdued and meek human being, a decided change from the apparent savage who sprang on Mr. Long a few moments before. Faber was put in the engine-room on a diet of hard bread and water until he would apologize and promise to do better. Having Faber subjected, I paid my respects to Mr. Woodland, who denied that he was in any way responsible for Faber's actions, but that did not change my opinion, for I knew this was but the beginning of a movement to see how far they could go in disobedience without punishment.

March 5th, Sunday, Sergeant Fitzgerald appeared on board and asked if I was willing he should see Faber, as a complaint had been made by members of the crew that Faber was being brutally treated and tortured. Sergeant F. said that he did not purpose in any way to interfere with the government of a crew aboard ship, an American ship at that, but, as a complaint had been made and recorded, he would, if I was willing, see the man and his condition, so that he might understandingly answer such complaint. I at once assured him I had no hesitancy in conducting him where Faber

was, which I did. After looking him over a few moments and asking Faber a few questions, the sergeant said to me, 'You are justified as far as I can ascertain in keeping him as he is now until you are satisfied he will make no more trouble.' Thus ended that complaint.

March 6th Faber sent for me. He was indeed meek, telling me more than I asked to be told, confirming my previous notion that Woodland was at the bottom of it. Faber promised never again to give us any trouble. I then took him on deck and called all the crew to hear what he had to say, when he apologized before all for what he had done and accused Woodland of being the chief actor to get the best of the officers. Faber finished. I instructed Mr. Long to take off the handcuffs, after which I paid my respects to Woodland, reminding him that some day, unless he changed, he would be confined for a much longer period. Thus ended this first test of insubordination.

That day, Aukpick and Peterson came in with thirty-seven saddles of deer meat, twelve hundred and fifty-seven pounds. March 10th we got in nine saddles of mountain sheep and nine saddles of deer meat from Jimmie, five hundred and forty-five pounds. March was a very warm month; thirty-five below zero was the coldest. The 17th we received thirteen saddles of deer meat, three from Eloon and ten from Auktalik, two Nunatama hunters. A miner, who gave his name as Hays, arrived here in a starving condition. We gave him board and bed. March 18th a man deserted from the steamer Karluk. Sergeant Fitzgerald took a dog team and caught him and brought him back to the ship. March 19th, strong gale with blinding snow. A man by the name of Griffith was found to be missing. At 3 P.M. Griffith came back badly frost-bitten. The weather did not favor desertion. Griffith claimed he left the ship at 10 P.M. the night previous for the purpose of desertion, but weather conditions brought him

back. I was obliged to doctor up his frost-bitten limbs, and it looked at one time as if he might suffer the loss of one or more fingers, but they finally yielded to treatment, avoiding the necessity of amputation. It was very fortunate he got back to the ship when he did, for such a blizzard raged soon after his arrival and continued through the succeeding day that had he been exposed to it without preparation he would surely have died.

March 20th a Nunatama hunter came in with ten saddles of deer meat, three hundred and forty-two pounds. Thermometer 20 below zero; barometer 29.70; wind west and snowing. March 23d a Nunatama hunter, Peacock, arrived from the Mackenzie River with eight marten, two mink, two white fox, one red fox, seven lynx skins, five fish weighing seventy-nine pounds, one hundred and eight pounds of moose meat, and four rabbits. Thermometer 16 below zero; barometer 29.80.

March 29th, Peterson brought in forty-two saddles of deer meat on two sleds with twenty dogs, twelve hundred and thirty-two pounds. Thermometer 12 below zero; barometer 29.60; strong breeze west, and cloudy. March 31st, Peterson went out with two sleds. April 4th we removed all the snow banking from the ship's side. Thermometer zero; barometer 30.10; wind northwest, light.

April 9th, thermometer 28 below; barometer 30.10. Koringuk, Nunatama hunter, came to us from the eastward with five marten, two mink, four white fox skins, and three hundred and twenty pounds of moose meat. April 14th, Omigloo, another Nunatama hunter, came in to us from the westward with thirteen saddles of deer meat, weighing four hundred and thirty-one pounds. April 15th, Peterson came in with thirty-six and a half saddles of deer meat, weighing eleven hundred and forty-nine pounds. April 18th a sled came in from Camden Bay with three saddles of mountain

sheep and one hundred and seventy-eight pounds of fish. Thermometer 2 above zero; barometer 30.20.

April 27th, Itkak came in from the Mackenzie River with forty-eight pounds of rabbits, forty pounds of mountain sheep, seven red fox, two cross fox, six marten, and one wolverine skins.

May 3d the mail arrived from Fort McPherson. What a treat to hear from the outside world, particularly from our relatives and friends! No one can appreciate the joy that gladdens our hearts, unless he has been thus situated. Among the very gratifying news was the word of the birth of a granddaughter with the good news that mother and babe were well. Mrs. Cook could hardly wait for the time to come for us to leave these icy regions, that she might again grasp her daughter by the hand and gaze upon the face of the newcomer, a photograph of whom was sent with the letters and was constantly kept where we could see it. My aged mother, the only one of our parents living, was in fair health and looking forward to our home-coming, expressing the hope that she might live to see us once more before being called away from earth and its duties. But this was denied her, for the next winter, when we thought to be at home amid comfort to rest from our long toil and privations amid the icy regions of the North, we were again, by the act of the Almighty hand, obliged to put in a third winter amid privations and trials that never can be expressed, and the dear old lady, my mother, the last of my earthly parents, awaited our home-coming until the May of the following year when the light of this life closed on her forever. Thus both of my parents and also my wife's had passed away when I was far away at sea. The reasons for our third winter's sojourn will be apparent later.

May 10th we saw our first birds from the South, two black ravens flying northeast. And one duck lighted in a small pool of water upon the ice. A native hunter

brought in to us three hundred and sixty-one pounds of deer meat. May 11th, Iacci's daughter and Auktalik came in with twenty-five saddles of deer meat, six hundred and ninety-eight pounds. Thermometer 8 above; barometer 29.60. May 14th, light north wind; thermometer 11 above zero; barometer 29.75. Peterson came in with thirty-nine saddles of deer meat, eleven hundred and eighty-six pounds. May 19th, a gale from the southwest with snow; thermometer 18 above. Omigloo and Aukpick came in with nine hundred pounds of deer meat. May 22d, Peterson came in with three sleds containing sixty-one saddles, eighteen hundred and sixty-one pounds, the largest invoice of any one day. May 23d, Eloon, a native hunter, came in with eighteen saddles and one whole deer, seven hundred and fifteen pounds. Peterson went away that day. We were employed aboard ship in taking off our winter houses from the main deck, May 24th we employed hauling taut and setting up the standing rigging. We took the stove out of the engine-room. May 27th the snow had almost entirely disappeared from off the island. Wind west and fresh; thermometer 38 above zero. Plenty of ducks, brant, and geese were seen flying to the northeast.

May 29th Sergeant Fitzgerald and Corporal Sutherland left for Peel River. They had spent the whole winter in a sod hut on the island, two very efficient men of that force. Our associations with them were of the pleasantest nature. June 2d we had snow and sleet; wind west to northwest, light; thermometer 32 above. Hunters came in with seven saddles of deer meat, two hundred and eight pounds. All the rivers broke up and the snow disappeared.

June 26th we gathered flowers and put on Hansen's grave. July 3d we lighted fires under the boilers, rejoicing that once more the time is near when we can plough the sea, released from icy fetters. July 6th we steamed out of Pauline Cove, that had been our harbor

of refuge for so long a time, and we got as far as Kay Point, twenty miles away, when the pack-ice moved in so rapidly that we were forced to seek safety back in Pauline Cove once more.

July 8th, wind east, at 6 A.M. we got under way and butted for an hour through an ice ridge that obstructed our passage. At 8 A.M. we got through and steamed in leads of clear water. July 11th, off Cape Brown in four fathoms water. The steamer Karluk came along. The ice is hard on the land. July 12th, at 3 P.M. we started for Baillie Island, encountering lots of ice going across Liverpool Bay, but at 4 P.M. we made fast to large field ice to the north of Baillie Island. The Karluk followed behind all the way here. We have arrived here at an early date, but the ice conditions look very discouraging. If, however, we can have a few days of strong east to northeast winds, it will make quite a different aspect.

July 14th the ice caused us to move close inshore. We grounded on some shoals and the Karluk hauled us afloat. We caught some fish in a net. July 17th, off among the ice with no leads of water to enable us to get to them, we saw two whales spouting, the first for the season. The steamers Herman and Beluga arrived. They had wintered at Langdon Bay and just got here from their winter quarters. All went in and anchored near the northeast sand-spit of Baillie Island. Neither of those vessels had seen any whales. Wind southwest fresh; the ice moving inshore, it forced us in to four fathoms water to avoid the moving pack.

July 18th, wind southwest until 6 P.M., then changed quickly around to the east. The east wind soon opened a lead, so that at 6 P.M. we took up anchor, went off-shore, and made fast to ground ice in twelve fathoms water. At 8 P.M. we lowered our boats for a whale, but did not see him after. The Beluga lowered, but got nothing.

July 19th, a south wind brought the ice in again and forced us to go close to shore and anchor. July 20th to

25th, off Horton River among heavy ice. We saw nothing. July 28th the continued westerly winds forced the ice in on us so that to escape disaster all the steamers went inside the northeast sand-spit. The water in the passage going in was so shallow that we dragged hard in places, but finally reached a safe harbor. July 29th we came out from the sand-spit and went around to the southwest sand-spit and anchored. The Beluga and Herman went to Langdon Bay.

August 1st we were at anchor off Baillie Island, in company with the steamer Karluk; the Alexander arrived from San Francisco with one whale taken this season. Thus another winter we had put in with no profit, as the steamers that went home are here before we have taken a whale. August 2d the Jeannette and Thrasher arrived. The former had three whales, the latter two, this season. August 5th, Mr. Hayward exchanged with W. P. Vincent, first mate of the steamer Herman. August 6th the steamer William Baylies arrived with five whales and also the schooner Monterey.

August 7th we lowered all boats for a whale, but did not get him; saw the Karluk get one. August 12th we were cruising in sight of Nelson Head, Banks Land. On August 11th we spoke the William Baylies, Captain Bodfish, who said he was leaving for the westward. Could we have seen into the future, the misery of the next winter could have been prevented by going westward when he went, for the Monterey and Baylies were the whalers that got out of the Arctic this year. It being so early and ice conditions getting better daily, I hoped for some whales to appear soon, that we might show a profit for our long winter's sojourn. All the other steamers being to the east, we started for Banks Land and saw the Jeannette, Alexander, and Thrasher. August 13th we lowered boats for a whale. Nelson Head bore ten miles northwest. The Alexander took a whale; we got nothing.

August 14th we saw the Jeannette get a whale. We

cannot seem to catch one. August 15th we lowered two times without success. The Jeannette got another one and the Thrasher fastened, but lost. Nelson Head W.N.W. five miles by compass. August 16th: We lowered boats twice to-day close in to the land off Nelson Head, but got nothing. We saw the Jeannette and Thrasher each get a whale. August 17th, fresh east wind and cloudy; fog, and squally. We had boats down seven hours without getting anything. It is the most discouraging whaling we ever did. Believing there were no whales for me at Banks Land, I started for Baillie Island. August 21st, off northwest point of Baillie Island, we lowered boats for two whales. The Karluk and Beluga came steaming along and the noise scared the whales away. After taking up the boats, we steamed across Liverpool Bay to Cape Dalhousie where we stopped in twenty-four fathoms of water. August 22d we lowered for several whales. The Beluga got one. We chased until 5 P.M. without success. We saw about twenty whales.

August 23d, with wind southeast and weather cloudy, at 4 A.M. we lowered for a lone bowhead whale. The larboard boat, in charge of the first mate, Long, struck and saved him: our first whale for the season. We took him to the ship and cut him in. We saw the Beluga get one. The Narwhal and Karluk were in sight. The next day, with a strong breeze blowing from the west, we saw one whale going so quickly to windward that we did not attempt to lower for him. The steamer Beluga was the only vessel in sight that day. August 25th, wind from north and fog, squally. Captain Tilton and Captain Leavitt came aboard late in the afternoon to report news. The Alexander has five whales, the Narwhal one. As Captain Leavitt, of the Narwhal, expects to winter, he, knowing how valuable a man Peterson was to drive dog teams and his familiarity and friendship with the natives, by which means meat and game could be procured for winter use in

greater quantities than by any other man, asked of me, since I was going to 'Frisco, if I would not exchange and let Peterson come with him and he would let me have a good sailor in his place. Being willing to accommodate Captain Leavitt, who was a close friend to both Mrs. Cook and myself, we made the exchange, and the man who had done so much for us, had suffered the privations of cold and hunger for two long winters that we might have abundant game from the country, went aboard the Narwhal to do the same for them. We little dreamed at that time that we too were to pass the winter there and that Peterson would have been invaluable to us.

August 26th the ice was more scattering and the water in larger bodies appearing daily led us to forecast open water with small quantities of ice for the fall and a late freezing-over of the ocean. Whales too seemed plentiful day by day, and with light winds from the north we lowered boats for several. The waist boat on the 26th struck and saved one. We cut him in. The Jeannette and Alexander each got one. Five steamers were in sight.

August 27th was fine and calm until 4 P.M. when the wind came fresh from the east. Very little ice in sight. At 8 P.M. we took a whale alongside that was caught by the starboard boat, Mr. Vincent in charge. We saw the Jeannette and Alexander each get one. August 28th we were busy boiling out the blubber from the whales; five steamers in sight. We have noticed that, while there is but a small amount of ice in sight, the temperature of the water is much below what it is ordinarily at this time of the year, and in this locality young ice is making quickly on log and lead line. This leads me to believe that more ice will be found to the west and that the pack is well inshore toward Herschel Island, causing a cooler temperature to the water. If this is true, and fearing such may be the case, we think we may have trouble getting out; yet, as whaling has been good the

past few days, and if the northeast winds that usually blow in September set in, they will soon open a channel between the pack and shore, then there will be no trouble getting out. It is still two to three weeks earlier than I or any of the other steamers have been accustomed to start out, and no one was ever stopped by ice that started by September 15th to 20th.

August 29th we lowered for a whale; Cape Brown in sight. Two steamers have gone west, the Karluk and Jeannette. Feeling a little uneasy since I know how completely stores of every kind have been used up, and that we could not afford to take chances of being caught in the ice, at 3 P.M. of the 29th I started slowly to the west. When I announced my intention to Mrs. Cook, that I was steaming slowly toward home, she, who had never before voiced an opinion on ship matters, said, 'Aren't you starting rather early?' She also asked if I did not feel that I was sacrificing a chance to take some more whales. I answered: 'All you have said is true, but I have noticed the coldness of the water and it leads me to believe there is trouble with the ice in store for us before we get by Point Barrow, and I am going now that I may have sufficient time before winter sets in. You know we could not possibly exist, with our supplies of every kind so reduced as they are, through another winter here. I am not going to take any chances.' She allowed I knew best, and the very thought of staying another winter brought from her the remark that she would rather die. So we steamed along to the westward.

August 30th, in the morning, light airs from the west. We lowered for several whales. The steamer Beluga steaming along drove them away. We saw the Alexander and Beluga chasing whales with boats down. At 9 P.M. we finished boiling blubber. August 31st, rain and fog; light northerly winds. We steered south by east along the edge of the pack-ice; the steamers Alexander and Beluga in sight. At 9 P.M. we stopped in five fathoms water.

September 1st came in thick and misty with light west wind. We were steaming along the edge of the ice which now turned abruptly toward Pelly Island. We steamed ahead full speed along the edge, feeling that haste was needed to get by the shallow water before the pack got in so far as to keep us from getting by. I could now see that my fears were justified, for between Pelly and Geary Islands we were forced to go into three fathoms water to get by one point of the pack, and that depth was the least we could go into without grounding. After passing that point of ice, it was quite noticeable how fast the whole pack was moving shoreward, evidently by big pressure brought to bear on it by a strong northwest to west wind that was blowing to the westward of us. One peculiarity about this region I experienced was, that at very short distances apart, winds and weather would be just contrary; as, for instance, a southwest gale would be blowing at Herschel Island, while at the same time ninety to a hundred miles away up off the island at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, would be light northeast winds. In this case, while winds and current governed by prevailing winds had kept the ice-pack offshore to the eastward where we had been whaling, evidently from Herschel Island to Point Barrow and then farther west, southwest to northwest winds had driven the ice-pack hard in on the beach, and now the eastern edge which we are just encountering is coming rapidly shoreward — reaching farther east every moment, until it will block the whole coastline. After we passed the point in three fathoms water, the steamer *Beluga*, astern of us about ten miles, came to the point, but the ice had gone inshore so fast that the water was too shallow to allow her to come by, and she had to put back for Baillie Island.

About 11 A.M., steaming along in four fathoms water through scattering ice close up to the edge of the big ice-pack, we saw through the mist the outlines of a strange-

looking craft ahead. As we approached rapidly, we noticed she was sloop-rigged and was being propelled slowly by some motor power. We steered so as to pass close by, and when we came within hailing distance, he displayed the Norwegian flag, and we found him to be Captain Amundsen and his sloop *Goja*. Answering our hail, he reported all well and asked me to report him at the first place we touched. They had sailed from Norway the same year that we left San Francisco. They entered the Arctic Ocean by way of the Davis Straits from the Atlantic, while we had been whaling and wintering in the Arctic, which we entered by Behring Straits.

Amundsen's expedition was originally outfitted for the purpose of observing the workings of the magnetic pole discovered on the west coast of the peninsula of Boothia by Sir James Rose. Amundsen succeeded, the first summer, in reaching the coast where the magnetic pole was discovered, but, finding no adequate shelter near by for his vessel, he was obliged to go over to the south end of King William Land, where he found sheltered haven for his vessel. After the winter set in, by dog sleds his instruments and materials for building an observatory at the magnetic pole were conveyed across the frozen sea to the peninsula of Boothia, where for two winters and three summers, this being the third, Amundsen, with a crew totaling eight including himself, observed the workings of the compass with instruments carried for the purpose. Each summer, from what he could observe as far as eye could see to the west, and from what could be learned from the native tribes, also from the water horizon shown in the sky to the west, he determined that, instead of going home the way he came in, he would sail west through the Dolphin Union Straits, out by Cape Parry, and across Lady Franklin Bay, and thence by Cape Bathurst west around Point Barrow, down through the Behring Straits into the broad Pacific, thus being the first and

only man or expedition to pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the Northwest Passage. When they exchanged greetings with us, they thought their sojourn in the Arctic would soon be a thing of the past, as they had already completed the unknown, and what was considered the most difficult and dangerous part of the passage. They had arrived in parts that had been for the past fifteen years navigated annually by whalers, and the whalers had annually reached points much farther east than where we now were and at much later dates every year had started west and succeeded in getting out by Point Barrow. Amundsen as well as we felt that the ice that was hindering our progress at present would be only temporary and in a few days at the longest we would have easy going again. As his vessel had small power and could not make the same progress in the ice as our vessel, we went slowly for some little time, thus enabling him to follow in our wake and not have so much ice to encounter. We soon realized, however, that ice was giving us more trouble as we journeyed west, and, fearing with our deep-draught ship we might be crushed on the shoals, we steamed ahead full speed, leaving Amundsen very soon out of sight astern. Crossing the western mouth of the Mackenzie River, ice again made shoreward until, abreast of Shingle Point, we were brought to a stop at 7 P.M. in three and a quarter fathoms of water. Ice to the west was hard on the land.

Here we found the Alexander and Thrasher who had preceded us by a few hours, and as they had had more daylight than I to look conditions over, the captains both came aboard of us. After listening to what they had observed, we concluded our situation was, indeed, desperate. To freeze in here for the winter without any protection from ice pressure was sure destruction to our ships. In addition, being so far away from native hunters and the best winter hunting-grounds for game would give us a very limited supply of food from the

country, rendering the possibility and very probable outcome of starvation in its worst form. I told Captains Tilton and Macomber that Herschel Island must be reached at all hazards. At daylight next morning, September 2d, I was perched in the crow's-nest scanning every crevice in the ice-pack to see if there was any chance of working through. With the rising of the sun, a very strong breeze sprang up from off the land, a very unusual direction for so much wind, but a most welcome wind to us, as it had a tendency to slacken the ice in places. Noting this, I ordered the anchor up, for I knew if we were ever to work through we must do it while favored with this wind, for after it in all probability a northwest wind would come up which would settle matters for this season. Anchor up, we steamed along and spoke the two steamers, and they followed close behind me into the pack. We stimulated the engineers and firemen to do all they could to make the ship do her utmost, and well she proved her ice-going qualities, for shoving great pieces from her prow, smashing others, we began to make great headway, passing King Point, where we saw the schooner Bonanza high up on the beach, having been pushed there by the ice, a hopeless wreck; down by Kay Point, and at 2 P.M., the Bowhead, showing many scars for the work she had done in contact with the ice that day, cast anchor in Pauline Cove at Herschel Island, our winter home for two previous winters, and it looked very much as if it would be for this coming winter. We had gained a safe harbor for our ships, for the Alexander and Thrasher followed us in, and upon arriving, to our great surprise we found the steamers Karluk and Jeannette lying here. They were unable to get west of the island before the ice came.

On that memorable September 2d, before the sun set, the wind from off the land shifted suddenly to the northwest, piling the ice on the outside of Herschel Island that did not go off until July 14, 1906. In gain-

ing a safe harbor, we had assured ourselves of the safety of the ships; and, as it was only the 2d of September, we knew there was ample time, if the north-east winds, which usually prevailed at this season, would only begin to blow, as in a surprisingly short time the ice would cut off from the shore leaving a good lead of water that would enable us to get out before winter set in. So, while a possibility existed that we should be obliged to winter here, none of us for a moment entertained such a thought until day followed day without any breeze from the northeast appearing, and the ice all around got more solid and much thicker, together with a temperature much lower, owing, I presume, to so much more ice and less open water, much below what was usual at this date. All this lessened our hope that we would ultimately get out. September 4th the Jeannette went out and made an attempt to get west of the island, but came back, finding it impossible.

CHAPTER XXII

A HARD WINTER WITH A MUTINOUS CREW

SEPTEMBER 8th, all steamers started out to try and break our way around to the west of the island, where some leads of clear water were seen. Off the northwest end of the island the Bowhead carried away bowsprit and jib-boom, billet head, and in fact everything forward of her stem went by the board in contact with the ice. All turned back, seeing it was useless to attempt to break the ice, for there was evidently the same condition clear to Point Barrow, over three hundred miles distant. The steamer Alexander ran onto a shoal. The Karluk and Jeannette tried to haul her off and failed; then we hooked on and all hauled her afloat; and the steamers all went back and anchored at 11 A.M. We now began to feel that we were in for another winter's job, with scarcely any supplies of clothing, food, or fuel; so we all rushed the steamers to the mainland to get wood for fuel. We got forty-three boatloads the 12th and twenty-four the 14th, without which we should have suffered much more severely from cold and exposure than we did. Some of our crew reluctantly went to work getting wood, and the second day we found some one had bent one of the eccentrics to the windlass engine, but we managed to get along all right until we had time to fix it. We never knew who it was that tried thus to disable the windlass to frustrate our getting wood, when it was for everybody's interest to get as much as possible in event of having to winter, as the coal supply was at a minimum aboard all vessels. Young ice was making so fast and getting so heavy that no attempt was made by any of us to go out after the 14th of September.

September 18th, all the steamers were frozen in solid,

the boats being hauled over the ice from the steamers to the shore. It now became evident that we must prepare to winter, poorly prepared as we were. Couriers were sent to inform all the natives that could be reached by messenger to the east, west, and south, that five ships and two hundred and fifty white men would starve this winter if they, the natives, did not organize strongly to get game from the country. The whalers had for years been the great friends of the natives, many times had helped a poor native by giving him rifle and ammunition and other necessities on credit, and now that the whalers needed their help, it aroused all the energy and spirit there was in them, and they responded promptly to the organizing as I never saw them do before. Each and every one had a part to do. The able-bodied, with their dogs, sleds, and ammunition, went into the interior for game, while the very young, the very old, went upon the ice to the north to catch seals. Again, the oldest of the women were put to work to make and repair our clothes and boots. In fact, they showed by their earnestness that a great problem was before them, yet in their talk there was no trace of fear to be seen; they were confident of supplying the food we needed, for they would say, 'We will take care of you, none will starve; deer and moose will be found plentiful'; in every way encouraging us to have faith in them.

Our next move was to take account of all food supplies aboard all the ships. Captain Tilton, of the *Alexander*, had enough to provide his crew sufficient food for a year, but he voluntarily offered to divide equally with us all; the *Jeannette* also had quite a supply of flour which they put in with the others, so that, when the stock of provisions, including butter and salt meat left here by the *Narwhal* — who had intended wintering, but was unable to get here — was all divided into five parts, each ship had just the same amount of provisions to use during the winter, and it was up to each

captain to see that the food was proportioned out for the time, as no more could be had here. With the strictest economy, without help of game from the country, no vessel had enough to last six months, and we knew that ten months at least, and perhaps twelve, would intervene before more supplies could be procured.

My crew and vessel were in the worst condition, for we had stretched every atom of food, clothes, and fuel to the utmost to be able to stop the last winter and summer, and, added to that, we had all been through two trying winters and three summers, and now a third winter and a fourth summer were staring us in the face. Mrs. Cook, who had borne up bravely until she saw no hope of getting out, when she fully realized that another year was before her among the snow and ice, could not bear the disappointment. The summer mail had brought to her photographs of two grandchildren that had been born since she came away, and she had reckoned much on seeing them, and also that she would never have to pass another year in the Arctic. She, my companion who had stood faithfully by me amid the privations and hardships of a life aboard an Arctic whaler for eleven long years without a murmur, now gave up completely, her nervous system simply going all to pieces. She went into a state of melancholia that she never came out of until after she had been at home over a year, and then only partially recovered.

That long hard winter which followed made it even worse and more intolerable from the fact that Mrs. Cook was such a pitiable object to look upon. Everything was done that it was possible to do to help her, but the long dark days, the great length of time she had been subjected to the cold, and the absence of the help of the stimulating effects of the sun's rays, added to the thoughts of yet another year of it, was more than some of the men could stand, much less the sensitive

nervous system of a woman. During the dark days of seasons gone by, I have noticed great changes in the reason of some of the men composing the ship's company. Men of the easiest disposition would become entirely unable to reason with at all, seemingly seeing things in an entirely different light than before and very stubborn and hard-set in their ideas; in fact, a partial insanity, it seemed, had crept into their minds. The next October at Nome with Mrs. Cook, a prominent physician there said, in regard to her case, it was the result of being so long in that cold dark region and the only remedy was that of sunshine and civilization again. In fact, he told me the average woman at Nome could not stand living there continually without going to the warmer climes of civilization for a period. Nothing before or since was so hard to bear as to see her daily and hourly not manifesting any interest whatever; in fact, seeming to have lost everything in the way of reasoning power and doing only what she was told to do. Even the photographs of her daughter and her grandchildren, in which she took so much delight before and was so eager to show to all callers, she could not be induced to gaze upon. When I tried to interest her in those things, she would say they were nobody she ever knew. In every way she was just the opposite of what she had been. Oh, what a winter! I shudder now as I think of it after ten years' time and jot down the remembrances of what we went through as recorded in the diary I always kept of voyages.

In place of lumber, we used sails to house over our decks, for our lumber had all been used up. Stoves and stovepipe were scarce, but finally we got enough together to manage to keep halfway comfortable. The steamers Beluga, Herman, and Narwhal were outfitted for wintering and had intended visiting here, but they were cut off by the ice and wintered at Baillie Island, two hundred and forty miles east. The steamer Belvedere, who had no supplies for wintering, was obliged

to winter with them, but they had enough so that the three of them could supply the Belvedere with sufficient food, but fuel was scarce and they got very little game up there.

September 21st, Captain Amundsen came to the island with a dog team. After we lost sight of him on September 1st, he succeeded, owing to the light draft of the Goja compared to our ships, in creeping along the shore inside of the heavy ice until he reached a point abreast of King Point, where the schooner Bonanza was wrecked. Here he was forced to winter, having for a protection a heavy ridge of ice that was aground outside of him, that took off all pressure from the vessel. We were very much interested in him and his stories of what he had seen where he had wintered previously. As to what the outcome of his observations at the magnetic pole would reveal, that would have to be determined by a university in Norway, as all records and photographs of the workings were sealed, to be opened and examined in Norway. He had one native with him from the locality where they had wintered before, King William Land, or Island. His language was quite different from that of the natives about here, yet they could make out to converse some with him. His clothes were made of the same material, deerskin, but were cut and made in a different style altogether. We did not think they would be so warm in the way they were made as those that were made by the natives of this locality.

Captain Amundsen was very anxious to get word home of his whereabouts. We were just as anxious to get word to our homes, that they might know we were still alive; also it was imperative that our owners should know of our situation and wants, to supply which a steam vessel must be chartered by them to bring to us, as soon as ice conditions would admit, fuel, provisions—in fact, supplies of every nature for which we must send requisition. These were needed to enable us to return

home, and to pay the natives for meat and game they had furnished us. We must find somebody who would take our mail out. Captain Amundsen and Captain Mogg, of the wrecked schooner *Bonanza*, wished to accompany the mail sled, the former to get in telegraphic communication with his people, the latter to get to San Francisco. It was a long, hard job to find the person in whom we had confidence to guide the sled and who was willing to undertake the journey. Finally a young Nunatama hunter and his wife agreed to go if upon his return we would give him a whaleboat all fitted out. To this we readily agreed, and Captain Amundsen prepared his sled of five dogs, with his native to accompany him, so as to start with them.

October 24, 1905 witnessed the departure of 'Jimmie,' as we called him, and his wife 'Capper,' as she was called, with their team of five dogs and only four days' provisions for that memorable trip which was to us so full of interest, for on the success of it depended whether or not we should ever again get back to civilization. Captain Amundsen and Captain Mogg, of course, had as much provisions as they could carry, but one could not weight a sled down, for if they did, it would necessitate slow traveling, so they, like the natives, must depend largely for their main diet on the shot-gun and rifle to supply them from the country through which they passed. As we bade farewell to them, Jimmie said, 'When the sun comes back, every sled you see coming in look to see if a flag is waving.' And he showed us a small American flag that he was taking with him and which he said would be displayed from the sled when he again sighted Herschel Island.

They went away in high hopes, with instructions to wait at Eagle City, which was their destination, until answer by telegraph should be received to the telegram we had written to be sent to our owners. Eagle City was the nearest telegraph station. A strange coincidence was that we received mail from home the very

day these sleds left. As the steamers Jeannette and Alexander had all the rifles and ammunition and things for hunters, it was agreed that they should take charge of that part, and divide the return equally among the five ships, charging for the cost of the same. October 18th we got our first invoice from the country, two hundred and seventy-six pounds of deer meat. October 20th I divided thirty-two saddles of surplus meat we had in the ice-cellar from the previous summer.

We had to face the daily fault-findings of those who served aboard our ships. Rations of staple articles had to be proportioned out until next summer, when more would be expected. Game and meat that came as our share were used as fast as we could afford to use it, and the amount cooked each time for consumption was so much per man, be he sailor, officer, or captain: all had the same allowance. Soon the men forward in my ship made the complaint that, although the meat was weighed out correctly to them, as a man from the fore-castle was allowed to see the weighing, yet they surmised that their 'whack' shrunk too much in the cooking and that the cook stole part of it. As there was no way or direct evidence to prove that such was the case, I asked them if they would be better satisfied to have their portion given to them to mark and have cooked separately as they wished. This seemed to please them for a while and no murmurings were heard on that question. Soon, however, they got tired of the trouble of having it cooked themselves, although the cook cheerfully did it for them, and they asked me to go back to the old way, which I did to try and satisfy if possible their grievances. They were hungry at times and so were we all, but we could use no more than we were now using until more was brought in from the country. My attention being largely taken up with Mrs. Cook's condition, I necessarily ceased to watch with my usual vigilance the doings of the men, leaving that to my officers more than I otherwise should. Thus

day after day passed, anxiety depicted on each captain's countenance, for food we must have and the supplies coming in from the country were not as large as we had hoped. In other words, the native hunters had not as yet trailed the game. Well do I remember November 24, 1905.

At twelve o'clock noon, all the captains of those five imprisoned ships stood on the highest hill of Herschel Island, and looked eagerly and with longing for the last glimpse of the upper rim of the setting sun when it would shine no more until January 15, 1906. For the space of about ten minutes we caught the gleam of its upper rim when it passed out of sight not to appear to our relief again this year. These five captains had been tried from boyhood in all the perils of navigation from the Antarctic to the Arctic and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and they like me had faced troubles of every nature on the sea; and whether test was to their skill against the cachelot or sperm whale of the tropics or the right whale of the southern zone or the bowhead of the Arctic, they had never hesitated to meet all comers in which lay a profit for their voyage. Those men, who in plying their vocation had been brought face to face with danger and had met it without a tremor, shook their heads as they gazed at the ships below and felt that they were now facing the gravest peril of their lives. Dark days were setting in, and well we knew from past experience that all the evils of winter life came then, with even a distemper not unlike hydrophobia more likely to attack the dogs during that time than at any other period. Often during the dark days one or more white foxes will be caught around the ships seemingly bewildered and in a crazy mood. With the ships there were no antiscorbutic articles of food or drink, and unless we should get plenty of fresh food from the country, how were we to combat the scourge of scurvy should it break out among us? For in that cold region it is more to be feared than any other

disease. Added to this was the knowledge that in past years very little hunting had been done, and unless more game was brought in this year than formerly, there would be much suffering among us. All these things we knew too well, and we had done everything that could be done and foreseen to combat them, but the possibilities that confronted us were enough to make shudder these men whose nerves of steel had stood by them in peril among the ice-floes, when a false step or faint-heartedness would have meant disaster. With a grim determination to fight for life and for the lives of all that were with us, we went at the work of seeing that everything was made secondary to the getting of food. We so impressed the natives with our critical condition that during the dark days there was no let-up by them in trying to bring down the game. Cheerfully they would leave the ship on their sled trips, even in bad weather, with words of encouragement for us. That self-sacrificing race would promise us to be back soon with plenty of deer meat. We all felt that when the sun came back, if no calamity had befallen us before that time, our worst and darkest period would be past. No wonder how often the question arose among us, 'Where shall we all be, or will this little community be intact and in health, when the sun appears on January 16th?'

October 27th our second invoice of meat was received — six hundred pounds of mountain sheep, four hundred pounds of moose, and forty-four pounds of rabbits. Captain Amundsen, before he departed, said he could spare us a little rye flour, and Mr. Lee, fourth mate, with one native and a dog team made the journey to the Goja at King Point, forty miles away to the east, and returned that day with five hundred pounds, a very much-needed addition to our larder.

October 29th we received reports that the natives had made a big killing of deer about a hundred miles inland, and wanted all sleds and dogs available to come

at once to bring the meat. We immediately mustered every dog and sled that we could get hold of, with two officers and one boat-steerer besides the Siberian natives belonging to the ship, who were useful in driving dogs, but a total failure as deer hunters. October 30th five sleds with forty-seven dogs left for the hunting-grounds.

November 1st, seven hundred pounds of fresh meat arrived. November 2d, one hundred and ninety pounds of meat arrived and our Siberian natives caught five seals, most of which was saved to carry on sleds as food for the dogs. November 6th, Itkak came in with over five hundred pounds of deer meat and reported plenty dead out in the country. November 11th a sled came in with four hundred pounds.

November 16th word was brought me that the crew refused to bring wood from shore to ship if an officer accompanied them, as they did not feel it was necessary to have a boss over them at such simple work. It had always been the custom for a few men with an officer to get wood, as it was needed, from the pile about two hundred yards away, for use aboard ship. The officer would know from what part of the pile he took wood last, as he was the last one to leave and could put a mark, so that he could tell if any were helping themselves to our wood. For that purpose, more than any other, that we might have some responsible person to keep tabs on the amount if any that was being stolen from our woodpile, we had an officer go with the men each time. After listening to what was said by the crew and not wishing to have any trouble, more particularly owing to the state of Mrs. Cook's health, I told the men that I did not think they had any just cause for complaint, but this time I would yield to them. Still I should select one of them to keep run of the pile and report to me if any was being stolen. This satisfied them, and they went to work, but I could see the workings of Woodland and a few of his followers, to

try by degrees how far they could go in having things their own way and dispute all authority of captain and officers over them. Complaints such as this came thicker and faster. Officers complained that the crew showed no respect to them whatever. Orders were obeyed carelessly or indifferently, and often they were subjected to insolence that would not for a moment be tolerated under any other circumstances. I took due consideration for the long, tedious time they had spent aboard ship, also the small amount of money they had coming to them compared with the time employed, and, too, I knew that they were deprived of sufficient clothing and food. So, as long as there was no rebellion or refusal to do what was actually required to be done, I took no steps to correct these minor troubles, devoting my time to Mrs. Cook and her condition, and seeing that the men had their part of whatever there was to eat as well as getting our part of what came in.

November 19th, seventy-four pounds of moose meat and two hundred pounds of rabbits came in. Up to and including the 23d of November, we received for the five ships, in actual weight, eighty-five hundred and forty pounds of fresh meat from hunters. Out of the forty-five dogs that went out for the meat that was killed in the country, fifteen died on the trip, and the men that accompanied the sleds were terribly used up and frostbitten. The weather was extremely bad on that trip. Much of the meat we never got, owing to the bad weather and the wolves that stole a lot of it.

November 25th, Pekok brought in four hundred and sixty-one pounds of deer meat. December 5th, one of our ship natives from Diomedes brought in from the hunters six hundred pounds of deer meat. Much snow fell — the most for the time of year I had ever experienced. The thermometer ranged from 28 to 35 degrees below zero. December 13th, Omigloo came in with two sleds having nine hundred and forty-four

pounds of meat. We are doing much better in getting food during the dark days than we anticipated. Every sled load that comes in gives us great encouragement. How often we thought of the possibilities of our sleds, with Jimmie and Captain Amundsen, not being able to reach their destination. We could only wait patiently for results. The natives were using their own dogs and their own supplies to keep us from starvation, knowing full well that we were powerless to pay them for their work or resupply them with guns, dogs, and ammunition, which they were using for us, unless our sled got through to Eagle City. The natives, knowing this and the chances that they were sacrificing their all and all that was in them for us, never made a murmur or for a moment wavered. To that self-sacrificing race it was enough to know that we needed their help and it was given as freely as though gold was glittering before their eyes as their reward. Such voluntary service and cheerfulness did those natives give the whalers that memorable winter of 1905 and 1906 that it will never be forgotten by any of the unfortunate number that passed those dreary months at Herschel Island.

January 5, 1906, a sled came in with nine saddles, three hundred pounds, of deer meat. And on the 6th one of the Jeannette's officers came in from a trip with two sleds containing ten hundred and eighty-three pounds. Although the thermometer did not show it any colder on an average this winter than others, yet there were more strong gales with blinding snow which made the sled trips extremely long and hard on dogs and men. In fact our dogs were so used up by the middle of January and so many had died, with so much additional work on the healthy ones, that we were obliged to give them a much-needed rest. To enable them to get strong for the work in the spring, we fed them bountifully on seal meat that the natives were catching off the flaw about three miles from the island.

January 10th, a sled came in with five saddles, one hundred and sixty pounds. January 25th, we gazed with cheerful countenances at the returning sun and felt that the dark days were over and our worst trouble had passed. Thermometer 49° below. The native hunters would soon have a long day in which to hunt. What they have accomplished in the dark days is a pleasant surprise to us, for no such quantity of fresh meat had ever been brought in before in any previous winter. It had kept coming in such amounts that we could use on an average one pound of meat per man per day. It has kept us all healthy and free from hunger.

February 23d, a man by name of Harrison from the Royal Geographical Society of London arrived here from Peel River. As he had a fine team of dogs, the use of which he tendered us, we gladly made his stay as agreeable as possible for him. February 24th, a sled came in with eighteen saddles of deer meat, weighing five hundred and ninety pounds.

March 10th, a strong wind blew until noon; then a light breeze came up and clear weather. At 3 P.M. two sleds were seen approaching from the south. For many days anxious eyes had been scanning the outlines of every sled coming from that direction to see if there was anything about them to show that they might be from Eagle City. As these sleds got nearer, the foremost was seen to have the small flag flying that Jimmie promised, when he left October 24th, to display, that we might know it was he coming. Word was quickly passed around that with the two sleds were Jimmie and his wife and Captain Amundsen. The whole company of men came out on the ice to meet them with three rousing hurrahs as a welcome.

We took them aboard ship. What a relief it was when we found telegrams from the owners promising us the assistance we asked for as soon as the season should open enough to permit the steamer to get through! The natives were assured of their reward;

the means of getting our ships and ourselves out of the Arctic were provided us. Captain Amundsen was loud in his praises of what Jimmie and Capper accomplished; he said to them all credit should be given for the success of the expedition. They traveled up to its source the small river that lies directly north of the island; then across the mountains, striking the Porcupine River, and followed its course over the ice until its junction with the Yukon was reached; then up the Yukon to Fort Yukon, where they took their first rest of a few days to enable them to press farther on to the nearest telegraph. With thankful hearts this company, who had waited so long the news of the result of this trip, rejoiced over the success of the expedition and the health of all here. Truly it was almost marvelous how the natives had succeeded in keeping us in food and clothing, and had been the means of our getting into communication with our relatives and loved ones at home, as well as with our owners, who were financially interested in the ships.

My daughter had read the many newspaper comments on what would be the probable fate of this fleet and was almost prostrated with grief, for she could not gather much encouragement that we should ever be heard from again. The last news they had was when we were among the ice-floes off Banks Land, as that was where we were last seen by the two vessels that got out. Had we been caught there, our chances would indeed have been small. While thinking that if we had got to a safe haven news would somehow be received, behold, on Christmas Day she had word from the merchants in San Francisco that we were safe at Herschel Island! Think how many homes received the same message and what a joy and relief to them! And for it all we have to thank that good native and his wife, who were on the trail from October 24th to March 10th, undergoing privations and often hunger for us and ours. Truly they earned their reward.

Much news from the outside was brought in, papers, etc., by Captain Amundsen. He also had communicated with his folks, and they were made acquainted with his whereabouts.

March 13th, three sleds came in with eleven hundred pounds of deer meat. We increased the allowance of fresh meat to one pound and six ounces per man per day. March 15th, we have had brought in to the five ships almost six thousand pounds of meat this week, and have allowed one and a half pounds daily to each man besides some fish and ptarmigan. Knowing that on March 22d the time for which my crew had signed would expire, as a precaution against any serious trouble, I took each man separately and asked him what I could do to make a satisfactory arrangement for the remainder of the time he would have to remain with the ship. I offered to pay all monthly wages besides a share in any whales that might be taken. But they seemed to feel that they had a big claim against the ship for not discharging them in San Francisco at the beginning of the voyage when we returned with our shaft broken. Knowing full well they had no legal claim, I tried to reason with them, but, finding they were very sure that they were right, I then told them if I could make an agreement with them for the work they would perform until such time as opportunity offered them to leave, I would insert that clause in the agreement — that nothing in this new agreement would in any way affect any prior claim the crew might have against the ship, captain, or owners. I could not make any impression on any of them. Some frankly stated that they had bound themselves to stand together against doing anything except what they thought they should do after their time expired. I pointed out, as strongly as I could, how such a course could not or would not be tolerated, but found none who were willing to consent to any arrangement whatsoever. I then said, 'I will discharge you on the day your time

expires, March 22d.' But they said, 'You cannot do that. This is a foreign land, and we should all starve or freeze, and there are no means of getting to our homes only by going in this vessel, and you have got to take us back where you took us from, the port of San Francisco.'

My reply to this was: 'I am willing and want to do that, but you on your part must do your duty and obey my orders as long as you are aboard my vessel, whether your time has expired or not. And now, as you seem to feel that your ideas and your knowledge of these things are better than mine — that I am wrong and you are right — my advice to you is to do what I require you to do, and then, after we get back to San Francisco, for what you can show to the United States courts that you have done more than you agreed to do, the owners of this ship will have to pay. This is not the place to discuss that matter. We have been closed in nearly a year by the act of God. It has been hard on you and harder on me and mine. I have striven to provide you all with everything that could be gotten, and if any of you know how or where more can be obtained to provide for us, just let me know and I will gladly procure it. You have, instead of doing the best you could to make things peaceful and harmonious, on the contrary, been insolent and unruly, as far as your cowardly natures would let you, toward the officers. You have been and are at present being led by a man who has served a prison term and is a coward at heart. You have taken every advantage you dared, knowing the critical condition of Mrs. Cook and feeling that I would do anything to prevent an outbreak that might result fatally to her. And I have yielded in everything you asked, that no trouble should arise. But now I see by your manner you feel that I will continue to do as you say. In fact, as soon as your time expires you will dictate what shall be done or you will not work. This, men, is mutiny!

Think well before you take that step, for let the consequences be what they may, if you continue aboard this ship after your time expires, you will continue to obey my orders. I shall yield no further; to do so would be to give over the command to you. You have ample time to think this over — that I am willing to make any arrangement with you; that you shall have fair compensation for your work after your time expires. And now I caution you once more, let me hear no more complaints of your insolence toward the officers. I shall be ready to anticipate trouble. If it comes, the consequences will rest with you. Do not for one moment believe that I will yield further to you.' This was said to all. On some of them I could see that it made an impression, but Woodland's influence was too strong.

The men evidently, by their acts afterwards, never thought that, considering the condition of Mrs. Cook, I should ever take action against them. I must confess it took me a long time to decide, for I was ready to do anything within reason rather than have a disturbance. My officers were inclined the same way, feeling that the voyage had been unfortunate enough, and particularly this last winter had been fraught with difficulties and privations enough, without having anything of this kind added. About this time, too, the boots were all giving out and clothing of deerskins were getting old and dilapidated. No more deerskins were to be had. No more sealskins tanned for boots and shoes could be found. It was equally so with the other ships. A new appeal was made to the natives that something be got to provide shoes for us. Having nothing else, the natives stripped the skins from their canoes and their wives sewed new soles on our worn-out boots. Thus, living on an island with no means of going across to the mainland except in boats, they cheerfully gave up these boats to us to make us shoes to protect us from the cold. Mrs. Cook has a pair of

boots which were worn by her on that winter voyage, the soles of which were cut out of the boats' skins, and she feels that they are the best reminders she has of the self-sacrificing spirit of the natives.

Daily the 22d of March was drawing nearer. I could see nothing to indicate what that day would bring forth, but felt that something would happen. Everything had been quiet since the talk I gave the men. No complaints and no murmurs were heard. Yet I felt the crew, led by Woodland, had made up their minds what they were going to do. I knew him to be such a coward that I was pleased in that respect to think they reposed so much on him, for I felt his cowardly nature would assert itself when put to the test.

At 8.30 A.M. of March 22d, the chief officer, Mr. Long, called the crew to work. All refused even to come on deck, except two. This being reported to me, I sent word at once for them all to come on deck. The reply I received was an invitation for me to come down in the forecabin. I at once started forward, accompanied by Mr. Lee, the fourth mate. As I got to the forecabin gangway, I said to the men, 'I will give you just five minutes to come. If you don't appear in that time, I am coming down after you and the consequences will be on you.'

At this they started coming up. Mr. Vincent in the meantime had come forward to where Mr. Lee and I were. As soon as the first man appeared, the handcuffs were put on him, and this was repeated on every man until twelve of them were in handcuffs. The other six, which included Woodland, reported they were too sick to work, upon which I proceeded to examine their ailments and prescribe for them remedies which had the desired effect, for about 3 P.M. those six came on deck, five of whom said they wanted the same treatment the others had had, as they felt they were very much to blame for the condition of those men. One of the six

said he would go to work and never make any more trouble aboard the ship. A feeling of relief went over me when I personally snapped the handcuffs on Woodland, informing him that I had him just where I wanted him, and had been waiting a long time to get him there; that his case would be treated by me personally, he being isolated from all the others; promising him faithfully that he would never return to the fore-castle or sleep without handcuffs while he remained aboard this vessel, which promises were kept, as he never resumed duty or was taken out of irons until at Point Barrow, on September 2d, he was put aboard our tender and sent to Seattle. Having seventeen in handcuffs and three working, I asked the three why they had refused to work, as the work required was to get ice for fresh-water purposes, which was as much for their use as for ours. Their answer was, 'We are hungry.' I put twelve in the fire-room and the other five I let go in the fore-castle, as I knew in irons they were harmless. All received the same diet — bread and water. I was particularly well pleased to know we had accomplished this with so little bloodshed. Some of the men had been inclined to put up some resistance, which could not be tolerated, as it was a question to be decided on the instant, to rule or be ruled. If we were to be ruled by that class, we had much better be dead. Woodland was assigned a place by himself in the fire-room.

March 23d, three of the men in handcuffs in the fore-castle sent word to me that they had a communication for me, and upon going to see them they confessed their wrongdoing and said they were prompted to do it through fear of Woodland and some of the others. They asked to be released, promising never again to refuse to obey orders or be insolent in any manner toward those in authority aboard the ship. I produced a document which I had prepared, in which among other things were inserted provisions that they

would help catch whales, gather wood for fuel, and obey the officers in charge of the boats when engaged in duty there, as well as upon the ship. This document being read to these three, they agreed in the presence of the officers to abide by it and were released from handcuffs March 24th. At 7 P.M. five more were released under the same terms and conditions. March 26th, four more were released, leaving but five in irons. Those were the worst of the bunch. March 28th, two more were released, they having made the same promises before witnesses, and, more than that, they affixed their signatures to the document. Only four now, including Woodland, were in irons. Thus ended all attempts of the sailors aboard the steamer Bowhead to gain control of the vessel. If they had succeeded, they would have been unable to better conditions, for everything had been done for their health and comfort that could be done. And such was the care of not only our ship's company, but of all the others there, that out of the two hundred and fifty men of the five ships, only one death occurred in the eleven months they were confined in that spot that year — thanks to what the natives did for us!

April 5th, one more of the men was taken out of irons, promising the same as had the others and signing the document. Three were left, who asked to come out, but I deemed it against the future welfare of all on board to let them out yet. April 8th, we released another man, he being very penitent and sick, and two only were left in irons. I was very much gratified that, throughout this outbreak, Mrs. Cook was not cognizant of anything out of the ordinary going on, so quietly and quickly had the trouble been taken care of. Each and every one in the cabin had been cautioned not to mention that any trouble had taken place so that she would hear of it, thus keeping her in ignorance of the occurrence and avoiding the results I feared for her. I saw there was only one way to rule

hereafter, and that was by force; and if any one refused a duty or was insolent, he was punished at once, and in that way we succeeded in having good discipline that kept work done where and when it should be done.

April 13th, Mrs. Cook was fifty-one years old and she and I took lunch aboard the steamer *Alexander* with Captain Tilton.

April 16th, Sergeant Fitzgerald and Major Howard, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, arrived in the afternoon from Peel River. April 18th, a boat-steerer from the schooner *Charles Hansen*, which is wintering about one hundred miles east of this place, came to the island with feet badly frozen. He reported that he and two others had deserted from the vessel some time ago. After great suffering from cold and hunger, he succeeded in reaching us here. His two companions died on the trail. April 19th, Captain Tilton and Sergeant Fitzgerald took dinner with us and spent a very pleasant evening aboard our ship. Sergeant Fitzgerald had just returned from Peel River to which he had come on sled from Dawson. He left the island last May for Peel River, going out to civilization on a furlough. Knowing that none of us intended wintering here, he asked and obtained permission to go to his home for a vacation. Arriving at civilization by way of steamer up the Mackenzie River, he heard of our being caught for another winter. He at once went to Dawson with two others and started with the mail for us. Leaving late in December, he was over seventy days to Peel River, rested there for some time, and came here to us, to see if he could be of any service. He also brought letters that we prized very much. It is a sad fact that two years afterwards, in traveling a trail he had been familiar with for over twenty years, he and his companion were found dead in a divide going over the mountains between the timber on one side and the timber on the other, where there is a barren tract of about seven to eight hours'

good fast traveling for a dog team. It is said that when the remains of the party were found on this barren tract, under the Sergeant's head was a paper on which was written: 'This is the twenty-seventh day of the blizzard. Our supplies all exhausted long ago. We have eaten our dogs, my two companions are dead, and I am dying.' Thus passed one of the best and truest officers it has been my fortune to meet, and one who had had such experience in the country that it seems hardly credible that he should have been caught in such a manner and suffered such a death. He had often spoken about the peril attending the crossing of this divide. The natives had told us many times of the place as the most dangerous of the whole trip, and when the season was getting late and Jimmie and Captain Amundsen did not come, we could not but feel anxious. With the other captains, mostly with Captain Tilton, we would discuss the many difficulties of that sled trip, but all such talks would end with our faith in the success of the expedition.

Feeling that we had gone through our stay here so far in much better shape than we had hoped for, the future looked much brighter each day that brought nearer the summer, which would release us from our prison of ice. Meat and game were being received more plentifully than before, so that our troubles on the food question, as to quantity if not variety, were well-nigh eliminated. April 20th, we got three hundred pounds of meat. April 23d, three sleds with over fifteen hundred pounds arrived and on the 26th, over two thousand pounds came in.

April 22d, a new arrival came unexpectedly. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, a beautiful clear day. I was standing on top of the house that covered the deck and looking to see what I could find that was different to look at. As I gazed toward the south, I saw what appeared to be a man dragging a small sled after him, with no other person, or dogs, with him.

My curiosity being aroused, I procured my binoculars that I might get a better idea of whom and what this strange sight might be. Getting thus a better view of the coming sled and its dragger, we found it to be a small toboggan sled such as the Itkiliks use, about eight feet long, having nothing on it but sleeping paraphernalia, rifle and ammunition, and drawn by the man. His stop was made at our ship, where he asked in a weak voice if he could come aboard for a rest and have something to eat. I gladly gave him access to the ship and had a good meal set before him, as good as we could furnish. After finishing his meal, he told us his name was Darrell; he had formerly been prospecting for gold in the country. Arriving at Fort McPherson in December, without money and his food all gone, he was ready to do almost anything that would give him some funds. It so happened, soon after his arrival at the fort, that letters which were urgent arrived from the Belvedere, Herman, Beluga, and Narwhal, who were wintering at Baillie Island. These letters were to have been sent out by the first mail leaving the fort, but the mail had gone before they came, and as there was no other mail going out before spring, Mr. Frith, the Hudson's Bay Company's agent at the fort, tried to get a dog team to take the mail to Fort Yukon from which they would reach their destination. No dog team being available, this man offered to do it and bring back any mail found there for those ships. Accordingly a bargain was made, and late in December, alone and with the same small toboggan with which he arrived here, he left Fort McPherson guided by natives up to the first divide on the first range of mountains, where he was left to himself to make the journey alone, and which he had so far completed. To say he was a pitiful-looking object would be drawing it mildly, for he was nothing but skin and bones. He showed us his letters from Mr. Frith, when starting; also his letter from the post-

master at Fort Yukon, besides leaving the letters with us for the ships at Baillie Island, for the season was so far advanced that it would be difficult to go to Baillie Island by sled. We took all the mail for the ships, while he, after resting a few days, started for Fort McPherson, his destination. It was the most remarkable trip accomplished in midwinter, when the only way to get along at all among the timber was on snowshoes. We heard later of his safe arrival at Fort McPherson.

As all the men had now been released from their confinement, with the exception of Woodland, and as all the work was going along cheerfully and pleasantly, and as the engineers needed all the room about the fire-room for getting ready for their summer work, on April 25th, we let Woodland go back in the fore-castle, still, however, with handcuffs on. As our blustering and cold weather is about over, the crew seem to take on new life. Meat and game being abundant, there is no shortage in that line; the necessity of getting the ship ready to meet the ice-floes the coming summer, and to fight our way out before another winter closed in on us, seemed to animate all the men so that better discipline and better work could not be desired than was being done by our crew. Woodland expressed a wish to be taken out of handcuffs, but upon being asked if he would conform to the orders for all duty on the ship, he replied all but whaling and getting wood for fuel. Wood being absolutely necessary for fuel that we might make steam, as our coal supply was totally insufficient for us to get out by Point Barrow unless our steam tender from San Francisco succeeded in getting in to us, we could not afford to take chances. It was well we did not, for as it happened our tender never got by Point Barrow, and we were forced to smash the ice all the way from Herschel Island to Point Barrow, with but two days' fuel left upon arrival, notwithstanding we had gathered fuel on every

opportunity that presented. As for catching whales, we proposed to try for them if we saw any. Every man but Woodland had agreed to aid in getting wood and whales, so naturally I took no notice of Woodland's terms, wherein he was to be the dictator of what he would do. We did give him, however, the privilege of the forecastle and full rations, but he was not allowed to leave the ship or have his irons taken off.

May 6th, we received over four thousand pounds of meat for the five ships. May 18th, we brought over a large stick from the mainland to make a new bowsprit, the old one being lost last fall in our last contact with the ice. Our last deer meat has arrived, for the snow and ice have so far disappeared from the mainland that transportation by sled has ceased. Brant, ducks, and geese have begun flying, so that now we shall have many of those brought in. Since we started in last fall, we have received in actual weight over fifty thousand pounds of deer meat for the five ships. When one considers that for the most part only saddles or hind quarters are brought in to the ships, the bodies and legs being eaten by the natives or fed to the dogs, the reader can estimate the large numbers of deer and caribou that were hunted and killed that season, in the vicinity of Herschel Island. Certain it is that it was in large measure due to this quantity of fresh meat eaten by the men of the crews of the ships that out of the two hundred and fifty men who wintered not a death occurred and but very little sickness among them.

May 28th, Karl Faber requested that he be discharged, that he might accompany a native sled that was going to Fort McPherson, from which point he thought he could secure passage on the Hudson's Bay Company's boats which would ultimately land him in civilization. He was given a good outfit of clothing and regularly discharged, to receive his pay when he got to San Francisco. Faber expressed the fear that the

ship would not get out that season and would rather take chances overland.

June 25th, the ship was all ready to start in work as soon as released from the ice. Flour has got so short with us that our first move will be to try to get to Baillie Island, where we can get some of the Narwhal which has a plentiful supply. The afternoon of the 25th, I received from the crew, signed by each person, a written statement that they refused to gather another stick of wood or go in boats whaling, thus completely going back on their signatures when released from irons, at which time they had signed to do both. As it would be some days yet before we could go out after wood and perhaps there would be no whales seen, I concluded to take no notice whatever of the communication, but I was no less determined that every man that was physically able, outside of Woodland, would gather wood when the time arrived and also go after whales in boats should any be seen. Believing that the leniency I had shown Woodland was one of the causes of this refusal, added to his evil influence again being shown in the disposition of the others, I removed Woodland from the forecastle to the forehold until July 8th, when he was put in a room built for him in the engine-room. I allowed no communication with any sailor whatever, and allowed him to come on deck only for three hours each day, with a diet of bread and water, and every sixth day full rations. It was a great mistake in allowing him to go back among the men even with handcuffs on, but this mistake will not happen again. July 8th, the steamer Thrasher went out, and we lighted fires under our boilers, burning wood.

July 5th, upon complaint of the crew to Inspector Howard and to Sergeant Fitzgerald that insufficient food was being given them, both officers came aboard at dinner time and went immediately to the fore-castle to see for themselves the amount of food the men had at that meal. They asked them if that was

the average amount served them at each meal. They replied that it was. A ration was then weighed by the inspector, upon which Major Howard said, 'Men, you have no cause for complaint from that source, that your daily rations are insufficient, for they are more than we are having.' He then told them that he had come aboard without any one knowing that he was coming, so as to see if there was any just cause for complaint. Finding none, he said: 'I want to hear no more complaints from you, and I shall insist that Captain Cook keep you all from coming ashore any more, as you are annoying us with your stories and complaints which I find by actual observation to be false and without any foundation.' Thereupon he came aft to me and asked me to keep the men from coming ashore any more, which I immediately ordered enforced, and it was obeyed by every member of the crew. Major Howard and Sergeant Fitzgerald had had a lifetime of experience with crooks and renegades, but they said to me, 'You have got a full quota of the worst subjects I ever met,' to which I replied, 'I am fully aware of it, but they will be forced to obedience the remainder of their time here.'

One of our sad experiences was with a native, who with his wife had joined us during our first year at East Cape, Siberia. They had both worked hard during the whole voyage; the husband had been put in as boat-steerer and had succeeded in giving such satisfaction in that capacity that we reckoned him as one of the best boat-steerers we had. When winter came on and the dark days began, he came to me and said he realized the scarcity of food aboard ship and that every one we had to feed made the task harder, adding that if I would furnish him rifle and ammunition he and his wife would go to the southwest sand-spit, about eleven miles away, and hunt polar bear and seals, thus getting their own living. Finding him anxious to go I consented, outfitting him as well as

possible under the circumstances, and he and his wife went away happy to spend the winter by themselves. We heard from them occasionally, as sleds coming in at times stopped there, and all reports were that they were getting along all right, having up to last reports got two bears besides plenty of seals. About February 20th, he came in from the ice where he had been sealing, saying to his wife, 'I want my large rifle; I saw a bear's tracks off on the ice and am going to get that bear.' He left the house that day and was never seen again. Search parties followed his footprints off on the flaw ice until they terminated near some young ice that had of late been crushed up, and beyond that no trail of any kind could be found. The supposition is that he ventured too far off on some thin ice and was drowned. His poor wife mourned dreadfully over her loss, and we all felt he had sacrificed himself for us, that we might have a larger portion for our daily ration. Sadness reigned among us all, to think that one who had been so good and of so much value to us all should die in such a manner — another illustration of the self-sacrifice these natives will make for those among them who are in need of help.

CHAPTER XXIII

GOOD-BYE TO THE BOWHEAD

JULY 10th, we hove up anchor and steamed out of Pauline Cove, Herschel Island. At four o'clock we made fast to ice about four miles west of King Point. The Alexander and Jeannette came along later and made fast close by us. July 11th, a low fog hung over the ice. At 5 A.M. we let go our fasts, and steamed eastward about eleven miles when we rounded a point of ice which permitted us to go in toward the land. We anchored in three fathoms water three miles west of Sabine Point, which is about twelve miles east of King Point. We lowered all our boats and put every man but Woodland, who is still in irons, at work gathering wood. That day, I warned them, I would tolerate no murmurings or laziness from any one, and I would let fall the consequences of it on any one guilty. The crew seemed to act as though it was better to obey than to attempt to stand by the notice that they sent me a few days before leaving the island, for in no way or manner did they ever allude to it again in my hearing, nor did it come to my notice that they mentioned it afterwards. At 5 P.M. the steamers Alexander and Jeannette came around where we were and we all started to get wood. Captain Amundsen, in his sloop Goja, came along and spoke us, he having just left his winter berth. He was going west to Herschel Island after asking us the condition of the ice between here and the island. We gave him the desired information and he steamed out around the point. During the winter he had made us many visits at the island and we all felt that he was a very capable and skillful navigator, and we enjoyed his companionship very much.

July 12th was calm. We were troubled very much with mosquitoes while gathering wood. At 3 P.M., having taken aboard six boatloads of wood, having no space for any more, we took out anchor and steamed northeast for Baillie Island. Two men were off duty sick.

July 13th, in six fathoms water off Pelly Island we filled tanks with fresh water out of the ocean, for such is the force of the water coming out of the Mackenzie River in the late spring and early summer that the water is perfectly fresh off shore a considerable distance. We have always got our supply of fresh water for the summer, after wintering at Herschel Island, out of the ocean abreast of these islands that lie off the mouth of the Mackenzie. We got all we required and steered northeast.

July 14th, stopped off Hooper Island: too much ice to go farther. Thrasher, Karluk, Jeannette, and Alexander all here with us. July 17th, all steamers made fast to ground ice off Cape Brown. Steamer Alexander having lost an anchor, we let them have one spare one that we had. All sick men are on duty again.

July 19th, arrived off Baillie Island and anchored close by steamer Narwhal, Captain Leavitt. They had succeeded in passing through the winter comparatively easily, owing to being supplied with plentiful provisions, but they got very little deer meat and game. They report game of every description was very scarce. Three deaths occurred with them during the winter — among the four steamers wintering there. We received from the steamer Narwhal thirty quarter-sacks of flour, seventy pounds of coffee, and one hundred pounds of sugar. From the Belvedere we got one hundred pounds of tobacco.

July 22d, the ice so close in we can do nothing. Steamer Herman started to go out, broke her propeller, and was towed back to safe anchorage by steamer Alexander, when she started putting on a

coffer dam to repair damages. The 24th, the Herman found she could do nothing with her coffer dams and borrowed the Narwhal's and finished putting on the new blade at 8 P.M. Ice was too close to permit us going westward. We caught fish every day, from fifty to three hundred daily.

August 3d, we started from Baillie Island to work to the westward. Thrasher has been gone two days. The rest of the fleet all here. Beluga and Karluk came westward with us on the 3d. At 6 P.M. we could make no more progress and made fast to ice off Cape Brown in ten fathoms water. August 4th at 7 P.M., wind northeast, light, we let go and steamed to westward until midnight when we made fast again, having gone about fifteen miles. Steamer Karluk still in company with us. August 6th, we passed Pullen Island in six fathoms water close to the edge of the pack-ice, going at full speed for Herschel Island. At noon of the 7th, we anchored once more at Herschel Island. Belvedere, Herman, and Karluk all here waiting for an opportunity to go west. Captain Amundsen in sloop Goja still lying here. He has been unable to make any progress westward. A native, who had been with him since his first winter, who accompanied him on his sled trip to Eagle City, and who was intending to go to civilization with Amundsen, met a sad death by drowning here at the island a few days before we arrived. He was out in the harbor in a small boat, a skin kyak, shooting ducks, when in some manner the kyak capsized and the faithful fellow was drowned. Captain Amundsen felt the loss very keenly, as he had become greatly attached to him.

August 18th, as no vessels have yet appeared from the westward and no tidings of our tender have reached us, we conclude there is small chance of our steam tender coming in this year, that there must be between here and Point Barrow an impassable quantity of ice. With no prospects of the tender, there was

no way we could supply the faithful natives with those articles of necessity which they had used in our behalf, and without which to leave them here, no ammunition, no guns, nothing with which to gain their living, would mean to most of them terrible hardship and perhaps starvation. So we told them the situation and that we were going to leave to-day and try to find where our tender was, and that wherever she was found we would take from her the articles belonging to each vessel. But there was no likelihood of her coming here, and that in order for them to receive what was due them, they would have to go with us. They divided themselves among the ships, leaving very few behind. At 6 P.M. on the 18th of August, we steamed through the ice to the west of Herschel Island. When that island sank out of sight beneath the eastern horizon, although it had sheltered us from the ice pressure and had been a safe haven for us, yet I hoped (and that wish has been granted me) that I would never more see the shore of that terrible land again.

Mrs. Cook, while getting no worse, showed no sign of improvement. I now felt that the only remedy was home. Gazing upon the topmost hills as they faded from sight I just for a brief moment thought over the trials, disappointments, and the sad happenings that had come into my life since I first sighted those hills three years ago on this voyage. Is it to be wondered that I wished never again to view that part of the world that had made such a test of me? It was only for a moment that I allowed those thoughts to occupy my mind. More ice work must be done; almost four hundred miles to go before we could round Point Barrow and feel that we were safe from another enclosure. No more wood could be found to supply us in fuel and our coal was very low indeed. It was only a question of how much ice we were to encounter and whether our fuel would last us out to Point Barrow.

August 19th, we passed Flaxman's Island in seven

fathoms water: much ice to overcome. August 20th, we lay fast to ground ice off Cross Island, gale blowing from the northeast; thick weather.

August 22d, we worked against the ice in three fathoms water off Franklin Return Reef. At 6 P.M. we succeeded in working through the point of ice that was nearest to shore and passed through in two and three quarters fathoms of water, the vessel dragging on the bottom as she went through. Steamers *Jeanette* and *Belvedere* in sight all day.

August 23d, about five miles north of Dead Man's Island we were stopped by a ridge of ice it was impossible to get through. From this point we could see Point Barrow and several ships lying there at anchor, on the southwest side. From this date, the 23d, five steamers of us worked until August 31st trying to smash through the ice that barred us from our way home to civilization. At 9 P.M. of August 31st, however, we succeeded in making fast to steamer *Harold Dollar*, which with supplies for us had been waiting since the first of August unable to get farther, while the revenue steamer *Thetis* was there also keeping her company. What a rejoicing there was to think there was no more danger of being closed in for another winter, and we with thankful hearts read our letters from home. Photographs of our two grandchildren, the sight of which I hoped would bring Mrs. Cook to a realization that she was soon to see them, came with the mail. I am sorry to relate, however, that she did not seem to realize at all that we were safe from the ice fetters that had bound us so long, and that home and loved ones were soon to be reached. Such a state of melancholia had settled upon her that nothing we did or said seemed to cheer her up from the despair into which she had fallen. We finished taking our supplies aboard, and learned that we had some coal that was put ashore for us at Cape Smythe whaling station, about twelve miles down the coast.

So, on September 1st, at 9 A.M., we hauled away from the tender, and, as it was too late in the season to go back to Herschel Island and get out again, we paid our natives for their work, giving them guns, ammunition, cloth, flour, tobacco, kerosene oil — in fact, replenishing all their articles of household need and at the same time paying them liberally for providing for us through the winter. Some of them went back to the island in canoes. Others took passage in the steamer *Narwhal*, that was going back to the island for another winter, while a few stopped at Cape Smythe, going back the next summer on the whalers that came up the next season. We parted with those faithful people, to whom we owed so much, with heartfelt thanks, wishing them a lifetime of happiness.

The doctor of the *Thetis* came over and prescribed for Mrs. Cook. He gave me no great encouragement but thought that the complete change she would have when arrived at home would do more than anything to restore her again to health and spirits. I could secure passage down for her on the *Thetis*, and next day she was removed from our vessel aboard the *Thetis* which was to start soon for Nome.

Endless complaints were made by our crew to the captain of the *Thetis*, who, besides being master of the vessel, was Commissioner with the power of a United States Commissioner. Whalemen were in bad repute, as then there were two captains aboard the *Thetis* who had been taken from their ships, to be tried in United States courts on charges preferred by their crews. Upon being questioned by the captain of the *Thetis* as to what I proposed doing, I answered that from this date until October 10th was the most profitable part of the whaling season to the westward of Point Barrow; that I had abundant supplies aboard ship, and that officers and boat-steerers, in fact, all the men aft, were anxious to put in this next month or five weeks, that they might receive some compensation for their long time aboard

ship which thus far we had been forced to spend without remuneration; but that the sailors, on the contrary, wanted the ship to go straight to 'Frisco. I argued that they were copartners with us, and that they should stop with us all the time we desired of them; and that if they had done any extra work or were entitled to more money for work they had done since their time expired, they could recover from us in San Francisco; but that in the interests of the owners and all who wanted to benefit financially it was imperative for the vessel to catch whales until the season closed, about October 10th. Captain Hamlet, of the Thetis, after carefully considering all the points at issue, decided that I was right and so informed the men.

As Woodland was still in irons and many of the men were of little use, and it being possible to secure natives to take their places, arrangements were made whereby seven of the men including Woodland should go aboard the steam tender, Harold Dollar, to be taken to San Francisco or Seattle. Woodland was transferred with the other men to the Harold Dollar. His handcuffs were taken off when he went over the rail to go aboard the boat for the Dollar, the first time since March 22d at Herschel Island. When Captain Hamlet informed all the others that they would have to stay aboard the ship, such a storm arose among them that they told him that come what would, they would never lift a hand to do any work aboard the Bowhead, and then and there they would refuse to work or to obey any orders. Captain Hamlet told them that they were committing mutiny, and they answered with jeers; that if it was mutiny let it come, but they would stand by what they said and would die in irons rather than yield. I had been an interested spectator, having as yet said not a word. The Captain turned to me and said, 'What are you going to do for men to work your ship, seeing the determination of these men?' Speaking for the first time, I said, 'Captain Hamlet, when

you have finished your work and gone to your ship, I will handle this affair!' I added, 'Don't come to assist us unless you see the flag set union down.' Needless to say, no flag was set for assistance.

He offered me any assistance in his power that I might need, but, thanking him, I said we could settle the matter without any assistance from the outside, as these same men had been just as determined last March, but had been forced to yield, so I had every reason to believe we could handle the situation easier than at that time. Then Captain Hamlet left in his boat for his vessel. We had no occasion to call on him for help. As soon as he had departed, I ordered steam put on the windlass, and hove up anchor and steamed for Cape Smythe to take on about thirty tons of coal landed there for me. Mrs. Cook, having been transferred to the Thetis, was where she could be under a doctor's care and would soon be leaving for Nome.

Arrived at Cape Smythe, I ordered all hands to the work of getting the coal aboard and other necessary work, at the same time telling them the consequences should any refuse. What their thoughts were I am unable to state, but every man went to work with a will; evidently, being out of sight of the Thetis, their courage failed them. At 2 P.M. September 3d, we finished taking on coal and weighed anchor to steam by Point Barrow to look for whales. Everything and everybody was peaceable; no sign of any more refusal to work manifested by any of the crew. At 4 P.M., as we were passing the ships lying at Point Barrow, a boat came alongside from the Thetis and requested me to come aboard, as Captain Hamlet wished to see me. I could not imagine what was awaiting me in that interview, but I anchored my vessel and proceeded with as little delay as possible aboard the Thetis. Arriving there, I was shown into the Captain's apartment, where he was evidently awaiting me, as the doctor was also there. It was then that Captain Hamlet made known the reason

for his wish to see me, for he said at once, 'Captain Cook, your wife is in too serious a condition to make the trip down without you.' He supported his argument by calling upon the doctor to tell me just how serious was her ailment. I replied, after listening to all they said, that I fully agreed with them that she should have my company and care on the trip homeward. 'But,' I said, 'here is my ship, without me, and there is no one that can take charge and keep those men under subjection. The mate and the other officers are all right with me, but should I leave, there would be no prospect ahead for the fall's work. I cannot, under the circumstances, leave my vessel, much as I would wish to. Mrs. Cook can await my coming in San Francisco among our friends there.'

Then Captain Hamlet informed me that Captain James A. Tilton had arrived here on the schooner Charles Hansen, having lost the steamer Alexander on the rocks at Cape Parry, and asked if I could not get him to take my ship, as, 'Captain Cook, it is imperative that you be with Mrs. Cook.' Knowing Captain Tilton as I did, I had no hesitation in saying that he could supply my place in the Bowhead and be the very man who could secure obedience from the crew. So, sending for him at once, I made known my wants and, in a very short time, Captain Tilton was shipped to take command of the Bowhead for the remainder of the season. I had the happy assurance that my vessel was left in good hands and I was permitted to accompany Mrs. Cook home. Captain Tilton accompanied me to the Bowhead, where I informed all hands that he was now and would be hereafter their captain to whom they must render obedience and do their utmost to catch whales.

September 14th, the Thetis weighed anchor for Nome. As we dipped our flags to say good-bye to the whalers left behind, I could not help reviewing the trying circumstances that had befallen us on this our

last voyage in the Arctic. I did not realize, as I took a last look at the old Bowhead, which I had commanded and managed for nine long years, that it was the last time I should ever see that vessel. Such was the case, however, for, although I continued to own and manage her until January, 1908, I have never seen her since. I took a last look at her, lying at Point Barrow that afternoon of September 4th. Likewise, little did I think that never again would I make another Arctic ocean voyage, for in this industry I had been schooled for many years, and now at my age to quit and seek for some different employment seemed too radical a change of my work and ideas of life, but such was the case.

Our passage to Nome was uneventful. Arriving there, Mrs. Cook and I were obliged to wait until the departure of the steamer Ohio for Seattle. While ashore at Nome some ten days, Mrs. Cook was under the care of a physician who had seen similar cases since dwelling in the North. He told me that nothing in the way of improvement in her case would be permanent until she got with her own in the sunshine of her own home; that would do more than all the drugs one could prescribe. Our passage on the Ohio to Seattle took seven days. Stopping in Seattle but two days before taking the train for home, we arrived on October 15, 1906, at our old home at Provincetown, which I had left forty-four months before to join my ship for this voyage which had just been ended.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOME AGAIN: SPERM WHALING: THE VIOLA

HOME always looks good to the sailor coming back from a long voyage. That joy had been mine many times before, but never could that joy begin to be equal to the experience which greeted me, and to which my feeling responded more deeply and thankfully than ever before when I realized that the cares and responsibilities and desperate straits of that voyage had passed, and once more breathed the free air of our own home again. Mrs. Cook's health was the only drawback to the full cup of happiness at our lips, but we fondly hoped that the homecoming, with the prattle of her own grandchildren in her cozy home by the sea, would restore her to health again.

Captain Amundsen had succeeded in rounding Point Barrow and arrived at Nome a few days in advance of us, thus terminating his successful passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the Northwest Passage, a feat that he was the first to accomplish. Amundsen left his vessel at Nome, taking the steamer for Seattle, leaving his lieutenant in charge to bring the Goja to San Francisco. This was accomplished without accident, and the last news I have is that the Goja still lies in San Francisco Harbor.

The Bowhead under Captain Tilton's command stopped in the Arctic until October 15th, taking three whales that yielded six thousand pounds of bone. They saved one hundred and eighty barrels of oil, worth, bone and oil, nearly thirty thousand dollars. They arrived at San Francisco November 12, 1906, thus terminating a voyage of forty-four months with very little profit to owners or crew. The last months in the



SPERM WHALE BLUBBER ON DECK

Arctic, with the catch of the three whales, proved the wisdom of stopping the season out. The two whaling captains who were under arrest in the *Thetis* were taken to Seattle for trial. After a trial in the United States Court before a jury, they were acquitted.

As soon as the Bowhead arrived at 'Frisco, the sailors attached the vessel, and indictments of almost every kind were filed against me. Mrs. Cook being in the state she was, I could not leave home to attend trial in person at a court sitting so far away, so I secured an attorney and my deposition was taken and forwarded to my attorney there to be used in my defense. The total of the amount asked by the sailors for damages was about one hundred and forty thousand dollars. In due course the case was tried before a judge, with the result that the only damage awarded to any one was to Woodland, who claimed to be sick, the sickness being brought on by his long confinement in irons. The judge allowed that I had a perfect right to put him in irons, but in May, when he asked to be released, promising obedience to all duties and orders save that of gathering wood and catching whales, I should have released him, as, by not doing so, rheumatism had been brought on which had incapacitated him for work. The judge awarded him five hundred dollars. Rather than appeal the case, as to fight it at so great a distance was a disadvantage, we paid the fine, which I always considered unjust, for the gathering of wood was an absolute necessity without which we could never have got out of the Arctic, and had I granted his request all the others of the crew would have had the same right to refuse. Woodland and his views would have triumphed. The result would have been that obedience to me or my orders would have ceased and the whole business aboard the vessel would have been as the crew pleased. No vessel could have sailed peaceably or safely under such a régime. I have always felt, therefore, that the judgment rendered was very unfair, to say the least,

but I was much relieved when I had the satisfaction of knowing that we had heard the last of this most trying and discouraging voyage.

Arrived at Provincetown, Mrs. Cook's health began to improve slowly, but not rapidly enough to allow me to embark on another voyage for some time. The next season the Bowhead went out for a six months' cruise in the Arctic under command of Captain Tilton. This short cruise was a very successful one, the Bowhead getting nine whales that yielded between sixteen and seventeen thousand pounds of bone which sold for four dollars and fifty cents per pound. On the Bowhead's return under Captain Tilton, I, having been at home about twelve months, concluded to sell the vessel and end my interest in Arctic Ocean voyages. One reason for this was the rapidity with which substitutes were taking the place of whalebone, thus curtailing so greatly its consumption that it was but a question of a short time until whalebone would be so little used that the price would fall too low to make it profitable to outfit vessels to go after it. Another reason was to free Mrs. Cook of all anxiety about my ever going back there again. She would speak of it often, saying, 'If I could only be sure you would never go again to the Arctic,' that I felt it would relieve her mind greatly.

So in January, 1908, I sold the Bowhead to San Francisco parties. After I had assured Mrs. Cook that I no longer owned any interest in the vessel or in any Arctic Ocean vessels, it was such a relief to her mind that there was a noticeable improvement in her health at once. As for my judgment that the industry was being driven out of business by substitutes for whalebone, the Bowhead made only one season's voyage after I sold her. In fact, 1908 was the last summer that the fleet went North after whales. The most of them lay for years in Oakland Creek and then were sold off for different enterprises. Bone sold as low as two dollars a pound and very small quantities were wanted at

that price. This meant a losing business, for at that price the cost of outfitting and maintaining the vessels could not be met. True, one or two small steamers ventured into the Arctic each year on a trading and whaling voyage, but as a business, it has gone by, never to return. The Bowhead, in 1915, I saw in one of the San Francisco papers, was sold to a moving-picture outfit, who took her off the coast of California to be used as a target for some United States torpedo boats and cruisers in a picture to be taken as she was sinking. However, as the papers stated, they exhausted their supply of torpedoes and shells, but the Bowhead refused to sink. They were obliged to tow the good old ship, which had battled successfully with the icebergs off Greenland and the field ice of Behring Straits and of Banks Land and now refused to be sunk by modern implements of war. They towed her to the shore, where she was burned. Thus passed away the ship that was constructed in Norway in 1871, which I had purchased in 1897, and commanded for nine years in Arctic waters, built as strongly as a vessel can be of wood and iron, and one of the staunchest of Arctic-going steamers. Having disposed of my interest, financially, in the whaling business, my one purpose was to devote my time to Mrs. Cook's condition, that she might have all opportunity for improvement. Over a year had passed by since she had gotten where all was being done that could be done to improve her health. True, a great improvement could be noticed, but we were all so anxious to have her as she was before that last voyage that no stone must be left unturned to accomplish it. In the spring of 1909, having purchased a small fishing vessel called the *Valkyria* from Gloucester parties, I sailed April 25th for a four months' voyage in search of sperm whales, going in that pursuit to what is termed by whalers the 'western grounds,' which cover the space in the North Atlantic from Bermuda Islands to the Azores.

I had got tired of being ashore so long and longed for a trip again on the old ocean.

We made a very successful cruise of it, coming back August 25th, having taken twenty-seven sperm whales which yielded six hundred and fifty barrels of oil. Upon my return Mrs. Cook seemed to think she would like to take a cruise in the tropics, but the schooner *Valkyria* had no accommodations for a lady. Feeling that the continued warmth of the tropical climate for a couple of years might benefit Mrs. Cook, I entered into a contract with Tarr and James, of Essex, Massachusetts, to construct and equip for me a brigantine for sperm whaling. In November, 1909, the keel was laid. June 1, 1910, the vessel, named *Viola* for Mrs. Cook, was launched. And on June 29, 1910, we sailed from New Bedford for a two years' voyage after sperm whales, in the North Atlantic in the summer and off the coast of Africa in the South Atlantic in winter. Just sixty days after sailing out of New Bedford, we cast anchor in Fayal, where we sent home our catch of two hundred and seventy barrels of oil. At this port our crew all deserted, so that we were obliged to call at St. Vincent, Cape de Verde Islands, for a crew, as at these islands men are to-day still to be found who wish to go on whaling voyages. Ninety per cent of officers and crew who compose the crews of whaling vessels to-day are Cape de Verde Islanders.

Sailing from St. Vincent with a full crew, having been obliged to put in new topmasts there to replace those we had lost off the Azores the second day after leaving Fayal, October 24th found us fully equipped again steering south bound for our winter cruising grounds off the west coast of Africa. Crossing the Equator in longitude 26° W., we made rapid progress through the southeast trades and arrived off Tiger Peninsula, Great Fish Bay, in Lat. 16° S. and Long. about 10° E., on the first day of December. We began taking oil at once; and on the eleventh day of Febru-



THE BRIGANTINE VIOLA OUTFITTING AT NEW BEDFORD FOR
HER FIRST VOYAGE, 1910

ary, while mating with the bark *Bertha*, we caught six small whales. Three of them we took alongside our ship to cut in, while aboard of the *Bertha* they cut in the other three.

The first whale we cut in, we discovered near the rectum in the large intestine a large lump of that valuable ingredient of perfumes, ambergris, found only in sperm whales, and very rarely. We took out of the intestine and the rectum one hundred and fifty pounds of best quality ambergris, being grayish in color. There are two kinds, black and gray. The black is an inferior quality. This ambergris is formed by the inability of a diseased whale to digest its food. Their principal food being the squid, the backbone of the squid which is but little thicker than a quill gets into the intestines and by some process mixes with the spermacetic secretion, thereby causing an estoppage of the bowels, and this in time causes the whale's death. These little squid backbones are to be found all through the ambergris. To all outward appearances, this whale was as healthy as any. It being a small one, not over forty-five feet in length, when the blubber was stripped off and a spade was put into the bowels it quickly showed the diseased condition, as they were swollen to three times their normal size, being clogged completely with this solid, hard substance, from which the choicest perfumes are made. Every whaleman realizes, when he has some of this substance, that it is worth its weight in gold to him. Being so valuable, you can realize how happy we were at finding so rich a prize. Of course, as we were mated with the *Bertha*, one half belonged to that ship. It was two days afterwards when I set my flag for the captain of the *Bertha* to come aboard, it being quite rough. He ran his ship within hailing distance and I asked him to come aboard. His reply was, 'Some other time, thank you, for it is too rough water to boat it to-day.' As quickly as possible for fear he would get beyond hailing distance, I said, 'Come over; I have some ambergris to show you!'

He at once lowered a boat and came aboard. He was overjoyed at the unexpected quantity that met his view. Making this remark, 'It is a mighty lucky find,' he continued, 'You keep it all, and from the proceeds when sold the Bertha will take her share'; thus leaving it to me to ship the ambergris home at the first opportunity, to be sold on our joint account.

We continued whaling off the coast of Africa until March 3d, when Mrs. Cook was taken sick with beri-beri. We immediately started for St. Helena, over one thousand miles distant, and arrived there on the afternoon of March 7th. Mrs. Cook was taken to the hospital at once, where she received help immediately. The physician there, having had many cases of that dreadful disease, seemed to know just how to handle it; and we also had the satisfaction of cabling home our catch of seven hundred barrels, and the ambergris, a very good winter's work. As soon as Mrs. Cook was able, we sailed from St. Helena for Barbados to trans-ship our oil and ambergris. Arriving at Barbados, we sent the ambergris and oil by steamer to New York; from there the oil went to New Bedford and the ambergris to Boston, where it was tested by chemists who declared it of excellent quality. A druggist in New York bought the ambergris, paying over thirty thousand dollars for it.

After discharging oil at Barbados, we went to Portsmouth, Dominica, to get our supply of provisions and empty containers which had been sent to us by a freighter chartered to carry supplies to whaling vessels and bring their oil to New Bedford. As more oil had been taken than she could carry, we were obliged to send ours from Barbados by steamer *via* New York.

Arriving at Portsmouth, Dominica, we found twelve whaling vessels trans-shipping cargoes and outfitting for another cruise. We obtained wood and fresh water, together with all stores and the containers that had been sent us. We sailed from Portsmouth for the

island of St. Eustatius to obtain there a supply of yams to last us through the summer season. As white potatoes are impossible to get, these yams offer a very good substitute. St. Eustatius farmers make it a business to raise these, together with sweet potatoes, to supply the whaling vessels. Thus for two years we caught whales on the western grounds during the summer season, and during the winter months off the west coast of Africa, touching at Fayal, Azores, in September, and at Cape de Verde Islands in October, St. Helena and the Ascension Islands in March, and at the West Indies in April and May. We arrived in New Bedford in July, 1912, having taken twenty-three hundred barrels of sperm oil and the ambergris, making a profitable voyage of it, notwithstanding the price of sperm oil was very low. Mrs. Cook recovered completely from the attack of beri-beri, but concluded she had not benefited otherwise on the voyage and said she never wanted to go again.

The Viola again sailed in October, 1912, under command of Captain E. J. Reed, of New Bedford. I relieved him in April, 1913, at Barbados, he having got eight hundred barrels of oil during the winter. The summer of 1913 we cruised on the western grounds, and in September of the same year we arrived at Las Palmas, Grand Canaria, for the purpose of shipping our oil by the schooner Richard W. Clark, which had been sent out with our supplies and empty casks to take our oil to New Bedford.

We found the port of Las Palmas to offer many advantages over the port of Harta, Fayal, both as to climate and weather conditions under which to do our work, and also in facilities for supplying our wants and more reasonable charges for everything required. Ten of the whaling fleet made Las Palmas their port this year. I found Captain Reed awaiting me, again to take charge of the Viola for the cruise south, while I took passage on the steamer Kansas City for New

York, after discharging my catch of six hundred and seventy barrels of sperm oil.

I arrived in New York November 3, 1913. The winter was passed pleasantly with my family and friends at my home in Provincetown. On March 20, 1914, I sailed as passenger on our tender, the three-masted schooner R. W. Clark of New Bedford, from which port we sailed laden with supplies for the whaling fleet, for Portsmouth, Dominica, where we arrived after a pleasant voyage of thirteen days. The *Viola* came in, having repaired her damage to the rudder which broke on the whaling grounds of River La Plata. All the pintles to the rudder broke off necessitating fixing up a jury rudder and leaving the grounds before the season was finished, with a catch of but four hundred and fifty barrels of sperm oil. I again took command of the *Viola* for a summer cruise, Captain Reed going home for the summer. Sailing from Dominica May 1st, we stopped at St. Eustatius to paint ship and procure yams. We finally sailed for the whaling grounds May 7. Our season was blessed with fine weather and success, for in just four months' time, September 1st, we anchored at Las Palmas with nine hundred and sixty barrels of sperm oil, taken on this cruise.

Upon our arrival we found the R. W. Clark with Captain Reed aboard, who had come out to relieve me again and take charge of the *Viola*. The schooner R. W. Clark took our oil aboard for New Bedford. I remained in Las Palmas until after the sailing of the *Viola* and *Valkyria* for their southern whaling grounds. Then, finding it impossible to get passage direct for the United States, on October 16th I sailed on the *Aquilla* for Liverpool, England. This steamship on her very next trip was sunk by a submarine. After arriving in Liverpool I secured passage on the *Lapland* for New York where I arrived in November after an uneventful passage. The *Viola* arrived in Ports-



THE BRIGANTINE VIOLA
Outward bound, 1910

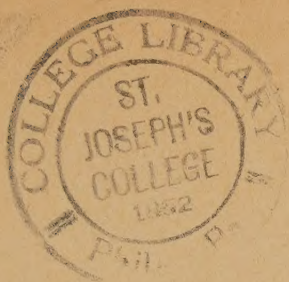
mouth, Dominica, April 10, 1915, with seven hundred and fifty barrels of sperm oil and the Valkyria came in a few days later with five hundred barrels, all of which was put aboard the R. W. Clark for transshipment to New Bedford. The Viola sailed for the western grounds under command of Captain Reed and arrived in New Bedford September 7, 1915, with nine hundred and eighty barrels of oil taken in the four months, thus ending a voyage of thirty-five months in the North and South Atlantic Ocean, having taken the large quantity of forty-seven hundred barrels of sperm oil during the voyage, which I believe has never been equaled by a vessel of the Viola's size, and lowering but three boats.

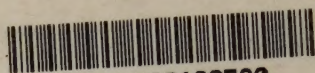
The Viola, having been to sea over five years on the two voyages, needed to be overhauled. It was necessary to remetal her bottom, replacing new copper and stripping off the old. It was too late when the repairs were finished to send her out that fall, so she was made fast at Pier 3, New Bedford, for the winter.

On April 21st, I again sailed in the Viola for a summer cruise in the North Atlantic Ocean, returning August 21st with five hundred and fifty barrels of sperm oil, thus completing my last voyage whaling. Having started in the business in May, 1879, now at the age of fifty-nine years and seven months I feel that the place I have filled can be and ought to be occupied by men younger in life. A feature of this last voyage was the taking of moving pictures of the whaling industry, which I hope may prove of interest to those who have read of, but have never seen, how the work is carried on at sea. The Viola sailed in September, 1917, commanded by Captain Joseph Lewis; returned to New Bedford July, 1918, with eleven hundred and fifty barrels of sperm oil and two hundred pounds ambergris. She sailed for another voyage September, 1918, with Captain Joseph Lewis, who had with him his wife and five-year-old daughter and a crew of

twenty-four men. The vessel and crew were never reported or heard from again. Lost in the mysteries of the sea with all hands. Sad fate that has befallen so many that have pursued the going down to sea in ships.

THE END





39353000102580